THE CONVERSATION OF GENTLEMEN CONSIDERED

In moſt of the Ways, that make their mutual Company Agreeable, or Diſagreeable.

IN SIX DIALOGUES.

Quid eſſe poteſt, in otio, aut jucundius, aut magis proprium humanitatis, quàm ſermo facetus, & nullâ in re rudis. CIC. de Oratore, Lib. I.

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THE PREFACE.

CONVERSATION takes up a great Part, and influences almoſt every Part of Life. Proper Reflections upon the due Methods of Converſing, are therefore of great Moment.

Such is the Deſign of the following Sheets, whereof ſeveral were written many Years ſince, and approved by the ingenious Author of *The Gentleman Inſtructed*, with whom I was well acquainted. He incouraged me to purſue the Work. How the finiſhing, and publiſhing of it was delayed, is not

material: Nor is it generally of Moment, or agreeable to Readers, to have a large Preface or Apology for ſuch Pieces. But it is hoped I may be indulged in the Addition of the following Lines.

In moſt Men there is a various Mixture of Qualities. It is therefore impoſſible to deſcribe their Ways of Converſing, without interweaving, upon Occaſions, in the Deſcription of one Kind, ſomething like what was partly ſaid of another. To avoid this, under a Pretence of avoiding Repetitions, would be to fail in the true Account of what happens in Converſation. That which will be always found in Reality, the Reader muſt allow to be ſpoken of in Diſcourſes of this Nature. This is all the Excuſe I have for ſuch Places as may ſeem to repeat ſome few Reflections, which were mentioned in other Parts. It is ſufficient that the Turn be different,

different, tho' the Subſtance of the Remark ſhould, in ſome reſpects, be partly the ſame with what had been already advanced in ſome of the foregoing Characters or Reflections.

I had never ſeen *Bellegarde*'s Works upon the like Subjects, till I was writing out the two laſt Sheets of this. Having then an Opportunity of ſeeing his *Modoles de Converſations*, and his *Reflexions ſur le Ridicule* (and theſe only) I read them over, to obſerve, how far I might have fallen into the ſame Thoughts with any of his. The great Likeneſs of Subject muſt needs occaſion a Reſemblance in ſome Reflections. If we are found (which will be ſeldom) to be ſometimes in a like way of expreſſing the Remarks, I can aſſure the Reader, it is by Accident. And the ſame I can truly affirm of any other Books of ſuch a Nature; not having, to my Knowledge, made any other

other Uſe of any, than what I have fairly accounted for in the *Quotations*.

And in mentioning *Quotations*, the Reader is deſired to obſerve, they are ſometimes expreſsly ſaid to be read from Books at hand. The ſame he is deſired to ſuppoſe in other Places, were the things cited are too long, or too particular, to be thought cited by Memory alone. It is hoped, this will not ſeem unnatural in Conferences held in a Library, and with which the Speakers may eaſily be ſuppoſed to be well acquainted.

The Names uſed in deſcribing Characters, are commonly from ſuch *Greek* Words as import ſome remarkable Particularities in the *Fictitious* Perſons. Where no very cloſe Derivation of Names occurred readily, I ſtood not long upon the Search, but took thoſe, which ſoon preſented themſelves to my Pen. For as ſuch feigned Names

are

are not material, ſo in this, as in other things, the Poet had Reaſon to ſay, *It is a Folly to be laborious in Trifles.*

——*Stultus labor eſt ineptiarum.*

Among the great Variety of Characters, ſpoken of in theſe Dialogues, ſome might perhaps think the Author had in his Eye, upon Occaſions, ſome particular Perſons, whom he has known. Thus ſome things might be conſtrued into Flattery, others into Satire; if I could not, with the utmoſt Sincerity, affirm, that wherever I had the leaſt Suſpicion, that any determinate Perſon might ſeem to be meant (excepting only ſome Hiſtorical Facts related from other Authors) it was my conſtant Care, to intermix ſuch Strokes, as were very different from the real Character of any Perſons, with whom I ever was acquainted.

After

After this Declaration, if any one ſhould think himſelf painted or delineated; all that either can, or need be ſaid, is

Qui capit, ille facit.

He, that ſo takes it, is the Satiriſt; not the Writer of the Character. And if there are Men, who can never meet with any Oddneſs deſcribed, but they will look upon it as their unqueſtionable Property, who can help it?

THE

THE CONVERSATION OF *GENTLEMEN.*

DIALOGUE I.

BETWEEN *CLEANDER* and *EUDOXUS.*

CLEANDER.

WE are too well acquainted, *Eudoxus*, to count the Number, or meaſure the Diſtance of our mutual Viſits. I may therefore very readily own, that this quick Viſit, is not a ceremonious Return of that you was pleaſed to make me immediately

at my coming to Town. To be plain, it is not to compliment you, but to ſecure myſelf from an impending Danger.

Eudox. By your Smile I preſume, the Danger was not great. However, as I am always glad to enjoy your Company, ſo it will add to the Pleaſure, if you can find any Relief in mine.

Cleand. The Relief will be particularly proper in my Caſe. For I was threatened with the Company of *Philomilius*. You know too well what his Converſation is, to wonder that I was willing to avoid it.

Eudox. It is the greater Pity, that young Gentlemen ſhould prove ſo very diſagreeable, ſince he has in Reality ſeveral good Qualities. With a great Share of good Nature, and no great want of good Senſe, he has alſo a very graceful Air and Mien. Yet with all theſe Helps to pleaſe, he has the Secret of being very diſagreeable. And in general, one cannot but often reflect that, if it were not daily experienced, it would be incredible, that nothing ſhould be more practiced, and yet ſcarce any thing ſo ill managed as *Converſation*. There are few People but love to converſe, and yet fewer who know how to do it well.

Cleand.

CLEAND. It is a ſaying of Mr. *Cowley*, (*a*) that *it is very phantaſtical and contradictory in human Nature, that Men ſhould love themſelves above all the reſt of the World, and yet never endure to be with themſelves.* And I believe we may add, that to be well in Company, one of the firſt Rules is, for a Man to be, as the *French* expreſs it, *well with himſelf.*

EUDOX. I would not be thought guilty of aiming at a trifling Jingle of Words, in what I am going to add. But certainly it is of great Moment to Agreeableneſs of Converſation, not only for every Man to be *well with himſelf*, but alſo *to be himſelf.* That is, to be acquainted with, and to purſue his own *Nature* and *Genius*, and proper *Aptitude.* Otherwiſe he may deſpair of ever taking a becoming Turn.

CLEAND. By Obſervation and Induſtry, ſeveral Improvements may indeed be at length nicely wrought into the Groundwork, or be as it were naturalized by Practice. Yet moſt certainly, ſome thing there is in every one, like what we find in different Soils, which will never yield ſome certain Products. All we can do, is to make the beſt of what Nature has given.

(*a*) Eſſay of *Solitude.*

Every one's proper *Genius* ſhould be carried as far as it will bear. But to put on another, will be a vain Endeavour, and always accompanied with that Ungracefulneſs of *Affectation*, which is ſure to diſpleaſe.

Eudox. Perhaps the moral Account of that certain Diſpleaſure which riſes from Affectation, muſt be taken from the Averſion we naturally have to a falſe Mind. One that is not true to himſelf, will hardly be thought ſo to another; and he that is found to be induſtriouſly forging his exterior Comportment, will commonly be thought a ſort of a Cheat in other things beſides his Looks, his Gait, and his manner of Speech. While a falſe Tone of the Voice is aſſumed, and a conſtrained Air of the Face, it will incline People to ſuſpect a fallacious Diſpoſition in other Reſpects; and therefore, unpoliſhed Nature, plain and rough Dealing, nay even Faults and Imperfections, are preferable to a forced Imitation of Graces and Beauties. A Counterfeit of the beſt Qualities is a kind of Hypocriſy; and wanting that Beauty which naturally accompanies all that is genuine and eaſy, becomes both aukward, and odious.

Cleand. And yet how many do we find, who ſeem determined to be rather like any

any one, than to be themſelves? Take *Paſander*, for Example. Upon a Deſire of pleaſing every one, he is every one's Ape. How often does he put me in mind of a ſaying of Sir *William Cornwallys*, which I heard quoted ſome while ſince, *that ſome People never come from any Company without a new Grace, as they think it, juſt as Clowns never come without Ginger-bread from a Fair.* Thus *Paſander* is a new Man ſeveral times in a Day. When he comes from a ſober and grave Man, he is all *Formality* and *Preciſeneſs*. A *Frenchman* ſhall ſet him, preſently after, into what he calls *Vivacity*; and now, *alerte* is the Word; he will friſk it about in a grave Aſſembly. If you put him in mind of the Regard proper to the Company and Place, he replies upon you with a Cringe and a Smile, *Ha! Monſieur, there is nothing like the* French! *ſo Gay and Eaſy!*

EUDOX. A Gentleman aſſured me, that when he was at *Rome* viewing the *Vatican* in Company of an Embaſſador, a *French* Gentleman ſtruck into a *Minuet*, with a very eaſy Air. Being told however, that the Step was unſeaſonable, he anſwered, *Il faut faire quelque choſe pour ſe diſtinguer.* I hope *Paſander* would not go ſo far upon this Principle of *diſtinguiſhing*

himſelf. I ſuppoſe too, that what may be ſaid of affected Imitation, is not ſo to be underſtood, but that it may be commendable to endeavour at a proper Reſemblance of ſuch Perſons, as we ſee are generally liked in Company. It is true, that to do this rightly, it muſt be carried on much after the ſame way, as imitating the Style, and Beauties of great Authors. To take whole Paſſages juſt as they ſtand, is not to be an Imitator, but a *Plagiary*. What is drawn from ſuch Authors muſt be altered and changed, like the Collection made by Bees (it is the Compariſon uſed by *Seneca*) it muſt have a different Taſte and Flavor from any of the Flowers from which it is drawn. (*b*) He adds another Compariſon in the ſame Place, from the Meats we eat. While they remain in their own Subſtance and Qualities, they load the Stomach; when changed from what they were, they turn to Nouriſhment and Blood. (*c*) Thus there

(*b*) Apes debemus imitari, & quæcunque ex diverſa lectione congeſſimus, ſeparare, & in unum ſaporem varia illa libamenta confundere; ut etiam ſi appareat unde ſit, aliud tamen eſſe, quam unde ſumptum eſt, appareat. *Epiſt.* 85.

(*c*) Alimenta quæ accepimus, quamdiu in ſuâ qualitate perdurant, & ſolida innatant ſtomacho, onera ſunt. At cum, ex eo quod erant, mutata ſunt, tunc demum in vires & ſanguinem tranſeunt. *Ibidem.*

is an indigeſted Imitation, which is no leſs prejudicial to a proper Beauty of Behaviour in Company, than Crudities in the Stomach are to the Body.

CLEAND. Thoſe ſame Compariſons may farther teach us, that our Imitation muſt be framed from ſeveral, rather than from ſome one only Perſon whom we admire. Not after the ridiculous way of *Paſander*. Such as I already hinted, are not to be called Imitators, but Apes. In propoſing to ourſelves one ſingle Perſon, the Imitation will be apt to be too apparent; and conſequently can ſcarce be free from a viſible Affectation. Whereas a Mixture from the ſeveral good Qualities of different Perſons, may better be wrought imperceptibly into a way which will become natural. It is ſcarce poſſible that a ſingle Perſon's Qualifications ſhould ſuit our Genius in every particular. Something from ſeveral, may likely hit our proper Diſpoſition. Yet even this various Collection of Good, muſt be drawn gradually. If taken too ſuddenly, it will not be rightly digeſted into a natural kind of Conſtitution.

EUDOX. There are few People but are ſenſible of this in the main. They are ſo pleaſed with the agreeable ways of converſing, which they meet with in others, that they

they readily deſire, and propoſe to be like them. The Misfortune is, they want Perſeverance in ſo good a Deſign. For a while, they keep a cloſer guard upon themſelves. Then ſoon again they indulge a careleſs Liberty, and will not bear the requiſite Conſtraint to conquer their diſobliging Humours, Habits, or Paſſions. Thus they are ſoon thrown back into their natural or cuſtomary Failings. Whereas a conſtant Care for a conſiderable while together, would work the proper Improvements into our very Nature; or Cuſtom itſelf would be in us, as it is in the Proverb, a *ſecond Nature.*

CLEAND. Nothing in Effect is ſo difficult, but it becomes eaſy in Time. A long Slavery is ſcarce diſcerned from Liberty. A long continued Solitude grows in a manner natural, tho' Nature has made us ſociable. What we habitually Will, becomes as it were neceſſary, and almoſt ceaſes to be voluntary. A long continued Cuſtom, by the Authority of Time, ſtands a Law. It will as certainly paſs into a natural, as into a legal kind of Neceſſity. Eſtates find different Maſters by Preſcription, which makes a ſufficient Title in Civil Government. We find that good and bad Habits, plead alſo a kind of Preſcription in the

the Government of particular Perſons; and as Cuſtom is very prevalent in other things, ſo it is alſo in the Methods of Converſation. With Regard indeed to moral Good, or Evil, there is this Difference, that as corrupted Nature leads to Sin, ſo vicious Habits are more eaſily contracted, and more difficult to be broken off, than the contrary.

EUDOX. And therefore with Regard to ſuch Failures in Converſation, as either directly are from Vice, or intermixt with irregular Paſſions, we muſt be more careful than in other Defects, not to let them grow into a Habit. We ſee how ſtrong either Nature, or Habits are, even ſeparately. What do we think they will prove, when united?

CLEAND. Defects, when fixt upon that double Title, will prove almoſt inſuperable. For it is not only in Paſſions, but alſo in Humours which are grounded in them, or increaſed by them, as it is in Rivers. The Similitude is ſo well known, that it is ſcarce a Metaphor to ſpeak of the Stream of Paſſions. Rivers ſmall in their Beginnings, as they advance in their Courſe, become more abſolute in their Power. Eaſily turned off at firſt, they ſoon roll along too ſtrong for Oppoſition, and even made ſtronger by it. Receiving new Supplies from ſmaller Rivulets,

Rivulets, which bring in their Streams, or from ſudden Falls of Rain or Torrents, their impetuous Courſe is ſoon too great to be managed, without a very uncommon Strength, and Art; and often too violent for any human Skill and Power. They force on their Paſſage, till loſt in the Sea. So Paſſions and Humours, weak at firſt, by degrees gain new Force, and become almoſt irreſiſtable. Eaſily manageable in the Beginning, they ſoon take a Courſe, that is ſcarce to be ruled or ſtopt. By conſtant Supplies from the ordinary Occurrences of Life, their Force is ſoon too great for any thing but extraordinary Efforts of the Will, and Succours of Grace. But when augmented by ſuch Additions as ruſh in upon particular Occaſions, they become a kind of Neceſſity, and force on their way into an Abyſs of Vice and Sin.

Eudox. By your ready uſe of ſuch Compariſons, I perceive you are of Sir *Edmund Bacon*'s Opinion (*d*) that *Nature, if well ſtudied, is the beſt Moraliſt.* Wherein I readily agree with you. And therefore, upon the Conſiderations you have mentioned, it were certainly a happy thing, if Affectation, and a miſtaken Imitation, ſe-

(*d*) As cited by Sir *H. Wotton.*

duced

duced young Men into nothing worſe than impertinent Follies. But ſo it is, that unfortunately, they will chiefly be imitating the Vices of others. When they enter into the World, they are apt to think that, to ſhew they are ſet looſe from the Guard of a Mother, and a Tutor, and no longer under the Reſtraint of Childhood, or a College, they muſt prove it, by caſting off all Modeſty and Reſerve. They will ſoon tell you that, Formalities of Education is what they are happily got over. To prove this important Point with a clear Inſtance, they begin to talk wildly without a Bluſh. They even affect to be aſhamed of nothing but of ſeeming Modeſt; as if the Freedom blonging to a Man, were the Liberty of being Imprudent; or that, upon their firſt ſetting out, they were to ſignalize their coming to Age, by a full Growth of Immorality.

CLEAND. It is indeed too fatal a Truth, that the Contagion of bad Company carries with it a very ſwift and ſtrong Poiſon. A proper, civil, and taking Behaviour, is far from being ſo readily learnt, as that which is prophane or immoral. The Ill-bred and the Rude, by much converſing with them, will communicate a great Share of their diſagreeable Ways. But the Irreligious,

ligious, and Debauched do ſtill more eaſily inſpire their Vices. This makes it a difficult Point to determine, how far young Men ſhould be led into Company in the open World. To confine them to a ſmall number of Perſons, will be apt to make them ſheepiſh in Occurrences of different Company. On the other hand, to enter promiſcuouſly into the World will endanger Morality and Virtue (*e*).

Eudox. In one Caſe they will be apt to remain over-ignorant of the World; in the other they will hardly remain innocent. Of the two, it is certainly better to be ignorant of what is called the World, than to learn its Vices: Better to be impolite than debauched: And remain aukward and clowniſh, than to turn immoral. The ſhy and the baſhful Man, is preferable to the bold and the impudent: And not to know the ways of Town, or Court, is better than to learn their Vices.

Cleand. But altho' this Danger might incline one to think a confined and private Converſation more proper for young Men, than great and general Companies, yet ſure

(*e*) Inimica eſt multorum converſatio. Nemo non aliquod nobis vitium aut commendat, aut imprimit, aut neſcientibus allinit. *Sen. Epiſt.* 7.

there

there is a Means of enjoying the Advantage of theſe, without the Danger. Let then Precaution be doubled to ſecure the Venture, till ſettled Principles of Virtue have ſtrengthened the Mind. I ſhould therefore think that the Advantages of publick Company may be delayed for a while; ſince it will be more eaſy for a young Gentleman to wear off any Exceſs of Shineſs, and to get a Knowledge of the World, than to recover the Infection, if he is once grown up in Vices, as in Years.

EUDOX. With ſuch Precautions as you hint at, it muſt be owned, that a general Run of Converſation, has great Advantages. It has indeed its Dangers for the Weak, and Inconveniencies for the Wiſe. Yet to converſe with only ſome particular Sets of Men, will leave one no leſs imperfect in the Art of Converſation, than to deal with only one ſort of Books would leave one very limited in the courſe of Learning.

CLEAND. Accordingly it is a very odd Figure which they make, who have been uſed to only one or two Families, or perhaps have contracted their Company to three or four Perſons. They may admire themſelves, and be admired in their narrow Circle, but will be loſt in other Occaſions. Or if they venture to ſay any thing,

they will be apt to drive into their beaten Road, and talk with others, as they have been uſed to do with their Fellow-ſmokers, or Sportſmen. I mean by theſe, ſuch as make Country-Sports not the mere Amuſements, but the great Buſineſs of their Lives.

Eudox. There is a certain Narrowneſs of Diſcourſe, to which even Men of Wit are confined, unleſs they take ſomething of an extenſive Field of Company. Private Thoughts alone, can hardly ſuffice to that comprehenſive Enlargement of the Mind, which is attained by taking in the different Sentiments, and Notions of other Men. A Confinement too within a few Companions, bounds up the View of ſeveral important Truths, and contracts the greateſt Means of gaining a Knowledge of Men, and Manners, and Sciences.

Cleand. As for Sciences, thoſe who confine themſelves into ſuch a narrow Compaſs as we are ſpeaking of, ſeldom have any Notion of them, and ſtrangely comfort themſelves in their Ignorance, by laughing at *Pedantry*. Yet certainly one would chuſe to converſe with the meereſt *Pedant*, rather than with one, who having bid adieu to Books, aſſociates only with a few Neighbours, who have no Thoughts beyond a Dog,

Dog, or a Horſe, or a Pipe and a Bottle; and no Wit beyond Ribaldry and Oaths. I believe you remember *Amatheſius*, who was brought up to Town laſt Year, and introduced, by the Credit of his Eſtate, into ſome of the beſt Company. But as he is little capable now of receiving any Pleaſure from any Strain of Talk, that is not in his own habitual Turn, ſo he returned Home with a great Contempt of ſome, who juſtly bear the Character of fine, polite, and ingenious Company. Yet *Amatheſius* does not want good Senſe. But long Confinement to a particular ſort of low Converſation, has ſtiffned him ſo much, that he cannot think of becoming pliable to any thing better.

EUDOX. Taking a wrong and almoſt inflexible Bent, is not the only Diſadvantage of being confined to a narrow and low Set of Company. Not to make both groſs, and ridiculous, and even prejudicial Miſtakes upon Occaſions, one ſhould be acquainted with the different Humours, Ways and Follies, not to mention the Cheats of the Age. Skill in Men and Manners is requiſite, not only to avoid being impoſed upon, but alſo not to give offence, nor become ridiculous. This Skill can hardly be attained but by Obſervations drawn from

different Sorts of Company. Speculative or ſlow Remarks are not ſufficient, without a quick and practical Diſcernment upon the Spot, and being able to ſee through a Veil, and to perceive what lies at the bottom of a mere Pretence. The unexperienced, and thoſe who have ſeldom been converſant with various Company, are very liable to be cheated with a mere Outſide-worth, with the Shew and deceitful Proteſtations of Candor.

CLEAND. But if too much Confidence, and too eaſy a Dependence upon fair Appearances, is to be avoided, we muſt not run into over much Suſpicion. It is the Wiſe-Man's Saying, That he, who is ever conſidering the Winds, will never ſow: And we may affirm, that whoever pores too much upon the general Grounds of Caution, will never enter into the true Methods of a friendly ſociable Life.

EUDOX. Yet as ſome little Clouds are pretty ſure Signs of a gathering Storm, ſo there are Marks which immediately point out the Mind, and give one a ſufficient Caution againſt ſome Men. Very ſmall and inſignificant Trifles will ſome times unravel a long Series of Diſſimulation. A ſudden and chance Word, will be a ſufficient *Index* to a large Roll of Impoſture.

The

The cloſeſt of Men is ſometimes out of his Guard. Thoſe Moments are to be obſerved, and thence the Methods of your Converſation and Caution to be taken. Yet not ſo as to carry the Matter too far, and to miſtake an inconſiderate Word or Action, for a ſure Sign of a falſe Heart, or a depraved Mind. For the very beſt of Men have ſome Intervals of Failings.

CLEAND. As a proper Knowledge of the World, and of Men, is ſcarce to be attained, without entring into a Variety of Companies; ſo there is ſcarce any making a great Advantage, or enjoying the full Pleaſure of various Company, without having taken a View of moſt Parts of Learning.

EUDOX. It is the want of that Extent of Knowledge, which often makes Gentlemen ſhy of entring into Converſation, for fear their Ignorance ſhould appear. Yet I ſuppoſe, when Learning is recommended as one of the greateſt Qualifications for Converſation, it is not requiſite that, in *Geography*, for Example, one ſhould be no leſs exact, than if he had ſurveyed the World for a Purchaſe, or were to regulate a Land-Tax upon it; nor in *Genealogy* to be able to trace the Royal Line up to the Flood; nor be ſo great a *Metaphyſician* as to ſplit

all the Formalities in *Suarez*; or to have wandered in Divinity Queſtions through all the Speculations of *Scotus*.

CLEAND. No: But he ſhould have as much Acquaintance with the chief Sciences, as may ſuffice, if not to give Deciſions, at leaſt to take Information; and to be able to learn ſomething from all occaſional Diſcourſes of Moment on Subjects of Learning, and enough at leaſt to ſecure him from gazing at and admiring every falſe Pretender to Learning. And thus much may be known by every well-educated and ingenious Gentleman, and be managed beyond all Suſpicion of affecting too much the Air of a Scholar.

EUDOX. An Entrance into ſuch a Latitude of Knowledge, ſtrengthens the Mind, and enlarges the Capacity; and both are improved farther by Diſcourſe. Yet it muſt be owned, that great Caution is to be had, not to miſtake a mere Smattering of many things, for an Extenſiveneſs of Learning. Filling the Head with a confuſed Number of ſuperficial and indigeſted Notions, is a very different thing from Extent of Learning.

CLEAND. Nor is leſs Care to be taken, that where there is really a good Share and Extent of Learning, Men go not out of their

their Depth. This Vanity of ſeeming more learned than they really are, often draws them into Blunders and Confuſion. Upon the whole, a little Learning is generally, and even a good deal is often a dangerous thing. Many have only juſt enough to make them ridiculous, and to expoſe them. I have forgot who it was, but he was much in the Right, who being order'd to take two hundred Men with him to poſſeſs himſelf of ſuch a Poſt, deſired the General to ſend only half the Number. Being asked why? He anſwered: Becauſe the whole Number was far from being ſufficient to ſuch an Attack, and half the Number was enough to be killed. Thus half the Learning of ſome People, is enough to be abuſed; and they want a great deal more to do any thing to the purpoſe.

EUDOX. It is no leſs common to meet with Men who, upon this Notion of general Learning, make their Heads mere Lumber-Rooms, or Store-Houſes of Exotick pieces of Literature, without any true Taſte of its ſolid and moſt uſeful Parts. A Vanity of this Shape cannot fail to be ridiculous, and is often dangerous. Such I count moſt, if not all of the *Roſe-crucian* Tribe, and thoſe who will be tampering with *Agrippa*, or who affect no leſs a Knowledge

ledge of Hell than *John Wier*, who has marſhalled all the Infernal Troops ſo nicely, that he is ſure there are five hundred ſeventy two Princes, with each ones Name and Surname, beſides ſeven millions, four hundred and five thouſand, nine hundred and twenty ſix ſubordinate Devils; not to mention many more Particulars of his ſubordinate Demons.

CLEAND. You cannot I believe have forgot, how *Alogius* came up with a Load of leſs dangerous, but equally impertinent and troubleſome Learning, as he called it. When he has poured out a deal of *Latin*, and *Logick* upon the Company, he admires himſelf, wondering how well he is furniſhed for Converſation. He does not reflect that beſides ſomething like Learning, and a fluent Tongue, it is moreover requiſite to conſider Circumſtances, to be well-bred, and skilled in the World ſo far, as to underſtand the Ways of proper Carriage, and the Meaſures of Civility in all Occurrences of Time, Place, and Perſons.

EUDOX. That is what he has not learnt from his *Farnaby*, and his *Keckerman*. Nor can it indeed be well learnt, but from Obſervation and Uſe of good Company. Without this, all the Arts of *Rhetorick* ſince *Tully*,

Tully, and all Philoſophy from *Ariſtotle* down to *Le Grand*, will only make one impertinent and intolerable in Converſation.

CLEAND. Accordingly, how often do ſuch as *Alogius*, prove themſelves very Coxcombs in *Barbara*, and ſilly by the moſt exact *Schemes* and *Syſtems*. Under their Management, and want of Breeding, they make it doubtful whether their Folly, or Vanity is greater. Their *School-diſtinctions* have not taught them the practical Difference between Pedantry and Learning, Wit and Buffoonery; nor how to be plain and frank without Ruſticity; or good-natured and civil, without Meanneſs and Fawning. With a modiſh Dreſs, their Air and Ways are unfaſhionable. All the Taylor's Skill could not fit them out for a genteel Appearance, nor could the Dancing-Maſter teach their Heads with their Heels. There is in that upper Room, ſuch a Lumber of the Schools, that it warps their whole Comportment, and disfigures their Perſon ſo much, that often with a conſiderable Gracefulneſs of Face and Shape, when you only ſee them, you are preſently diſguſted as ſoon as you hear them.

EUDOX. I have often, upon ſuch Occaſions, thought of the *Deviſe* of a *Peacock* with this *Motto*, alluding to the horrid Scream

Scream of that beautiful Bird; *To pleaſe, be Silent. Ut placeat, Taceat.* I was ſomething acquainted with the ingenious Author of this *Deviſe*, which he made of a very handſom but ſilly young Man. And *Bouhours* (*f*) allows it to be a good one in in the *Burleſque* kind.

CLEAND. Not only a graceful Exterior, bur even a worthy Character, is often in a manner loſt by impertinent Learning. *Would you know*, ſays *Martial*, (*g*) to *Ligurinus*, *why every Body flies you? Alas! you are too much a Poet.* Then he exaggerates (perhaps too much) that Fault of *Ligurinus*, and concludes: *Would you know how fatal a Fault this is? You are a Man of Probity and Worth, and yet you are Dreaded.*

" *Vis quantum facias mali videre?*
" *Vir juſtus, probus, innocens, timeris.*

How often is it thus with Men who have too much Learning about them, and will never lay it aſide.

EUDOX. what makes *Alogius* more remarkable in thoſe Faults, is his being fond of having his Couſin *Timander* with him.

(*f*) In his *maniere de penſer.*
(*g*) In delectu Epigr. l. 2. xxvi.

A little Reflection would make him very cautious of appearing ſo often with one, who by all the Decencies of Behaviour, by his graceful Ways, and by all that can be ornamental and agreeable, makes the contrary Methods be more deteſted upon the Compariſon made at ſo near a View. To be much with ſuch Perſons may be a great Advantage to thoſe who deſire and endeavour to improve, but muſt needs obſcure thoſe who are of inferior Talents, and make the Defects of conceited Coxcombs be more obſervable.

CLEAND. I remember Sir *Hen. Wotton* calls it a Political Caution in *Architecture* not to Build near a great Neighbour.---- Here is the Place---- *This were*, ſays he, (*h*) *in truth to be as unfortunately ſeated on Earth, as* MERCURY *is in the Heavens, for the moſt part ever in Combuſtion or Obſcurity, under brighter Beams than his own.* The ſame Caution will be no leſs politick in thoſe who would fain ſhine in Company, which they cannot do with Men of ſuperior Talents.

EUDOX. And eſpecially in the peculiar Talents of *Timander* there is ſomething that makes every Affectation and Folly be

(*h*) Diſc. of *Architecture*.

very

very remarkable in the Compariſon, as I have already obſerved. He is extremely natural and eaſy in all his Actions. They always fall into a ſort of harmonious Order, by a perfect Habit of Good-Breeding. He is equally diſtant from the leaſt Stifneſs of Formality in Words, Motions, and Looks, as from the impolite Roughneſs of Caſt, which is ſo common to thoſe who have been long accuſtomed to a Country Life. When his Circumſtances called him up to Town, the Place was different, but his Behaviour ſeemed to be the ſame, becauſe he adjuſted it to the Occaſions with the ſame Eaſe. He charmed immediately in the politeſt Company, without any thing of that Care, or that ſolicitous Watchfulneſs about every Part of Behaviour, which only ſerves to make it conſtrained, and conſequently ungraceful. How wretchedly did many of the fine Sparks appear wherever he came? Their little artful Managements of the Cane and Snuff-Box, the golden Tooth-pick and the Diamond Ring, their languiſhing Eyes and liſping Tongues, how diſagreeable did they ſeem in his Preſence? While all his Looks and Actions pleaſed, it was viſible that he gained Peoples Affections, and found the ſurer Way to their Hearts, by the Command of his own. For

it

it is the Prevalence of ſome ungoverned Paſſion that moſtly makes People diſagreeable. They diſpleaſe others by ſeeking too much to pleaſe themſelves.

CLEAND. Give me leave to add, or rather to expreſs more fully what you have hinted at already, that they often diſpleaſe no leſs by too great an Endeavour to pleaſe. A perpetual Study to be agreeable, ſeldom fails of a contrary Effect. It is in the Agreeableneſs of Men, as in that of Paintings. In both there may be an Exceſs of Care. Nor of Care only, but even of Exactneſs. Give me leave to turn again to a Place in Sir *Hen. Wotton*, which will explain my Meaning.---- Here he firſt quotes theſe Words from *Quintilian* upon antient Artiſts in Statuary, and the ſame holds in Painting: "That *Lyſippus*, and *Praxiteles* "have made the neareſt Approach to "Truth: For *Demetrius* is therein repre-"hended as rather exceeding, than defi-"cient; having been a greater Aimer at "Likeneſs, than at Lovelineſs". ---- Hereupon Sir *Henry* adds: "This is that "witty Cenſure of the antient Artizans "which *Quintilian* has left us, where the "laſt Character of *Demetrius* does require "a little philoſophical Examination, how

" an Artificer, whoſe End is the Imitation " of Nature, can be too natural: Which " likewiſe in our Days was either the Fault, " or, to ſpeak more gently, the too much " Perfection of *Albert Durer*, and perhaps " alſo of *Mich. Ang. Bonarota*; between " whom I have heard noted by an inge- " nious Artizan, a pretty nice Difference, " that the *German* did too much expreſs, " *that which was*, and the *Italian*, *that* " *which ſhould be*: which ſevere Imitation " of Nature, by the one in her *commoneſt*, " and by the other in her *abſoluteſt* Forms, " muſt needs produce in both a kind of " *Rigidity*, and conſequently more Na- " turalneſs than Gracefulneſs. This is the " Reaſon why ſome exact *Symmetriſts* have " been blamed for being too true, as " near as I can deliver my Conceit". Thus Sir *Henry*; and thus, I believe, it will ever happen in too great and exact a Study to pleaſe Peoples various Humours. Leſs Exactneſs in the Aim and Compliance, would ſucceed better.

Eudox. It is certainly that very Freedom from any thing of the over induſtrious Study to pleaſe, that makes *Timander* do it ſo well. And one may ſay of him what *Dryden* does of *Abſalom*.

What-

Whate'er he did was done with ſo much Eaſe:
In him alone 'twas natural to pleaſe.

CLEAND. Another direct Point of Oppoſition between *Timander* and *Alogius*, is in the uſe of Learning. *Alogius* is always endeavouring to paſs for a Scholar. *Timander* is ſoon known to be one, by the Accuracy of all he ſays; tho' you ſeldom perceive him to ſpeak by the Book. You find him ſoon to be a Man of Reading and Study without the leaſt Air of the School-Boy or Pedant.

EUDOX. He moreover perfectly underſtands himſelf, without aſſuming any odious Preference upon the Advantage he has over others. Yet he knows how to take modeſtly what is offer'd, when due to his Rank or his Merit, which he neither overlooks, nor over-values. A noble generous Aſſurance bears him up in the beſt Company; never loſing himſelf in any ſort of an aukward Confuſion, but proceeding in all Occurrences without any Diſcompoſure or Diſorder. His Demeanour is taking, and his Diſcourſe ſo attractive, that he eaſily gains both Aſſent, and Love; while others have ſuch a way of ſhewing themſelves to be in the Right, that they

loſe your Affection, while they convince your Judgment.

CLEAND. In all Occaſions, an habitual Diſpoſition of Mind not to offend, and even to oblige, is what ſecures *Timander* from ſhewing the leaſt Contempt, or Diſreſpect, or Neglect of any one in the Company, and conſequently ſecures him the Love and Eſteem of every Body, by the moſt amiable of ſocial Virtues. His County has left a *Northern* Roughneſs upon his *Accent* in Speaking, but nothing of it in his ways of converſing. With a juſt and becoming, and therefore neither a ſervile nor a mean Deference to Tempers and Humours, he ſeems pliant to all, and yet is always himſelf.

EUDOX. But as he is always inoffenſive, ſo no where more admirably than even in Raillery. With all the Pleaſantneſs of various Images and unexpected Turns of Wit and Language, he is ſo inviolably true to the great Rule of Civility, *never to make any one in the Company uneaſy*, that the very Perſon upon whom his Raillery turns, is of all others the moſt pleaſed. For his way is not to ſet off Peoples Faults, Defects, or Miſcarriages in burleſque Colours, but fixing upon what really has ſomething Commend-

mendable in itſelf, he ſoftly touches upon what ſeems to have an Oddneſs in it: but in ſo genteel a manner, that it has all the Humour of Raillery, and all the Art of Praiſe.

CLEAND. That Talent of his, has often ſurprized me. For it is of ſo nice and tickliſh a Nature, that it is hardly to be found ſo perfect in any one elſe, and few can attempt it without Danger. It requires not only a nice Wit, but ſtill a nicer Judgment in the Diſtinction of Humours and Perſons. For ſome are ſo dull as to be provoked, even by their Praiſes, for want of Quickneſs to take the right Senſe of an indirect Commendation, and think themſelves picquantly injured while they are ingeniouſly praiſed.

EUDOX. Add to this, another Talent which *Timander* poſſeſſes in an equal degree. I mean that of *contradicting* without diſpleaſing. His Complaiſance does not make him allow of all Reaſonings and Stories that are vented in his Company. He often oppoſes them with great Freedom. But then he rectifies the Miſtake in ſo fine, ſo obliging a manner, that one has the Advantage of Information, without the common Uneaſineſs of Correction.

CLEAND. How very different is his Management in this regard, from that Spirit of Contradiction which ſo ſtrangely poſſeſſes ſome People? They oppoſe every thing, and bluntly too, for the mere ill-natured Pleaſure of Strife and Contention. Several bring the wrangling Humour from School-Diſputes, and all they ſeem to have learned there, is to be of any Opinion but that which is advanced by others. Whereupon they generally turn Converſation into mere Noiſe and Jar, and the Diſpute is to be ended, not by the Edge of Wit, but of the Sword; which is the greateſt Sharpneſs they are maſters of.

EUDOX. Nothing ſeems to cloud theſe bright Parts of *Timander*, unleſs perhaps ſomething of exceſſive Ceremony in Occaſions of obliging one to accept ſome Preference of Place, where one can hardly admit of it without Confuſion. But this I perceived, when laſt we had him in Town, he has much moderated. As indeed it was ſtrange that ſo nice a Judge of the juſt *Medium* in other things, ſhould have ſome while tranſgreſſed in this.

CLEAND. But by that Pacquet of Letters which your Servant has juſt brought up, I am ſenſible I ſhould tranſgreſs both againſt

againſt good Manners and Friendſhip, by ſtaying any longer with you at preſent. I know the Hand, and that it is upon an Affair that requires Diſpatch; and therefore, Sir, Adieu.

EUDOX. Adieu, *Cleander*. But I ſhall expect you about this Time to Morrow.

CLEAND. Without fail.

THE

CONVERSATION

OF

GENTLEMEN.

DIALOGUE II.

BETWEEN

EUDOXUS and *CLEANDER.*

EUDOXUS.

WELCOME, *Cleander.* And I can welcome you with an agreeable Account, that *Timander* will be in Town within three Weeks. For, with his Service to you, he desires me to assure you of it, in a Letter, or rather a Note which he

he incloſed in the Pacquet you ſaw brought to me Yeſterday. He accidentally called at my Correſpondent's, juſt as the Letters were ſending away.

CLEAND. I need not tell you how glad I am to hear of his Return.

EUDOX. We ſeemed Yeſterday to take mutually a great deal of Pleaſure in talking of him. What will it be to converſe with him? I am glad of ſo ſtrong an Argument as his Merit, to ſecond my Deſire of your continuing in Town to enjoy his Company. But ſince I am not to deceive you, I muſt let you know that beſides *Alogius*, there are ſome others, no leſs diſagreeable, whom you will not be able to avoid upon ſome Occaſions of *Timander*'s Company.

CLEAND. Alas, Sir, I am too ſenſible it is the ſad Fate of ſuch fine Gentlemen, to be troubled with Coxcombs following them. And as *Timander* has it not in his Nature to ſhake ſuch Creatures off with any thing like Rudeneſs, ſo it will happen that ſome are too ſilly, and unreflecting, to be otherwiſe kept at a Diſtance.

EUDOX. One of this Kind, who frequently purſues *Timander*, is *Antimachus*, a young Man of Quality, lately come from the Univerſity. One might pardon him ſeveral of his other very troubleſome Methods,

thods, if a Habit of diſputing, and Eagerneſs for Reputation of Wit and Scholarſhip, had not almoſt ruined in him the Hereditary Good-breeding which has long been remarkable in his Family. He even loſes it to a great Degree of down-right ill Manners, in frequently interrupting others who are ſpeaking, and in watching Occaſions to contradict and correct.

CLEAND. It is ſo obvious that ſuch Interruptions are a plain Declaration that one is tired with hearing others talk any longer, or vain enough to think one has ſomething better deſerving the Company's Attention, that one would wonder ſo impertinent a Fault is not more eaſily avoided. Including a Diſeſteem of others, and viſible Marks of Self-conceit, it cannot fail to be highly offenſive.

EUDOX. Different Opinions, and a reaſonable Liberty of declaring them, is neceſſary to enliven Converſation, and to improve by it. Yet Oppoſition of Sentiments is ſo nice a thing, that it muſt be ſoftened with all imaginable Lenitives of Civility. The poſitive Tone, the magiſterial Air, the cenſorious Mien, the critical and the captious Humour muſt not appear; but the contemptuous Way of diſſenting is intollerable.

CLEAND.

CLEAND. After a fair and ſilent Hearing, the Oppoſition may be entered, provided it has nothing of thoſe other Qualities, nor of their natural Signs: Such as a loud, or clamorous raiſing of the Voice, a ſlighting Geſture, the pittying Shake of the Head, and Shrug of the Shoulders, a wandring or ſleering Look. When to theſe is added a riſing from the Chair, a ſtriking the Table, and edging by Degrees nearer to him you oppoſe, one cannot but think the Matter is coming from a Debate, to a Quarrel. Neither Civility, nor Reaſon ſtand with ſo much Heat; and the improper Warmth of Diſpute is generally a Sign that better Arguments are wanting.

EUDOX. One cannot but obſerve with Concern, that ſuch Heats are unhappily moſt common, where they are moſt improper. I mean in *Controverſies* of Religion. As there can be no ſolid Religion without Humility and Charity, ſo there is no perſuading it with Pride and Haughtineſs, or Wrangling. Where the way of arguing is impetuous, it will be made a point of Honour to be ſtiff, and where your Paſſion appears, Truth will either not appear, or not be owned. The Importance of the Matter requires Zeal, but Zeal muſt be diſtinguiſhed from Heat; nor will

will you ever convince Men of their Errors by a Contempt of their Perſons, or their Arguments. And I believe it will be found upon Reflection, that the beſt way to convince another, is modeſtly to ſhew what Reaſons have prevailed with yourſelf, rather than to ſeem any thing peremptory that they muſt immediately convince others. It is true that what ſolidly convinces one, ought to have the ſame Force upon another. But unleſs Care be taken not to give any Signs as if you thought your own Judgment a right Standard of every Body's Reaſon, they will be apt to ſtand out for fear of ſeeming to ſubmit to your Superiority of Genius, if they yield to the Truth, while you ſeem to propoſe it as their Judge.

CLEAND. Whoever thus appears to act the Judge, and ſuperciliouſly to require Aſſent, or to wonder his Adverſary is not perſuaded, may be ſure he will ſeldom meet with Aſſent. An Antagoniſt will rarely grant a Conviction, where he thinks it cannot be done without an Acknowledgment of being inferior in Wit and Judgment. The great Art is therefore, in Diſputes that ariſe, ſo to propoſe your Reaſons, that the Perſon, with whom you argue, may not ſeem to be forced into, but to enter into your Reaſons, while you propoſe them in a way

that

that looks rather to be no more than explaining what he knew before, tho' he did not reflect upon it ſo diſtinctly, till Converſation raiſed it into a more lively Idea.

EUDOX. But alas! the interrupting and contradicting Gentleman, of whom I was ſpeaking, is quite a Stranger to ſuch ſoft and inſinuating ways of leading People into his Opinions. He fancies himſelf a great Maſter at Reaſoning well, and at Speaking handſomly. He thinks, that his *German* Schemes of Rhetorical Figures, have formed him to perſuaſive Eloquence, and his Tables of *Predicables* and *Predicaments*, to cloſe Reaſoning. I am far from a general Contempt of thoſe Methods of Learning: But it is a Folly to think they will do the Work of Reaſon, in the ways they are often brought from the Univerſity into polite Company. Unleſs they are drawn off from the Dregs of School-Diſputes, and all affected ſplitting of *Formalities*, they will ſet one into the moſt uſeleſs and diſagreeable ways of Diſcourſe. They help to ground one in a cloſe way of Reaſoning, when rightly uſed: But they turn to a meer fallacious and diſpleaſing Abuſe of Words, if the Formalities of them are not removed out of Sight.

CLEAND. Methinks thoſe artificial links and twiſts of Diſcourſe, are like the Ropes

and Wires, without which we know that *Machines* in a *Theatre* cannot move; yet if they appear, the Pleaſure of the Spectacle is loſt, or even becomes ridiculous. And it may be ſaid with a good deal of Truth, however it may ſound like a kind of a Paradox; that there are few things in the World more different, than a Scholaſtick Reaſoner, and a Man of Reaſon.

Eudox. Of this there is another, and perhaps a ſtronger Inſtance than *Antimachus*. Several thought *Aſophius* had impaired his Reaſon by ſtudying *Latin*, and had quite loſt it when he ventured at *Greek*. But when he got to Philoſophy, it was found by an Increaſe of his Folly, that he had, till then, ſome Remains of Senſe. He is now deſperately gone. It is his Cuſtom, after he has taken in a Load of *Dialectical* Lumber, to come and diſcharge it in Diſcourſe, and endeavour thus to eaſe his overburthen'd Head, by filling the Company's Ears with a horrid Din of ſcholaſtick Jingle. Then immediately he runs to his Chamber to lay in a new Proviſion, that his Folly may not always appear to be the ſame, tho' it is always equally ridiculous.

Cleand. I know not how it happens, but what we call chopping of *Logick*, has proved fatal to ſeveral. They come to ſuch

ſuch a Paſs, that one would think they had vowed rather to ſay any thing, than talk common Senſe; or be of any Opinion, rather than want a Diſpute. This jarring Humour grows up very ſoon with ſome, and poſſeſſes them ſo ſtrongly that they never recover. They call in Queſtion the moſt received Opinions, and will ſcarce let the cleareſt Principle paſs without a Debate. Empty Words, miſtaken Terms of Art, and Abundance of Noiſe immediately follow, with a Ring of *Enthymems*, *Syllogiſms*, *Dilemmas*, and a Number of Diſtinctions. Theſe, they think, have a very ſpeculative Air, and look like Sharpneſs of Senſe and Reaſon. Above all, they will needs have you think them prodigious ſubtle, becauſe they often uſe *Reduplicative* Terms. Then, if you ſeem to admire them, they will carry you on with a pretended *Sorites*, and rattle away with ſuch *Metaphyſical* Whimſies, that there is no imagining what they would be at. They ſoon loſe both you and themſelves in their *firſt and ſecond Intentions*, at ſuch a rate, that you would deſpair of their ever vouchſafing to deſcend into common Senſe again.

EUDOX. It is indeed incredible how ſoon ſome young Philoſophers, imagining they have gained the Repute of being very

ſpeculative Heads, begin to outrun their Reaſon, to maintain the Repute of a ſubtle Genius. It looks as if nothing leſs than ſeeming near akin to *Ariſtotle* would ſatisfy their Ambition. I wiſh they would all agree to form a Colony and tranſmigrate to *Stagyria*.

Cleand. Perhaps the fond Ambition of being thought great *Ariſtotelians*, is partly the Reaſon why they affect ſo impenetrable an Obſcurity, that as many Commentators as have loſt, or ſpent their time in explaining *Ariſtotle*, would never clear their Meaning. I met with an Author ſome while ago (but have forgot his Name) who will not compound for fewer upon that Philoſopher, than twelve thouſand at leaſt. But indeed, as for theſe *Philoſophaſters*, of whom we are ſpeaking, they frequently have no Meaning at all. Nor truly am I, in this Caſe alone, but in moſt others; very apt to ſuſpect, there is no Meaning, or only a very imperfect one, when the Expreſſions are confuſed and obſcure. And therefore, both in writing and ſpeaking, I would generally have that Axiom of Law take place, which ſuppoſes things which are not *apparent*, are not *exiſtent*. Why therefore muſt we ſuppoſe there is Senſe, where none appears?

Eudox.

EUDOX. And yet, it ſo happens, that ſome People have the luck to be admired the more, the leſs they are underſtood. Nor is it very rare to meet with thoſe, who are wonderfully pleaſed when they meet with a puzzling Author. Three or four thouſand are ſaid to have written upon the *Philoſophers Stone*, and moſt of them unintelligible. Even themſelves own they are not to be underſtood, but by the *Adepts*. Yet ſuch obſcure Writers are ſome Peoples favourite Authors.

CLEAND. Do they then judge of Wits, as of Rivers, that the darkeſt are the deepeſt? Or are they of the Nature, which an Author attributes to a ſort of Fiſh in the *Sicilian* Sea, which ſwim away from thoſe who ſpeak the Language of the Coaſt, but let themſelves be taken by thoſe, who talk any unknown Tongue? However this may be, thoſe ſpurious *Ariſtotelians*, we are ſpeaking of, are a Proof of an old Saying: That no Abſurdity is ſo great, but there is a Head to be found with empty Room enough to receive it: And that, as they have not Wit enough to ſpeak extraordinary Senſe, and too much Vanity to talk common Senſe, they e'en talk none at all. But tho' only pretended *Ariſtotelians* have been named, yet it is no leſs true, that

Malbranche, and *Locke* have ſent out a proportionable Number of Wanderers in ſuch Mazes, as are quite out of all the Roads of true Reaſon.

EUDOX. I believe you think an Affectation of remote Erudition, equals theſe philoſophical Follies. The Difference certainly is not great: For, to what Purpoſe can it be, to ſeem reſolved in Company, and in whatever Company, to paſs for a *Sigonius*, or a *Lipſius* in *Roman* Antiquities? How few will care for a Calculation of how many ſquare Feet of Stone might be in the *Capitol*; or how many Loads of Sand in the *Circus?* Or how rarely will any of the Company, they generally meet, care to be taught the *Merovingical* Characters, or other *Diplomatical* Surmizes of *Mabillion?* How few will bear with one, that will needs be teaching them to diſtinguiſh *Clodovæus*'s Hand from that of *Dagobert?*

CLEAND. It is in Effect ſtrange to obſerve, into what impertinent Trifles ſome of your *Antiquarians*, and Pretenders to Erudition fondly run. One of this Stamp is pleaſantly enough deſcribed by *Gellius* (*i*). The Man profer'd him a large Volume full, ſaid he, of wonderful Curioſi-

(*i*) *Noct. Attic.* lib. 14. cap. 6.

ties;

ties; as, what was the Name of the firſt Grammarian; why *Telemachus*, when he had a mind to wake *Piſiſtratus*, did not do it with his Hand, but with his Foot; and the like Nicities. Yet have I known ſome, who would be ſtrangely fond of ſuch Diſcoveries, and highly delighted if they could tell, as *Juvenal* expreſſes it, how many Pitchers of Wine *Alceſtes* gave to the *Trojans* (*k*).

Quot Siculus Phrygibus *vini donaverit urnas.*

EUDOX. But let the Learning be of what kind ſoever, and in itſelf never ſo important, it is extremely ridiculous to be forcing it unſeaſonably upon all Company, or drawing it in as it were by Force of Arms. *Craſſus*, who ſpeaks ſo finely in *Cicero*'s Books *de Oratore*, declares, that of all Abſurdities (which are innumerable) he knows no greater than of thoſe, who will be nicely arguing upon Subjects either very difficult, or very inſignificant, in all Places and all Companies (*l*). Even Hiſtory,

(*k*) *Sat.* 7. v. 255. (*l*) *Lib.* 2. *Sub initium.* Omnium autem ineptiarum, quæ ſunt innumerabiles, haud ſcio an ulla ſit major quàm illorum, qui ſolent, quocunque in loco, quoſcunque inter homines viſum eſt, de rebus aut difficillimis, aut non neceſſariis, argutiſſimè diſputare.

which

which otherwiſe is extremely delightful, grows inſipid, when drag'd in upon every, or no Occaſion; and where a ſhort Touch of it might be very pleaſing, large Hiſtorical Excurſions would be impertinent, and very diſagreeable.

CLEAND. Thus I remember a Gentleman once, when the Diſcourſe was upon a great Prince, mentioned very properly the Character of *Theodoric*. Had he been content to have ſtopt there, we ſhould have been much pleaſed. But he ruined all by immediately hurrying away into wild Excurſions of the *Goths* and *Vandals*, the *Quadi*, *Heruli*, and *Huns*; and frighted us almoſt as much with their Names, as the World was formerly with their Arms. He ſhould have ſpared us the Terrors of his *Genſeric* and *Alaric*, his *Attila* and *Totila*, and have reſerved them for ſome more deſperate Occaſion; as to fright ſome huge Pedant into ſome tolerable Degree of Senſe.

EUDOX. Few are more ſubject to this Folly, of ſhewing more Erudition than the Circumſtances require, or even allow, than *Polymanthus*. We were ſpeaking at Table of a Lady who underſtands *Latin*, without underſtanding herſelf the worſe for it. Immediately *Polymanthus* appeared charmed, not with the Character of ſo ſenſible a Lady, but

but with the Opportunity of giving the Company the Names of learned Women; and telling us, that great was the Learning of *Sapho*, *Cornelia*, *Afrania*, *Cornificia*, *Proba*, *Valeria*, and others who may be ſeen in *Perrot*'s Catalogue. I wonder he did not tell us of the Man in *Marville* (*m*) who had collected an Account of four hundred Works, written by Women. Soon after, one being mentioned, whoſe Merit had expoſed him to Envy (having firſt cleared his Voice with a judicious *Hem*,) Yes, ſays he, I have obſerved *in the Courſe of my Reading* (that is his uſual Phraſe) that Men of Parts have been ſubject to be envied; and that, whereas inſignificant Perſons live quiet in their Obſcurity, great Men have been much plagued with Adverſaries. Then Hemming again, *thus*, continued he, *Socrates* was perſecuted by *Ariſtophanes*, *Pythagoras* by *Cydon*, *Pindar* by *Amphimanes*, *Simonides* by *Timocreon*; and you may be ſure he did not forget to ſet *Zoïlus* upon *Homer*, and *Bavius* upon *Virgil:* Adding an *etcetera*; for he proteſted he would not tire the Company. Alas! he had done it already.

(*m*) *Mélanges* 2. Vol.

Cleand. Among theſe may be placed the Humour of ſuch as are always thruſting into Diſcourſe juſt what they read laſt, and who ſeem to read with no other Deſign, but upon telling it immediately. You ſoon perceive they are upon the Watch, ready to lay hold of the leaſt Appearance of Connexion to bring it up. *Celia* was but juſt mentioned yeſterday, as very unaffected in her Dreſs: Pray, Gentlemen ſays *Morander*, now you talk of Ladies Dreſſes, did you ever obſerve how clearly *Juvenal* ſpeaks of *Fontanges*. It is in his *ſixth* Satyr.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput -------

To this he added, that *Plotina*'s Medals ſhew plainly, that thoſe Dreſſes are no late Invention. Then he looked round to be applauded. But the Company ſmiled: For unluckily one hearing that *Morander* was coming, had told us: Now, my Life for it, we ſhall hear ſome News of *Fontanges* from *Juvenal*, and *Plotina*: For I was with him this Morning, and I found him reading the *Valeſiana*, in the very Place where they ſpeak of thoſe Dreſſes.

Eudox. Yet certainly the wrong Methods of ſuch Men, is no Proof but that ones

ones Reading may very commendably be deſigned for the carrying on, not only of learned Converſation, but alſo as an agreeable Ornament to the moſt familiar Diſcourſes. It muſt indeed be uſed with great Caution and Reſerve. No Eagerneſs muſt appear of one reſolved to make the Subject of your laſt Reading be that of your next Diſcourſe. Any thing of that kind is putid, unleſs it be ſo managed that it may ſeem rather to come in of its own accord, than to be drawn in by Force, or by premeditated Endeavour.

CLEAND. The Abſurdity appears particularly ſhocking, when the pretended Erudition thus drag'd in, is only ſome inſignificant and trifling Criticiſm. Thus *Morander*, becauſe one in the Company had an Occaſion to enquire, how ſuch a Gentleman's Name was ſpelt, immediately obſerved, that the *Orthography* of proper Names was a difficult Point; and confirmed it by adding from the ſame uncited *Valeſiana*, that Authors are not agreed, whether it ſhould be *Sicamber*, or *Sigamber*; but that, for his Part, he had rather ſay *Sygambros* than *Sigumbros*. How far better is it to ſay nothing, than ſuch Impertinencies?

EUDOX. Even Hiſtory, as I was obſerving before, tho', when properly managed,

it

it is ſo agreeable an Ornament of Converſation, muſt be carefully uſed, not to diſpleaſe. It is often ſo ill applied by many, that while they ſhew a great Memory, they betray their little Judgment. Others only make it appear, that all their Reading has only given them a confuſed Idea of Hiſtory, without being able to give a handſome Account even of the chief Particulars. Some again run into the tedious length of *Narrative*, which is ſo common with thoſe *Story-tellers*, who pleaſe Children, but plague Men.

CLEAND. Nothing could be more inſufferable in this kind than *Macroleptus*. He was afraid of nothing ſo much in a Story, as of making it ſhort. He drew every thing into ſuch a Length, by inſiſting upon a Number of inſignificant Circumſtances, that he was ſure to tire the Company with a Paſſage, which a reaſonable Man would have diſpatched in twenty Words. Not content with real Particulars, he would add ſeveral that could not be known. Thus he had a favourite Story of two Friends, who venturing into a Boat without Skill enough to manage it, got out of Sight, and out of all poſſibility of calling for Help. There they diſagreed about the Conduct of the Boat to gain the Shore.

At

At length, quarrelling and ſcuffling, they both fell into the Sea, and were loſt. Here we hoped he had done. But he had a deal to add of the Year, the Month, the Day, the Weather, the Nature and Situation of the Coaſt, *&c.* Finding him thus unmercifully diſpoſed to tire us quite out, I told him: That he might perhaps be well aſſured of thoſe Particulars, but I was at a loſs to know, which of the two unfortunate Friends came back to tell him all the whole Series of their Diſpute, and their laſt Words at falling into the Sea, which he had related ſo very circumſtantially. He was diſcompoſed at the Queſtion. But it ſaved us from his farther prating at that Time; and had ſo good an Effect, that for a good while after, he never told a Story in my Preſence.

EUDOX. Sometimes there is, in too profound and over-wiſe hiſtorical Obſervations in Company, no leſs a Folly, than in thoſe trifling Circumſtances. One of the moſt pardonable Puns in *Fuller* (more pardonable than moſt of his own making) is that which he relates, of a wiſe Man to a great one (*n*) *Read Hiſtories, that you do not become a Hiſtory.* But then it muſt be remember'd, that ſuch Reading muſt not

(*n*) In his *Worthies*, p. 4.

conſiſt in merely obſerving the Narration, but in pondering the Cauſes and Motives of Actions, particularly in the Revolutions of great States, and the Riſe or Fall of great Men. Yet theſe are to be entered into, by way of Converſation, with ſuch Moderation, as not to be guilty of the Folly (than which none can be more ridiculous) of thoſe politick Pretenders, who ſeem fond of reſembling a *Tacitus*, or a *Machiavel*.

CLEAND. Methinks one that would frame his Remarks upon Sir *William Temple*'s Obſervations upon the *Netherlands*, could hardly chuſe a more proper Method, either for his private Improvement, or for Diſcourſe. You will be apt to tell me, that few are capable of coming near to ſo good a Model. For I know you agree with the Author of thoſe *Memoirs of Ambaſſadors*, who ſays, Sir *William Temple* has made himſelf unimitable by his Excellency in that Kind.

EUDOX. Beſides his natural Wit, and his acquired Learning, he was employed in *Holland* in very nice Occaſions, and with its ableſt Miniſters; with whom perhaps he was too intimate. However, theſe concurrent Circumſtances gave him great Opportunities, beyond moſt Men; eſpecially thoſe who muſt make their Remarks

marks from the Relations or Accounts of others. But infine, without hoping to equal him, that is certainly a very proper Book to give one an Idea of ſuch Remarks upon Hiſtories and States, as may be ſuited to a prudent and agreeable Converſation, by a right Mixture of the narrative and inſtructive Part. Nor are his *Miſcellany Eſſays* perhaps leſs commendable towards framing fit Notions for a Gentleman-like Uſe of Learning in Converſation.

CLEAND. Reading of Voyages too, may be of great Uſe for Diſcourſe. But unfortunately Readers of ſuch Books often fail in diſtinguiſhing the Traſh and Defects, from the real Advantages and Beauties of ſuch Works.

EUDOX. Thus have I more than once ſeen it happen; for inſtance, in Mr. *Addiſon*'s Voyage. While his Remarks upon Places ſpoken of by the antient Poets were overlooked, nothing was taken notice of but his weak and improper Reflections upon the Church of *Rome*. But that Gentleman who writes ſo finely, when he keeps within his proper Sphere, where he chances to wander out of it, is rather to be pitied than cenſured. In the generality of *Voyage-Writers*, there is commonly a great number of Trifles to be met with. The

Levity of a rambling Genius often appears in the Nature of their Obſervations. But when a Man of true Genius for ſeveral things, runs out of his true Character, to ſhew how unfit he is to meddle with other Matters, it is the Reader's Buſineſs, to bluſh for him, or at leaſt not to join with his Miſtakes in repeating them.

CLEAND. We have too, a common Proverb to caution us againſt an eaſy Belief of Travellers. But when their Remarks betray a Prejudice or Paſſion, what Credit can they expect? However, as judicious Travels are a great Source of proper Materials for agreeable Converſation, ſo the leſs perfect of the kind may be of ſome Uſe.

EUDOX. Even the *Scaligerana*, the *Thuana*, the *Patiniana*, and moſt of thoſe *Ana's*, may be a Help. Yet moſt of them conſiſt of a Heap of ſuch Trifles as are not tolerable. Nay they are made up of ſo ſtrange a *Rhapſody*, that one might often ſuſpect, they were deſigned to diſgrace the Perſons, to whom they are attributed. Take the *Scaligerana*, for example. What can they be more apt to make one think, than that he now and then ſaid a tolerable thing, and often very ſilly ones. The Inſolence with which he is there ſaid to

ſpeak

ſpeak of the Holy Fathers, and other great Men, muſt needs make him paſs for a very ſtrange one. And ſeveral other things, therein attributed to him, are ſo very unaccountably weak and abſurd, that it is hard to imagine they were collected by a friendly Hand.

CLEAND. Yet many curious Particularities may be picked out of ſuch Books. But it muſt indeed be owned, that it will require a great deal of Care, to judge what may be depended upon in ſuch Heaps of Errors, and odd Sayings. And I believe you muſt have obſerved, that moſt of thoſe who deal much in ſuch Books, and ſuch other piece-meal Scraps of Erudition, are very ſuperficial.

EUDOX. Yes, Sir, it is what I have frequently obſerved, and have therefore warned ſome of my young Acquaintance, to guard againſt a Fondneſs they ſeem to have for ſuch Books. The Variety of Matter whereof they conſiſt, the Freedom and Liberty of the Touches, the Mixture of hiſtorical Hints, and what ſome are fond of under the Name of *Anecdotes*, is what makes ſuch Books be amuſing to ſeveral. And the rather, becauſe that kind of Reading requires as little Attention, as the things themſelves have little Connec-

tion. But certainly it is a ſort of Reading by no means proper for young and undiſcerning Heads. It naturally leads them to a looſe and random way of thinking, and talking. It may furniſh them with ſome Hints which may enter agreeably enough in Converſation, if rightly managed. But ſuch Hints are apt to lead them into great Miſtakes. For not being thoroughly acquainted with the Subjects they pick up in thoſe looſe Gleanings (and how ſhould they from ſuch ſlight and confuſed Mixtures) they will frequently be miſguided into great, and even ridiculous Errors.

CLEAND. My Lord *Bacon* makes no difficulty to call *Epitomes* no better than *the Corruption and Moths of Hiſtory*. And ſee here, Sir, what he adds: (*o*) "The "Uſe of them deſerves to be baniſhed, "as all Men of ſound Judgment have con"feſs'd; as thoſe that have fretted and "corroded the ſound Bodies of many ex"cellent Hiſtories, and wrought them into "baſe and unprofitable dregs". If ſuch was his Opinion of *Epitomes* of Hiſtories, what would he have ſaid of ſuch Books as thoſe we are ſpeaking of? For they moſtly

(*o*) *Advancement of Learning*, B. II.

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conſiſt of what we may call the Dregs, the Crudities, and the Indigeſtions of learned Men.

EUDOX. Daily Experience convinces me, that ſuch Works are not only very apt (as we have already obſerved) to give young Minds a mere ſuperficial turn, and to caſt them into an incoherent way of thinking, and conſequently of converſing, but alſo inclines them to watch for any ſlight Hint, to bring in the little Scraps of Erudition, which have ſtruck their Fancy in ſuch Writings. And what is thus induſtriouſly brought in, can hardly pleaſe.

CLEAND. Much of the ſame Reaſons have convinced me, that near to thoſe *Ana's* may be placed thoſe Books which are entitled *Merry Jeſts*, *Pleaſant Stories*, *Ingenious Puns*, *Witty Sayings* &c. A real Witticiſm often proves a Folly at Second-hand. Nor will there perhaps be ever found any duller Companions, than thoſe who deal much in ſuch Collections of Mirth.

EUDOX. I have been told of one (*p*) who had gathered a large Note-Book from ſuch Works with ſuch additional Pieces of Merriment and Wit, as he had heard in

(*p*) I think it was *Fleckno*.

Com-

Company, This he called *Wit's-pincuſhion*. So quaint a Title is an *Innuendo* of the Man's Genius. Here, ſaid he, in this Book, I ſtick all the ſharp Points of Wit and Mirth that occur, and have them ready to pluck out for Uſe. By this means he became moſt induſtriouſly inſipid. Nor is there perhaps a ſurer Method to be ſo.

CLEAND. It is the Fate which generally attends ſuch *Pedlars of Ingenuity*, or ſuch *Wit-brokers*. For it commonly requires almoſt as much Wit to uſe an ingenious Point well, as to have been the firſt Author of it. And I may inſiſt upon it again, that perhaps of all Reading, none is leſs proper to fit a Man for Converſation. Eſpecially if we reflect, that ſuch things are apt to draw young People into a great Miſtake. For ſuch Collections habituate them ſo to what ſtrikes the Fancy with Flaſhes of Wit, and Levities of Mirth, as to take them from minding what is judicious and ſolid. Nor have I ever known above one or two Perſons of real Wit, who gave themſelves the trouble of reading, or making ſuch Collections of Wit and Mirth. There is moreover in moſt modern Collections of that kind, ſuch a Mixture of Prophaneneſs, Smut, and wretched Punning, as makes ſo hor-

horrid and dull a Medly, that a Man of Senſe can hardly endure them.

EUDOX. Even antient *Apothegms* are ſo blended with Trifles, that it may be much doubted whether the Authors who have gathered them, can be thought to have done the World any great Service. I remember my Lord *Bacon* ſays, That moſt of them have been unhappy in their Choice. How far more fortunate he has been in the like Attempt, let others judge. But I may venture to ſay in general, that it is often with ſeveral antient Sayings, as with ſome Bodies dug up many Ages after Burying. Some few retain a Solidity: Others appeared like ſolid Bodies, but moulder'd away at the firſt Touch, when they were brought into the open Air. *Mabillon* ſays, (*q*) That when *Childeric* the *Second's* Body was found with that of his Queen, and of *Dagsbert* his Son, the Queen's Bones turned to Aſhes at the Touch. Thus while ſome antient Sayings have Solidity enough to bear Examination, others have not.

CLEAND. And truly it is a ſtrange Miſtake, to imagine there muſt needs be

(*q*) See Memoirs of *Trevoux*, *Auguſt*, 1702.

ſomething

ſomething very fine in Sayings, related to have been uttered many hundred Years ſince. Let Antiquity have a due Veneration. But muſt that Reſpect be given to every thing paſt? Is not the Reſpect ſometimes too univerſal, and carried too far? Even the Faults of our Anceſtors, and their Follies, are ſometimes admired, as if to be well done, or wiſely ſaid; and to be done, or ſaid a long while ago, were ſynonymous. Every Exclamation againſt preſent Times, is by ſome People conſtantly enhanced with high Admiration of the paſt. As if all *hereafter* muſt needs be worſe, becauſe others have gone *before*. By this wiſe Meaſure, none can be ſo tall, becauſe not ſo old as their Fathers. The wiſeſt of Men however, has declared it is a *fooliſh Queſtion* (*r*) to ask why paſt Times were better than the preſent.

Eudox. I have often conſidered whence it is, that Men generally entertain great Ideas of paſt Times, and I believe they have in great meaſure given the true Reaſon, who attribute it to that Vanity of Hiſtorians, which has made them unfaithful in their Accounts of Antiquity. For remote Antiquity being naturally followed by Obſcurity and Oblivion, and Writers

(*r*) *Eccleſ.* vii. 11.

imagi-

imagining it would be attributed to their Ignorance, and make a diſgraceful Gap in their Works, to paſs over whole Ages in Silence, What do they do? They ſupply by Fiction, the Want of real Facts. Then (beſides that the Heat of Imagination naturally carries beyond Realities) perſuading themſelves that a noble Beginning will give a luſtre to their following Hiſtory, they enter upon it with the vaſteſt Ideas they can frame, and give us as many *Heroes* as Men. At length advancing nearer to known Times, Truth begins to take place of Fiction, and the Actions of Men to be related as they were in themſelves, not as it pleaſed the Writer's Invention. Thus paſt Tranſactions are only greater, becauſe more fabulous. Were Antiquity leſs obſcure, it would appear leſs admirable; and it happens in hiſtorical Objects quite contrary to what it does in Objects of the Eye. Theſe appear leſs, thoſe bigger by Diſtance. Or, if you pleaſe, it is with them as with Objects that ſeem bigger in a miſty Morning. Thus a great Part of *Heroick Times* are ſwelled with the Vapours of mere *Romantick* Greatneſs.

CLEAND. And thus too a great many antient Sayings, appear great to ſeveral, becauſe they view them through the Vapours

pours of that vaſt Admiration they have preconceived of the Perſons to whom thoſe Sayings have been attributed. Thoſe Philoſophers and *Sages* of old Days, are repreſented as vaſtly Wiſe. Hence many, for the Credit of their own Wiſdom, think they muſt find ſomething wonderful in what they are told was ſaid ſo long ago, by Men of ſo great a Name. Had the ſame thing been only ſaid To-day, it would have been forgot To-morrow, or we ſhould laugh to hear it repeated for notable Wiſdom or Wit.

Eudox. At leaſt, to judge by many of the antient *Apothegms*, as they are called, one may conclude, it was more eaſy for Writers to feign great and *Heroic* Actions, than wiſe and witty Sayings; ſince thoſe are ſo numerous, and theſe ſo rare. Unleſs perhaps one might make here an Application of, or rather reverſe an odd Reflection of Mr. *Osborne*. "*Cæſar*, though in "this happy, ſays he, (*s*) that he had "a Pen able to grave into neat Language, "what his Sword had roughly cut out, "may, in my Judgment, abuſe his Rea-"der. For he that for the Honour of his "Wit, does make People ſpeak better,

(*s*) Edition of 1673. pag. 6.

"than

" than can be ſuppoſed Men ſo barba-
" rouſly bred were able, may poſſibly re-
" port they fought worſe than really they
" did". Begging this Gentleman's Par-
don, I cannot think ſuch a Speculation as
this can be ſufficient to ſuſpect the Veracity
of *Cæſar*. His Credit is too well eſta-
bliſhed, not only by his remarkable Mo-
deſty in ſpeaking of himſelf, and all the
Marks of Truth which can be ſeen in the
way of an Author's writing, but he had
too many Witneſſes of his Wars, and too
many emulous of his Glory, to hope he
could either raiſe or maintain it by forged
Actions. But this I only obſerve by the
Bye. What made me read you that Paſſage
of *Osborne*, was, with regard to the Point
we were upon, to ask if one may not ra-
ther ſuppoſe that thoſe, who to add to the
Grandeur of their Hiſtories, have made
their *Heroes* do greater things than Men
can well be ſuppoſed to have done, have
not rather made their *Sages* ſpeak worſe
than they really did? Might not this poſ-
ſibly happen, either becauſe, as I have al-
ready hinted, it was more eaſy to feign *He-
roic* Actions, than wiſe Sayings; or becauſe
they were more willing to yield to the Anti-
ents a Preference in ſuch *Heroiſm*, than in
Wiſdom, and in Wit? For it often happens

that Men, who deſpair of paſſing for *Heroes*, would fain paſs for as wiſe and witty as their Anceſtors. But I eaſily give up ſuch Reflections as theſe, as being perhaps rather two far-fetched. This at leaſt one may venture to affirm, that it is more credible, that Men barbarouſly bred ſhould ſpeak as *Cæſar* makes them, than that ſuch wiſe Men, as thoſe Antients are repreſented to have been, ſhould ſpeak no better than they are often ſaid to have done in many of the *Apothegms*, as they are called in the Collections, of which we are ſpeaking. For Men, tho' barbarouſly educated, have often a great deal of good Senſe and Wit by Nature; and in ſeveral of the pretended *Apothegms*, there appears but little.

CLEAND. So very little indeed, that ſure it would be unjuſt to frame thence a Character of the Antients. If they had been no more diſtinguiſhed in other things, than in ſeveral of the *Apothegms*, they muſt have been very ordinary Men. Since therefore they ſtand recorded among the moſt Eminent, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that many of their beſt Sayings having been loſt, following Writers have either father'd weak ones upon them, to make up a Number, or made them weak by their imperfect Accounts. A great deal too muſt be

be attributed to Diſtance of Time, and Difference of Circumſtances, in which their Sayings now appear. Many are the things, which have a good Turn in the very Occaſion of being firſt ſaid, which will ſeem to be very indifferent, when repeated in other Circumſtances. Thus, you ſee, I am more equitable to the Antients, than you have ſometimes thought me.

EUDOX. A Reflection too of my Lord *Bacon*, may be here applied. Upon obſerving that ſome nobler Contemplations of Philoſophy have been loſt in the Current, as it were, of vulgar Opinions; Thus *in time*, ſays he, *as in a River, while weighty and ſolid things ſink and are loſt, light ones, like Straws and Weeds, ſwim at the Top, and are brought down to us in the Stream.* (*t*) However, as many things, in ſuch Collections as we are ſpeaking of, have well deſerved to be tranſmitted down to Poſterity; ſo they may be of great Uſe in Converſation, when they are judiciouſly choſen, and properly introduced.

CLEAND. Much the like may be ſaid of *Epigrams*, *Inſcriptions*, and *Epitaphs*,

(*t*) Adeo ut tempus, tanquam fluvius, levia & inflata ad nos devexerit; gravia & ſolida demerſerit. *Inſtaurat. Præfatio.*

as to the Uſe of them in Converſation. But unfortunately thoſe who deal moſt in ſuch Collections, often betray the Levity of their Genius, by repeating thoſe of the looſe, the prophane, or the burleſque Kind; rather than thoſe of the grave, and noble Sort.

Eudox. Thus I lately heard one ſelect from *Sannazarius* ſome of the wretchedly ſmutty, or punning *Epigrams*, to adorn his Diſcourſe; and never take any notice (tho' the Occaſion of that Poet being named, might well have brought it to his Mind) of that, for which the Senate of *Venice* honoured him with a conſiderable Purſe of Gold. You know I mean that, wherein he ſpeaks of that noble City.

Cleand. I have formerly ſeen that *Epigram*, but not remembring it perfectly, ſhould be glad to hear it again.

Eudox. It is in theſe fine, and noble Poetical Lines.

Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus *in undis*
Stare Urbem, et toti ponere jura mari:
Nunc mihi Tarpeïas *quantumvis* Jupiter *Arces*
Objice, et illa Tui Mœnia Martis, *ait.*
Si Pelago Tibrim *præfers, Urbem aſpice utramque.*
Illam homines dices, hanc poſuiſſe Deos.

'*Midſt*

'Midſt Hadria's *Billows while with wond'ring Eyes*
Neptune *beheld Majeſtic* Venice *riſe*,
And ſtand confeſt the Ruler of the Main:
Now boaſt, ſaid he, great Jove! *your* Rome *in vain.*
If you prefer the Tiber *to the Sea,*
View both the Cities: you'll be forc'd to ſay:
Your Mars's *Walls, and your* Tarpeïan *Tow'rs*
Were rais'd by Human, Theſe *by Heav'nly Pow'rs.*

CLEAND. Since you have met with one ſo little capable of chuſing well from *Sannazarius*, you will not wonder that *Morander* ſhould be ſo mazed with the voluminous Heap of the Monuments of *Italy* by *Schraderus*, as to over-look the few good ones in that vaſt and tedious Collection. Almoſt the only one I have heard him mention (and he is ſo fond of the Delicacy, as to repeat it often) is that of a *German*, who killed himſelf with hard drinking.

Vina dedere neci Germanum, *vina ſepulchro*
Funde. Sitim nondum finiit atra dies.

Pour Wine upon my Tomb. Tho' here I lie,
Becauſe I drank too much; yet ſtill I'm dry.

Had *Morander* reſerved this drunken Piece of Poetry for ſome of his Pot-Companions, it might have done well. But to bring it into learned Company as an ingenious Piece, betrayed the low Genius of the Man.

Eudox. But ſure he never repeated it more improperly, than lately, where I was; and juſt after one, who has a very fine Taſte of polite Wit, had alledged from *Schraderus* this Epitaph upon *Cotta*.

Sperabas tibi culta novum Verona Catullum.
Experta es duros, bis viduata, Deos.
Nulla animum poſthac ſpes erigat, optima quando
Prima rapit celeri Parca *inimica manu.*
Quæ tamen ut vidit morientis frigida Cottæ
Ora, ſuum faſſa eſt crimen, & erubuit.

You hop'd, polite Verona, *but in vain,*
T'enjoy Catullus' *Muſe reviv'd again.*
From this untimely ſecond Stroke of Fate,
Learn now, at leaſt, to be no more elate
By flatt'ring Hopes, ſince thus you ſee the beſt
Are ſooneſt ſtill by Atropos *oppreſt.*
Yet even ſhe, beholding Cotta *dead,*
Bluſh'd at her Crime, and turn'd away her Head.

This

This *Epitaph*, which was made by *Sannazarius*, is a neat one in the Spirit of Poetry; tho' ſure it ſtands better in a Book of *Epigrams*, than, as *Schraderus* ſays it does, in the Cathedral Church of *Verona*.

CLEAND. I have more than once obſerved, that the Wits of thoſe Days ſeemed more ſolicitous to preſerve the Spirit of Poetry, than that of Chriſtianity, in the *Epitaphs* they made. As for *Cotta*, whom *Sannazarius* thus compares to *Catullus*, I do not remember to have ſeen any Verſes of his making.

EUDOX. Nor do I remember to have met with any of him, but an *Epitaph* he made upon a beautiful Youth.

Me longè effigie venuſtiorem
Narciſſi *vel* Apollinis *comati*,
Parcarum Lacheſis *nimis ſevera*
Iſti Quinterium *dedit ſepulchro.*
Cur non floſculus exeam requiris,
Cum tantum fuerim puer decorus?
Tellus eſt nimium arida, O viator!
Noſtri factа peruſtione amoris.
Sed ſi lachrymulis tuis madeſcet
Forſan flos novus ibit è ſepulchro.

In vain I was Quinterius *the fair:*
Leſs fair Narciſſus, *and* Apollo *were.*

By

By th'unrelenting Siſters cruel Doom
Here lie the tender Beauties of my Bloom.
Now if you think it a ſurprizing thing,
From ſo much Beauty why no Flowers ſpring;
Obſerve the Ground, and you will eaſily ſee
'Tis too much parch'd with ardent Love of Me.
Let it be moiſtned by your weeping Eyes,
And then perhaps you'll ſee new Flowers riſe.

How far this comes up to the Turns of *Catullus*, let others judge. It is more to the Subject we are upon, to obſerve how neceſſary it is to be very careful in managing right, and making a proper uſe of ſuch things in Converſation.

CLEAND. Moſt certainly it cannot be too carefully remembered, that if what is quoted from ſuch Collections is low and mean, it diſcovers a want of Genius and Taſte; if it is fine in itſelf, but improperly introduced, it betrays a want of Judgment. And if one is found to be upon the watch, to lay immediate hold of a Word, to draw in ſome Epigram, or hiſtorical Paſſage that has ſtruck his Fancy, he may be ſure this will take off a great deal from the Agreeableneſs of what he thus relates, and much more from the Opinion he would gain from the Company.

EUDOX.

EUDOX. Eſpecially if one and the ſame thing is thus often drag'd in. Poor *Atopius* has made himſelf very ridiculous in this kind, with a Paſſage he has got of Cardinal *Wolſey*. *Fuller* (*u*) relates that a Fortune-teller had warned the Cardinal to be ware of *Kingſton*. Upon this Prediction, he always after avoided paſſing through *Kingſton* upon *Thames*; and was ſtruck to the Heart when he found himſelf committed to the Cuſtody of Sir *Anthony Kingſton*. However ſingular this may be, yet it is ridiculous to find *Atopius* conſtantly upon the watch to thruſt it in, whenever the leaſt mention is made of *Fortune-telling*. This has made him (if you will excuſe the Appearance of a Pun) paſs for no Conjurer at *Story-telling*.

CLEAND. Such Perſons ſhould at leaſt collect Stories, which, from ſome common and obvious Words, may afford them eaſy Opportunities of ſhewing their Memory and Reading. It was in this View that *Aphronius*, with very great and wiſe Care, had provided from the ſame *Fuller* (*w*) a Paſſage of Mr. *Tavernour*. This *High-Sheriff* of *Oxfordſhire*, would needs turn *Goſpeller*. In a Sermon, wherein he, no doubt, did edify

(*u*) *Eccleſiaſt. Hiſt.* B. V. (*w*) *Ibid.* B. IX.

the

the Godly moſt exceedingly, he told them, "I have brought you ſome fine Biſcuits, "baked in the Oven of Charity; carefully "conſerved for the Chickens of the Church, "the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the ſweet "Swallows of Salvation." Here is a Paſſage to which frequent Occurrences muſt open him a plain Way. A Chicken, a Sparrow, or Swallow could not long fail to be ſeen; and then he was ſure to have you in for his fine Story. He has ſeveral other Oddneſſes in his Converſation, which make me always glad of any Occaſion to leave him, as I am always ſorry to leave you: But now muſt do it, to diſpatch a Commiſſion for our Friend *Critomachus*.

EUDOX. Pray when do you expect him: For I think the Time he fixt, is out.

CLEAND. He will be with me To-morrow, or next Day at fartheſt. I forgot to tell you, that he complains in his laſt Letter, of the little good Company he has met with in his Abſence, and therefore haſtens up.

EUDOX. He always was more nice in point of Company, than he formerly was in point of Style. Tho', in the main, ſo eaſy in both, as to grant conſiderable Allowances both to Companions, and to Authors. At his Arrival, I foreſee, that as we are entered into

into this Subject of Converſation, we ſhall likely continue it in farther Remarks upon its proper Accuracy; as we did upon Accuracy of Style, before he went down into the Country. I long to ſee him.

CLEAND. You may depend upon my coming with him very ſoon.

THE

THE CONVERSATION OF *GENTLEMEN.*

DIALOGUE III.

BETWEEN

CRITOMACHUS, *EUDOXUS*, and *CLEANDER*.

CRITOMACHUS.

IT is with ſingular Pleaſure, *Eudoxus*, that I embrace you now after a long Abſence. Very different Company from yours and *Cleander*'s, has made me extremely deſirous to enter again into that friendly, eaſy, and inſtructive Way of Conver-

verſation, which I have often enjoyed with you both.

EUDOX. You cannot but be too well convinced that the Pleaſure we take in your Company is reciprocal, to expect any ceremonious Return of the Compliment.

CLEAND. For my Part, waving all appearance of ſo needleſs things as Ceremonies are between ſuch Friends, ſcarce was *Critomachus* arrived at my Houſe, but I gave him an Account of our late Diſcourſes.

CRITOM. And I can aſſure you both, that partly the ſeveral Diſſatisfactions I have met with, and partly the Change you have wrought in me with regard to Style, have made me not ſo averſe, as formerly I was, from thinking nice Rules are requiſite in Converſation, and Style. Writing is a ſort of Converſing. There is conſequently a proportionable Accuracy to be obſerved in both. But while I complain of the Company I met with in the Country, you will eaſily ſuppoſe there are ſome Perſons whom I except. Eſpecially *Chariſius*, in whoſe charming Seat, and more charming Company, I ſpent three Weeks with the greateſt Satisfaction.

EUDOX. It ſeems he has almoſt finiſhed his Seat to his Mind. And as I am acquainted with his elegant Taſte in other

things, I eaſily imagine he has ſhewed it in the Beauties of his Houſe, and Garden.

CRITOM. He tells me, you have both promiſed to go down thither next Summer; and has engaged me to join you.

CLEAND. It is what we fully deſign. I know not what unlucky Stars (to ſpeak in the Phraſe of *Uranius*) have detained us hitherto from waiting upon him in the Country.

CRITOM. You may be aſſured, you will find there the ſame Man, you have ſo juſtly admired in Town. As to his Seat, I will not enter into Particulars; having no talent at ſuch Deſcriptions. I will only tell you, that his Fountain is framed upon the Idea he took from ſome Verſes, which I underſtand, you ſhewed him here, *Eudoxus*, in your Library.

EUDOX. I ſuppoſe they are theſe in the Inſcription of a Fountain with a Statue of *Arethuſa*, at *Pietra Biancha* near *Naples*.

Quæ modo Tyrrhenas *inter celeberrima nymphas,*
Et prior ante alias formâ Arethuſa *fui,*
Proh dolor! ingelidos, dum flagro, verſa liquores,
Narciſſi *ingrati duritie hic lachrymo.*
Haud procul his ſurgens ſubſtructo fornice terris,
Chratidis *ad Magni nobile labor opus.*

Hic

Hic mihi de conchis poſuit fulgentibus Antrum,
Naïadum *propter*, Nereïdumque *domos.*
Hujus ego æternum, tanto pro munere, Nomen
Quàm poſſum blando murmure teſtor aquæ.

Fair Arethuſa, *and in vain, Alas!*
Faireſt of all Tyrhenian *Nymphs I was.*
But when th' ungrateful Youth contemn'd my Flames,
Weeping I turn'd to gelid cryſtal Streams,
And wand'ring mourn'd: 'till pitying my Fate,
Great Chratis *led me to this charming Seat.*
Here ſhining Pebbles ſtud the moſſy Ground,
And beauteous Shells adorn my Grotto *round.*
Here by his gen'rous Hand a Queen I reign,
Naiads *and* Nereids *waiting in my Train.*
Here, in return, I'll ever roll my Stream,
In ſoft and grateful Murmurs of his Name.

CRITOM. I ſee theſe muſt be the Verſes, from which he took the Plan of his Fountain. The Workmanſhip, particularly of the chief Statue, is thought by good Judges, to be a maſterly Piece. *Philotechnus* upon viewing it, immediately applied to it theſe Verſes of *Taſſo* of the Figures in *Armida's* Palace. (*x*)

(*x*) *Canto* XVI. *Stan.* 2.

Manca il parlar : Di vivo altro non chiedi.
Ne manca queſto ancor, S' a gli occhi credi.

Speech only's wanting to conclude they live:
Nor even that, if you your Eyes believe.

CLEAND. I have ſome Acquaintance with *Philotechnus*, and admire him the more for not affecting, as many do, to paſs for skilful Judges in ſuch things, by undervaluing every thing done at Home. *Philoxenus*, who is otherwiſe a fine Gentleman, is hardly pardonable in this affected Prejudice of ſcarce allowing any thing of that kind to be nice, that is done on this ſide of the *Alps*.

CRITOM. I muſt do *Philoxenus* the juſtice to aſſure you I have found him of late, come very much off from that exceſſive Fondneſs of all ſuch foreign Performances, and an Affectation, no leſs unjuſt than unnatural, of undervaluing thoſe of our own Country.

CLEAND. I am very glad to hear it. For it was a great pity ſo fine a Gentleman ſhould have been ſo faulty in that regard, when firſt he returned from his Travels.

CRITOM. I can ſpeak more particularly of his Change, becauſe I was pretty often with him in the Country ; his Seat not being far from the Place where my Affairs detained

tained me. His Converſation was my greateſt Relief in the Company I met with thereabouts.

EUDOX. Sure you will here again except ſome of the learned Gentlemen of the Univerſity, not far from that Neighbourhood.

CRITOM. It muſt be owned, that ſome of them are no leſs agreeable than learned. But ſeveral of them have very much confirm'd me in an Opinion I had long ſince, that however requiſite Reading is to compleat a Man for Converſation, it is no more the immenſe, than the trifling Reader, that makes an agreeable Companion. The vaſt Reader often brings from it a ſtrange Moroſeneſs of Temper; or the Vanity of imagining he is vaſtly learned, becauſe he has turn'd over a great number of Books. Yet as all Vanity makes Men diſagreeable, ſo there is often a great Difference between a bookiſh Man, and a learned Man.

EUDOX. Not even an *Alexandrian* Library, with great Leiſure and Aſſiduity to rummage in it, would make ſome deſerve to be called learned. I mean that Collection of Books at *Alexandria*, which how immenſe it was, I leave you to gueſs from this Inſtance given by Dr. *Friend*. (*y*) "For,

(*y*) In his *Hiſtory of* Phyſick.

" ſays he, when Orders came to have the " Books deſtroyed, they were diſtributed " throughout all the City, among thoſe " who kept *Bagnios*, of which then (*Anno* " 640) there were no fewer than four thou- " ſand; and yet notwithſtanding all the " Havock one may ſuppoſe was made, it " took up ſix Months to conſume them". Now it is very likely that ſome Men, from ſuch vaſt Numbers of Books, would continue very illiterate, and would learn little more by reading them, than if they had been employed in burning them.

CLEAND. In Effect, from many who read much, how little do you find they know? When a Book is mention'd, they can tell you they have read it. But you muſt expect no farther Account from them, unleſs perhaps they can tell you whether it is a *Quarto* or *Octavo*, an *Aldus*, a *Plantin*, or an *Elzevir*.

CRITOM. Such Readers as theſe often grow fond of having read every thing. Nor is it every one, who, when plainly found to have pretended to more than he really has ever read, can reply ſo readily as *Gelaſtus* did, even to his Prince. A Book being mentioned at Court, *Gelaſtus* immediately ſaid he had read it, and commended it much for a fine Pocket-book. Being told by

by the King himſelf, that it was a *Quarto*, the undaunted Reader anſwered: *May it pleaſe your Majeſty, I mean a* Surtout *Pocket-book.*

CLEAND. Another Sort of great Readers draw little from their Authors but minute Trifles or Points of ſmall Moment. Such a Man, upon talking of *Philip* of *Macedon*, ſhall very nicely obſerve to you, that he was lame; and this ſhall be his only, or his chief Remark upon that Prince. If you could inform him of which Leg he halted, you would make an important Addition to this Reader's Notes. Much greater will he take this Obſervation to be, than if you told him any of that Prince's wiſeſt Actions, or or Sayings. Let it be mentioned in Converſation, that when this King *Philip* was urged to baniſh one who ſpoke ill of him, refuſed to do it, ſaying: *'Tis better he ſhould talk ſo of me, where we are both known, than where one of us may be unknown.* Let it be added, that my Lord *Bacon* commends the Wiſdom of this Saying: Such a wiſe Reader ſhall drop it, to tell you he has read, that *Philip* of *Macedon* was lame, tho' he has forgot by what Accident it happen'd, but will try to find it out when he returns to his Books.

EUDOX.

Eudox. The ingenious *Bartoli* (z) compares the Genius of ſuch Readers to the attractive Force (begging the modern Philoſophers Leave to call it *Attraction*) of Amber, which only draws Hairs and ſmall Straws. He farther adds, that ſome from Flowers take only a pleaſing, but paſſing Smell or Sight; or perhaps a Noſegay, or a Deſign for colouring, or Parcels for diſtilling; while the Bee draws from a Variety of Flowers, Hony of a ſweet and uniform Taſte. Thus, ſays he, from Books, which are like Gardens for the Pleaſure and Improvement of Wit, ſome take only the pleaſing View or tranſient Smell, or fading Garlands, and ſhort-lived Ornaments; others pick up their Notes in Bundles, huddling all they read into a confuſed Collection, turning little of their Reading into an uniform and uſeful Subſtance of Learning.

Critom. Of ſuch Men we may ſay, that as the three thouſand Gods of *Heſiod*, and the three hundred different *Jupiters* of *Varro*, do not prove that the Heathens were very religious; ſo that Multitude of Authors which ſome affect to read, neither proves nor makes them learned.

(z) In his *Huomo di lettere.* § *Selva.*

Cleand.

CLEAND. Frequently too, vaſt Reading and a Multiplicity of Learning, fills Mens Heads with a great Confuſion of Notions. And this makes them more unfit for Converſation, than others are, tho' much their Inferiors in Extent of Learning.

CRITOM. The nice Critick *Bouhours* (and I am well reconciled to ſuch Criticks) commends *Coſtar* as a Writer, who is *happy in Compariſons*. One or two of the Compariſons which he thus approves, are very fit to our preſent Purpoſe. Here is the Place. (*a*) "As the beſt Countries are "not always the moſt beautiful for the "Pleaſure of walking; ſo the moſt fertile "Wits for great Thoughts, are not al-"ways the moſt agreeable for Diverſion in "converſing: And to excel in Converſa-"tion one ſhould be like thoſe rich Men "who have their Eſtate in ready Mony, in "having a wonderful Preſence of Imagina-"tion and Memory, which furniſhes with "no leſs Readineſs than Abundance, both "Things and Words." In this Idea, how many are there whoſe Reading and Learning is like embroiled Eſtates; large in themſelves, but ſo encumber'd that the clear Income is very ſmall?

(*a*) *Penſées Ingenieuſes.*

EUDOX.

EUDOX. It will ſeem leſs ſtrange that ſome great Readers prove no good Company, if we reflect how frequently it has happen'd, that even very good Writers are very indifferent Speakers. It is ſaid (*b*) that *Fracaſtorius*, *Sigonius*, *De Thou*, *Rigault*, and *Saumaiſe*, with all their Skill in writing *Latin*, had no Facility in ſpeaking it; and that *Manutius* (*c*) who writes it ſo well, could hardly ſpeak three Words of it together.

CRITOM. Poſſibly ſome of theſe rather would not, than could not ſpeak it. As I have been told (*d*) that *Famianus Starda*, uſed to avoid ſpeaking *Latin*, for fear that ſome want of Accuracy, which is ſo hardly to be avoided in talking, might, by a Habit thus contracted, ſlip into his Style in writing.

CLEAND. It may then be eaſily ſuppoſed that Cardinal *Bembo* who is reported (*e*) to have valued his *Latin* Pen ſo much, that he ſaid: He would not give it for the Dukedoms of *Mantua*, and *Modena*, might be cautious of ſpoiling his Style by talking that Language. But I hope it is not true, that he left off ſaying his *Breviary*, and reading the *Bible*, not to taint his *Latin*. Such

(*b*) In the *Batiniana*. (*c*) In the *Scaligerana*.
(*d*) By one long converſant with ſeveral of the learnedeſt Men in *Rome*.
(*e*) By *Teiſſier* in his *Eloges des hommes Sçavans*.

Precautions

Precautions have too much of the Irreligious, as of too *Pedantick* Fears.

CRITOM. Such ridiculouſly Pedantick Fears, cannot however be generally the Reaſon why ſome, even in their Native Tongue, tho' they write very well, yet ſpeak very indifferently. It rather proceeds often from a Genius not ſo quick, as to keep Pace with a current Converſation. Some, otherwiſe great Men, require Leiſure of Thought, and the Slowneſs of the Pen to adjuſt their Notions, and their Words. Even ſome of the *French*, tho' celebrated Writers, and tho' of a Nation ſo naturally inclined, and in their Language ſo fitted for eaſy and fluent Talk, had either no Inclination, or no Talent for it: As *Corneille*, and *Fontaine* are ſaid, *(f)* to have been Men of very little Converſation.

EUDOX. Among us, that is more frequent. Our famous *Butler*, tho' the turn of his *Hudibras*, would incline one to think him a Man of very quick, ready, and pleaſant Company, is often ſaid to have been far otherwiſe. Yet I have been aſſur'd by one well acquainted with him, that he was one of excellent Company among his intimate Acquaintance, or when enlivened

(f) By *Marville* in his *Mêlanges*, Vol. II.

by

by a Bottle. This ſpirited him up to break through the diffident Baſhfulneſs, or whatever it was, that gave otherwiſe a ſort of Heavineſs to the whole Air of his Countenance, and even to what he ſaid.

CLEAND. It is alſo ſometimes reported, that the great *Dryden* was not a Man of ready Converſation. But ſeveral of his Replies and Reparties in Company, are ſtrong Inſtances of the contrary. Thoſe were much convinced of it, who teized him with importune Commendations of the ſeven Biſhops, who were ſent to the *Tower*, and fondly called *the ſeven golden Candleſticks*. For he readily replied: That when their ſeven golden Candleſticks were ſent to the Tower to be tried, five of them proved to be *Prince's-Metal*. This ſharp Alluſion to thoſe Biſhops going in to the Prince of *Orange*, after all their ſolemn and repeated Proteſtations of Fidelity to King *James*, ſilenced thoſe, who forced Mr. *Dryden* upon it: And ſeveral more of his Replies ſhew, that when he pleaſed, he could be as ready and witty in Company, as in his Writings.

EUDOX. But I preſume, *Cleander*, you will allow me here to ſuppoſe, that you do not imagine either Wit in general, or that ſort of Wit which makes a converſable Man, is to be judged of by ſome ſudden Replies,

Replies. My Lord *Bacon* (for whom you have very juſtly a great Deference) ſays, (g) *That to be good at a Reply, but not at a continued Diſcourſe, is a Sign of Shallowneſs and Weakneſs: As we ſee,* continues his Lordſhip, *in Beaſts, thoſe that are weakeſt in the Courſe, are yet nimbleſt in the Turn, as it is betwixt the Greyhound and the Hare.*

CLEAND. No doubt it often happens, that ſuch Men, as we are ſpeaking of, ſeem little converſable, not for want of what to ſay, but becauſe not in an Humour to talk. Sometimes they are too much bent upon Study; other times they do not think the Company proper; often, not finding the Occaſion calls for Wit, they are judged to be indifferent Company, for not being witty out of Time.

CRITOM. Nor is it fair and equitable to expect always ſome remarkable Wit from ſuch Men; or to judge of them by what they may appear to be in *Coffee-houſes*, or in a numerous mixt Company. In more private Converſation they are often very different, and no leſs agreeable, eaſy, and witty in ſome Occaſions, than they ſhew themſelves judicious by their Reſervedneſs

(g) In his Eſſay of *Diſcourſe*.

in others. Perhaps too, it is an exceſſive Baſhfulneſs that makes them rather ſilent in ſuch Companies, and ſparing of their Words.

Eudox. Sir *Henry Wotton*, ſpeaking (*b*) of *Bembo* the ninety firſt *Doge* of *Venice*, ſays: "He gave to Embaſſadors ſmall Sa-"tisfaction, ſave with his Eyes, which "were very gracious and kind. In his "Countenance otherwiſe there was an "invincible Weakneſs, always bluſhing "while he ſpoke, and glad when he had "done. Whereby his Anſwers were ſcant "and meagre." Something of this kind often is the Reaſon why, in mixt Companies, Men of Wit ſhew but little of it, or to little Advantage. Sir *Henry* adds: "But "this did imitate Wiſdom. For a Duke "of *Venice* that opens himſelf much, will "be chidden." And one may ſay of noted Men, that often it looks like Wiſdom, to ſpeak little in mixt Companies, where they are likely to be much obſerved, and liable to be cenſured by Criticks.

Critom. *'Tis good*, however (to uſe an Expreſſion of my Lord *Bacon*, if I remember right) *that a Man's Face give his Tongue leave to ſpeak.* And it is a Pity,

(*b*) In his Diſcourſe of the Election of a *Doge*.

that

that an exceſſive Baſhfulneſs ſhould make ingenious Men loſe a great Part of that Advantage, which Nature has given them in point of Wit. On the other Hand, it is alſo a Pity, that ſome ſhould bear the Character of being Men of a free, eaſy, and good Company, while their only, or chief Talent, is Boldneſs.

CLEAND. That ſame great Man (*i*) here puts the Queſtion: Why *Action*, which, ſays he, is but ſuperficial, ſhould be placed as the chief Part of an Orator; and he gives this Anſwer: "The Reaſon is plain; "there is in human Nature, generally more "of the Fool, than of the Wiſe; and there- "fore thoſe Faculties, by which the fooliſh "part of Mens Minds is taken, are moſt "potent".

EUDOX. Much of this Reaſon will explain, why it often happens, that Men of Confidence in Converſation, paſs ſo well with many, by virtue of their Boldneſs, and not only with Approbation, but alſo with Applauſe; tho' they have very little of any true Talents. On the contrary, while the weaker, which is generally the moſt numerous Part of Company, are impoſed upon by Confidence, Men of true Senſe

(*i*) Eſſay on *Boldneſs*.

are doubly diſpleaſed to ſee ſuch an Exceſs of Boldneſs ſo unjuſtly aſſumed, and ſo undeſervedly applauded, where there is little of any true Merit.

CLEAND. But ſtill there is a moderate Aſſurance which Men of Senſe and Spirit maintain in Company, even of thoſe who are above them in Quality. They ſpeak with ſuch a Poſſeſſion of themſelves, and of what they ſay; ſuch a becoming Liberty, mixt with a due Regard to all Degrees, as to be admired by all. This Aſſurance is a Part of Good-breeding, while too ſheepiſh a ſort of Baſhfulneſs is a Kind of *Ruſticity*. Yet of the two Extremes, this is the leſs diſpleaſing; and People have often a Concern for thoſe, who are over baſhful in Company: While they are glad to ſee ſuch Men meet with Reproof, as miſtake a bold Confidence for a juſt Aſſurance.

CRITOM. It was a fine Reply, and Reproach of this kind, which was given to one, who was over-confident, while ſome were under Examination concerning the treaſonable Projects of *Scribonianus*. Among ſeveral of his over-bold Speeches in the Emperor's Preſence, he asked one of the Priſoners, *And what would you have done, if* Scribonianus *had been Emperor?* The Priſoner anſwered: *Why truly, Sir, I would*

would have ſtood quietly behind his Majeſty's Chair, without ſaying a Word.

EUDOX. In Effect a juſt Diſtance between too much Confidence, and too great a Diffidence, is one of the niceſt Points in Accuracy of Converſation. The one will carry a Man too far; the other will leave him ſhort of the true Point. St. *Evremont*, ſpeaking of his own Nation, ſays: There is none where good Senſe is more rare, but that it is no where more exquiſite, than when you meet with it among the *French*. The Freedom of the firſt Part of what he here affirms, might incline one to think him impartial in the ſecond. How far it will be thought true in general, let others determine. But one may venture to ſay, it will be hard to find any where more agreeable Converſation, than among the *French*. That Eaſineſs and Civility of Behaviour, with that Life, and Gayneſs, which is ſo common among them, is a great Help to make their Company very pleaſing. Nothing can be more ſo, than where a happy Mixture of Prudence allays all Exceſs of Vivacity and Confidence. Where theſe predominate in them, I would rather chuſe my Company from the heavieſt of the *Northern* Climates.

CRITOM. Yet we muſt not think it will be juſt, to run away with a general Prejudice againſt the *French* Vivacity and Aſſurance, and call them univerſally by the harſh Names of Levity, and Impudence. Let us firſt conſider alſo, if we have not as much too great a Share of the *Saturnine*, as they of the *Mercurial* Temper; and how far the ſame St. *Evremont* may be right in ſaying: That generally no Converſation, would be more agreeable than that of the *French*, if they would ſpeak a little leſs; and that of the *Engliſh*, if they would ſpeak a little more than commonly they do.

CLEAND. And truly as to what here regards the *Taciturnity*, in which we *Engliſh* are thought to exceed, we muſt own, that whatever ſhew of Prudence there may be in Reſervedneſs of talking, it often is the Effect, not of Wiſdom, but of a moroſe and ſuſpicious Humour. It is a Saying of my Lord *Bacon* (and I own, I willingly appeal often to his Judgment) That *the Man who is over-ſilent, either ſuſpects others, or himſelf.* (*k*) He is either ſuſpicious of his own Capacity and Good-will, or of that of others. Partly conſcious of his own Ill-

(*k*) *Quilibet, aut alios habet ſuſpectos, aut ſuſpectus eſt ipſe ſibi.* In his *Antitheta.*

nature,

nature, in commonly taking the Words of others in the worſt Way, he judges by his own Diſpoſition, that others will do ſo by him; or ſuſpecting his own Capacity in ſpeaking properly, he doubts others will neither hear, nor underſtand him favourably.

CRITOM. The beſt is, never to be over-conceited, nor too apprehenſive; neither judging too well of ourſelves, nor too ill of others. Yet it may well be granted, that moſt commonly we ſhall miſtake leſs by inclining more to Silence, than to Talkativeneſs. Let us then fear ourſelves ſo far, as not to be led into an Exceſs, by too favourable a Conceit of our own Talent for Diſcourſe; tho' not ſo far, as to be over-ſilent, for fear of others. In a Word, ſome are too ſilent in Company for fear of ſuch Failures as are almoſt unavoidable: others, becauſe never ſilent, run into ſuch Faults as are not ſupportable.

EUDOX. The Regard we ought to have, both to ourſelves and others, ſhould alſo keep us, not only from exceſſive Confidence, but from being too precipitous in our Talk. We ſhall otherways often hurry into ſuch Miſtakes, as will be a Confuſion to ourſelves, and our Friends; and expoſe us to the Cenſure, and Diſpleaſure of others. But by avoiding precipitous Talk, it is not meant

meant, that we muſt be upon the Study, and drag out our Words with a penſive, tedious Slowneſs. Ordinary Converſation will ſeldom allow much Time for Reflection upon every Word. It often calls for a quick Reply. A ſlow one will often come too late to have any Grace.

CLEAND. It will alſo be often found, that an other of my Lord *Bacon*'s Sayings is very true: That *Thoughts* (like Water) *are beſt in the Stream.* (*l*) Standing Waters corrupt, or grow muddy. A Current keeps them clear and good. Thus by too much thinking, Mens Thoughts often become leſs ſound, or obſcure at leaſt. They would roll off clearer and better, in the Run of Converſation.

CRITOM. Yet *it is more adviſable* (as the ſame great Man ſays, if I remember right) *that your Silence ſhould make you be thought ignorant, than that your Talking ſhould ſhew you are ſo.* It is no Shame to be ignorant in ſome things, but it is always one to be over-pretending in any Point. And it is generally the Half-learned who are too eager to ſeem univerſal Scholars. Thoſe who are moſt learned, are commonly more bent upon farther Enquiries, than upon ſhew-

(*l*) *Cogitationes in profluente Saniſſimæ.* In his *Antitheta.*

ing

ing what they know. And again it is obſervable that the Half-learned are generally aiming to ſhew their Scholarſhip, by endeavouring to ridicule the Ignorance of others.

CLEAND. Give me leave here to take notice, that one of the ſureſt Marks of theſe Pretenders, is their Readineſs in bolting out their unjuſt Exclamations upon what they call very contemptuouſly, but very weakly, *Monkiſh Ignorance*. It is not long ſince I had an Occaſion to tell one of this Stamp, who juſt before had been quoting ſomething from *Naudé*, that he would do well to remember, what that Author ſays of *Monks* with regard to their Learning. Here is the Place I referred to. " It were, ſays he, " (*m*) Ingratitude to make ſo ſlight an Ac- " knowledgement of the Obligation we owe " them for the Preſervation of Letters, from " the Times of *Boëtius*, *Symmachus*, and " *Caſſiodorus*, to the laſt taking of *Conſtan-* " *tinople*. At which Time Learning crept " out of Monaſteries, which for all the Time " before, had been as it were, publick " Schools, where, not only Youth, but alſo " ſuch Men as would apply themſelves that

(*m*) In his *Hiſtory of Magick Eng. Edit.* of 1657 *pag.* 225.

" Way,

" Way, were inſtructed in all Manner of " Diſcipline, Sciences, and Morality ".

Eudox. And upon this Occaſion I cannot but obſerve, that lately reading *Nicholſon*'s Hiſtorical Library, it ſeemed to me, among many of his other Faults, very ſtrange he ſhould often be ſo wildly, and ungratefully railling at *Monkiſh* Ignorance; while it is very viſible, how deſpicably ſmall his Library would be, but for their Works.

Critom. Believe me, Gentlemen, I am much recovered from ſeveral Prejudices, I formerly had, againſt *Monaſticks*. Particularly I have a good while ſince been convinced, how ridiculous it is in the *Petty-Foggers* at Learning, to charge them ſo inconſiderately with a general Character of Ignorance. You would be perſuaded of my Equity to *Monaſteries*, both with regard to Piety, and Learning, particularly in *England*, if you were to ſee, how carefully I have noted, and approved of an Extract to that purpoſe, from a *MS.* of Mr. *Ephraim Udal.* (*n*) But that would lead us too far into other Points.

Cleand. There has indeed been now and then a Man of Wit, and of ſome Learn-

(*n*) It is remarkable, and cited in the *Hiſtory of Taxes. pag.* 182.

ing,

ing, led unadviſedly into that ungrounded Cant of *Monkiſh* Ignorance. But in the main, it may be fixt for a ſtanding Rule, and which ſeldom fails; that whenever you find a Man very ready in his Sneers of that Kind, you are fallen into the Company of a falſe Pretender to Learning, or of a wretched Pedant.

EUDOX. The Mention of this Species of *Pedants*, and what has been ſaid of learned Converſation, may well mind us however, to lay in a *Caveat* againſt an odd Sort of Gentlemen, who would cloak their own Ignorance, by endeavouring to fix the Name of *Pedantry* upon any thing of learned Converſation. If by a *Pedant* is meant one, who has fill'd his Head with inſignificant Trifles of Grammar, with frivilous Pieces of Antiquity, with little odd, and whimſical Scraps of Reading, and a meer *Ragmanroll* of ſome things, which he calls *Litterature*, and is viſibly labouring to thruſt them upon all Companies; it is to be readily granted that ſuch a Man muſt needs be very diſagreeable, and ridiculous.

CLEAND. Yet even ſuch a Plague of a Trifler as this, is leſs troubleſome than one, who has nothing to talk of, but a Horſe and a Dog, a Woodcock and a Fox.

CRITOM.

CRITOM. How many ſuch have I met with, during my Stay in the Country? If you were talking of the moſt important Affairs of the Nation, or of the greateſt Men in Hiſtory, they would interrupt you with the notable Exploits of ſome famous Hunter or Shooter. What can be more ſtupid, or more unbecoming a rational Creature?

CLEAND. Not that Gentlemen, who delight in ſuch Sports, ſhould be debarred ever ſpeaking of them; but that they ſhould be ſenſible how much it is beneath a Man, to make thoſe the perpetual Subjects of their Converſation.

CRITOM. Becauſe a Fox carried a Man endways for twenty Miles, muſt the Chace never have an end in his Diſcourſe for twenty Years after? Becauſe he killed a glorious Number of Birds laſt Seaſon, muſt he murder over again both them and the Company, every Day after, till the Year brings a new Flight.?

CLEAND. No Pedantry of the Schools, can equal what, in this Caſe, I would call the *Pedantry of the Dog-Kennel, and Stables.* If Spaniels, Pointers, and Hounds could ſpeak, they would be aſhamed to be always ſpeaking of Foxes, Partridges, and Woodcocks. Nor can I imagine, why it ſhould be

be more ridiculous in a Scholar, to be unſeaſonably talking of *Cæſar* and *Pompey*; than for one of thoſe other Pedants, to be importunely prating of his *Ringwood*, or his *Bay-Mare*.

EUDOX. I believe you will grant, that to any of the now mention'd Pedants, there is another Sort very equal, or rather ſuperior. I mean thoſe Men (if they are to be called Men) whoſe Diſcourſe may, upon your Hint, be called *Beau-Pedantry*. Hiſtory, or the State of *Europe*, or of their own Nation, *Claſſicks* or other Books, is what they know nothing of. Some Pieces of a whining *Romance*, ſome Airs of an *Opera*, or of the ſilliеſt Parts of a *Play*, is their chief Learning, next to their Skill in a *Flanders* Lace, and a *French* Brocade. While they are upon theſe profound Topicks, they are in very ſuitable Actions. For, all the while, theſe pretty Fellows are caſting their Face into a Smile, or a ſmirking Air, or adjuſting their Wigs and Ruffies, or ſmoothing their Eye-brows, or ſtroking their Chin or Lips, or infine, playing with their Ring, Cane, or Snuff-box.

CLEAND. One of theſe Creatures enter'd lately, where I chanced to be, and was ſcarce well ſeated, when he began to liſp out ſomething of *Deſdemona*; then viewing himſelf

in a Glaſs, cried out with great *Pathos*, *Lard! how conſumedly is my Wig diſorder'd with only craſſing the Street.* While we were all apprehenſive of being farther troubled with his impertinent Fopperies, a pleaſant Gentleman told him: *Truly, Sir, at another time we may pity* Deſdemona, *and the grievous Diſorder of your Wig; but at preſent we are upon the Grievances of the Nation.* Happily for us, the *Beau* was diſpleaſed, and went off to call for a Barber.

Eudox. Some of thoſe finical Men will be ſetting up for Wits. In this Miſtake, when they imagine they have been ſo lucky, as to ſtumble upon a new Conceit, they only ſpoil ſome old one; and are themſelves a greater Jeſt, than any they pretend either to make or to repeat. For Wit is no leſs entirely out of their Way, than Senſe.

Critom. And here, in general, it will perhaps be found true (however it may ſound like a Paradox) That nothing ismore apt to make Men intolerable Company, than to ſet up for Men of witty Converſation. You ſoon find them out by their nibling at a Pun or Quibble, and their being not only the firſt, but generally the only Perſons, who laugh at their imaginary Conceits. The *Oxford Jeſts*, and two or three more

more ſuch Books, are the main Body of their Library. But if they chance to have ſufficient Genius to ſtrike out now and then into a Pun of their own Invention, you will ſoon perceive they are as highly ſatisfied with themſelves, as they are diſpleaſing to others.

CLEAND. It is well too, if they do not give Smut and Prophaneneſs, for Wit and Jeſts; and fling out Curſes and Oaths, for excellent Conceits.

EUDOX. Even ſpeaking of ſome, who have a Share of real Wit, it muſt be owned, that unleſs they manage it right, nothing will be more improper in Converſation. Nor indeed is any thing farther from true Wit, than what is often miſtaken for it. Many of thoſe things, which are flung out for Witticiſms, only ſerve to ſhew a want of Judgment.

CRITOM. There is in *Nicholſon*'s *Book*, which you was mentioning (*o*) a juſt Remark upon *Fuller*'s ſtrange *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory*, which may be here applied. It is in theſe Lines. "Through the whole he is "ſo full of his own Wit, that he does not "ſeem to have minded what he was about. "If a pretty Story comes in his way, that

(*o*) *Hiſtorical Library.*

" affords Scope for Clinch and Droll, off " it goes with all the Gaiety of the Stage, " without ſtaying to enquire, whether it " have any Foundation in Truth, or not ". This wild ſort of Wit-chace, which leads ſo extravagantly out of the Way, is little better in grave Company and ſerious Subjects, than in a Writer of Hiſtory.

EUDOX. And again, that Expreſſion of the Gaiety of the Stage, brings to my Mind a Reflection, which has frequently occurred to me from what Mr. *Congreve* ſays upon Humour. For methinks, Wit in Converſation is as often miſtaken, as Humour on the Stage. " When a Poet, *ſays* Mr. *Con-* " *greve*, (*p*) brings a Character on the " Stage committing a thouſand Abſurdities, " and talking Impertinencies, roaring aloud, " and laughing immoderately on every, or " rather on no Occaſion, this is called a " Character of Humour ". And how often is a good deal of this called Wit in Converſation ?

CLEAND. One even meets ſeveral, who by the meer Strength of excellent Lungs, and a very ſonorous Voice, perſuade themſelves, and others too, that they are moſt facetious Men, and excellent Company. Nay

(*p*) In his Letter upon *Humour*.

tho'

tho' *Catullus* has made it as current, as it is a true Saying, that,

Riſu inepto res ineptior nulla eſt:

And how frequently ſoever it is obſerved, that few things have a worſe grace, than ſilly, immoderate, and unſeaſonable Laughter; yet how often is it affected as a witty thing?

EUDOX. Others, no leſs ſilly, laugh not ſo much to ſhew their Wit, as to ſhew the Beauty of their Teeth. They put me in mind of a Saying, which cauſed a good deal of ſmiling in the Parliament-Houſe. A noted Speaker being in his complaining Strain, one who replied to him, begg'd leave to mention, that he had been acquainted with a Lady, who upon every little Jog of a Coach would ſcream out moſt ſadly; not for Fear, but becauſe ſhe thought ſhe ſcreamed with the greateſt Grace of any Lady in *England*. The Application was eaſy, and pat, and failed not of a pleaſant Effect. Nor will it bear a leſs ready Application to many of the laughing Tribe.

CRITOM. There are other Sorts of miſtaken Wit, ſtill more to be avoided. Give me leave to explain my Meaning by a farther Obſervation of Mr. *Congreve*, in the ſame Place I was reading to you. "Some-times perſonal Defects, ſays he, are miſ-

" repreſented for Humour. I mean, ſome-
" times Characters are barbarouſly expoſed
" upon the Stage, ridiculing natural De-
" formities, caſual Defects in the Senſes,
" and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet
" muſt both be very ill-natured himſelf, and
" think his Audience ſo, when he propoſes
" by ſhewing a Man deformed, or deaf,
" or blind, to give them an agreeable En-
" tertainment, and hopes to raiſe their
" Mirth by what is truly an Object of Com-
" paſſion". Thus in Converſation, to aim at the Repute of Wit and Pleaſantry by ridiculing ſuch things, is a great Miſtake.

CLEAND. It is not only a Miſtake in point of Wit, and moreover inhuman, but alſo imprudent. Jeſts of that Kind ſtrike deep, and ſooner or later will be ſeverely repay'd. For, as my Lord *Bacon* obſerves, (*q*) " Deformed Perſons are extremely
" bold. Firſt, as in their own Defence, as
" being expoſed to Scorn, but in Proceſs of
" Time, by Habit. Alſo it ſtirs to Induſ-
" try, and eſpecially in this Kind, to watch
" and obſerve the Weakneſs of others, that
" they may have ſomewhat to repay".

EUDOX. His Lordſhip ſays elſewhere (I forgot the particular Place) That *a Man who*

(*q*) Eſſay of *Deformity*.

makes

makes others afraid of his Wit, may well be afraid of their Memory. This is particularly true in the Caſe we are upon. Such Banters are ſeldom forgotten. And conſequently in Prudence (to ſay nothing of Charity) ought to be very carefully avoided. Even repeating only ſome proverbial kind of Reflections upon Deformity, without aiming them at any particular Perſon, proves very offenſive. Thus I knew one very unfortunately drawn into a Quarrel, by mentioning a Reflection of the *Spaniſh Critick* (*r*) That *deformed Perſons are generally no leſs ſo in Mind, than in Body; as if they were reſolved to be revenged of Nature, for making them remarkable.* In mixt Company there will often be ſome not quite free from ſome ſort of Deformity, who will be apt to think themſelves pointed at, where no ſuch thing was intended.

CLEAND. But a direct Reproach of Deformity ſeldom fails to be highly reſented; eſpecially by Women. And ſtill more, by ſuch as have in other reſpects a great Opinion of their Beauty, and are induſtrious to conceal ſome particular Defect in their Perſons. Hence I believe, moſt People will join in what Sir *H. Wotton* ſays of the Earl of

(*r*) *Gracian.*

Eſſex

Eſſex in theſe Words. (*s*) " If ever that " uncouth Speech fell from him to the " Queen, which is delivered to us by one, " who was much converſant then in the Se- " crets of the Court, that ſhe was as crooked " in her Diſpoſition, as in her Carcaſe (when " haply there was a little Unevenneſs in her " Shoulders) all my Wonder at his De- " ſtruction is taken from me".

CRITOM. No one indeed can wonder at his Ruin, if ever he ſpoke ſo to ſuch a Queen. She was ſo fond of being admired for her Beauty, that ſhe is thought to have gone ſo ſtrange lengths againſt Queen *Mary Stuart*, more as a Rival of her Beauty, than of her Crown. She even could not refrain from breaking into a violent Fit of Tears, upon being told, that the Queen of *Scots* danced with the fineſt Grace of any Lady in *Europe*. Into what Paſſions then may one think ſhe broke, at hearing a direct and moſt reproachful Slur upon her Perſon, and by one whom ſhe had choſen for ſuch a Favourite?

CLEAND. How deeply ſhe reſented the leaſt Reflection upon any of her real or her imagined Graces, appears from her never pardoning Monſr. *Buzanval*; and refuſing him for Ambaſſador, becauſe he had once

(*s*) In the Diſcoure he calls *the Parallel*.

mi-

mimicked her pronouncing ſome *French* Words with a wrong Tone. (*t*) Probably that Gentleman thought a paſſing Jeſt upon ſo ſmall a Matter as her Accent, or Tone in ſome Words of a foreign Language, would only raiſe a little Mirth in Company, without any farther Conſequence to his Fortune.

EUDOX. But he might well reflect, that it could not be prudent in a Man of that ſo publick Character, to banter the Queen he was ſent to; and ſuch a Queen, in any Company, tho' upon never ſo ſmall a Matter.

CRITOM. And the rather, becauſe he could not, or ought not to have been ignorant of her Temper in ſuch things; and that it could not be ſaid of her, as *Macrobius* ſays (*u*) of *Auguſtus*, that *He was more to be admired for the Jeſts he bore, than for thoſe he made.* *Macrobius* adds the Reaſon: *becauſe Patience deſerves a greater Praiſe than Wit.* Tho' few Men ever had a more nice and ingenious Turn at a Banter, than *Auguſtus*.

EUDOX. We may farther add upon Occaſion of what was ſaid of M. *Buzanval*,

(*t*) See the *Memoirs* of *Du Meurier*.

(*u*) *Lib* 2. *cap.* 14. Soleo in *Auguſto* magis mirari quos pertulit, quàm quos protulit jocos. Quia major eſt patientiæ quàm facundiæ laus.

that

that as *mimicking* is what we find ſome weak People have a kind of Talent in, ſo to uſe it is generally a Weakneſs. *Ariſtotle* indeed ſays: That Imitation is more obſervable in Man than in other Creatures, as flowing from Reaſon, and from a great Diſcernment of Similitudes, which is often an Inſtance of Wit. But he is far from ſaying: That mimicking the Imperfections of others is any Inſtance of a Man's Prudence. The Faculty of Laughter is the Property of Man; yet none laugh more than Fools, and nothing betrays a Fool more than his Laugh.

CRITOM. And ſpeaking in general of all kinds of Mimicking, Bantering, and Jeſting with any Mixture of the Satyrical, it is a great Miſtake to think they will make a Man prove an agreeable Companion. Such things may ſurprize the Company into a Laughter, and cauſe in it a ſudden ſort of Pleaſure: But ſuch Men ſhould remember what Sir *William Temple* ſays of burleſque Poetry; That *as Men have no Diſpoſition to laugh at things they are moſt pleaſed with, ſo they are very little pleaſed with many things they laugh at.*

EUDOX. It is certain at leaſt, that in many Caſes, however pleaſed Men may be with the things that are ſaid, they are very little

little pleaſed with the Perſons who ſay them. *Bartoli* (*w*) adviſes ſuch Men to remember, that as *Satyrs* were Half-Gods, Half-Beaſts; but more deformed by the brutiſh, than beautiful by the God-like Part: ſo theſe Men in their ſatyrical and bantering Turns, become more hateful by their Malice, than agreeable by their pretended, or even real Wit. If their biting Jeſts are repeated, it will be more to confirm the Hatred of them as malicious, than an Opinion of them as ingenious. To which purpoſe may be applied what *Bartoli* there quotes from *Pliny*, of the artful but cruel Invention of *Perillus*: That *his Works are preſerved, not to admire his Art, but to deteſt his Malice.* (*x*)

CLEAND. How reaſonably ſoever Men might be deterred by ſuch Reflections from thoſe bantering Humours, yet they are very apt to grow upon them, and even upon thoſe who, both by Prudence and other Diſpoſitions, might ſeem ſecure from the Danger. Even *Cicero*, tho' ſo friendly, ſo wiſe, and (as many think) ſo timorous a Man by Nature, found the bantering Humour grow ſo ſtrong upon him, that it often conquered his friendly and humane Diſpoſition, and

(*w*) In his *Huomo di Lettere*. § *Maldicenza*.

(*x*) Unâ de causâ ſervantur opera eius, ut quiſquis illa viderit, oderit manus. *Plin. lib.* 14. *cap.* 8.

both

both his Wiſdom and his Fear. And how many do we ſee, who to make a Jeſt, will venture the making of an Enemy; or will rather hazard the Loſs of a Friend, than of a Conceit?

CRITOM. It is farther obſervable, that altho' ſuch Turns in Converſation may, for a while, give one ſomething of the Colour of a Man of Wit, yet it will prove a very fading, not a laſting Colour. We had a noted Gentleman (*y*) in our Nation, who made his Lady feed much upon Chickens fed with the Fleſh of Vipers, to preſerve her Beauty. Perhaps this Method might at firſt add to her Bloom: But it ſoon ruined her Conſtitution. Thus ſuch Wit and Converſation as is maintained by Banter and Satyr, and which I will therefore venture to call *Viper-fed*, may for a while give an agreeable ſort of a Look, but will ſoon prove deſtructive.

CLEAND. And therefore every wiſe Man, and whoever has a tolerable Share either of Prudence or Humanity, will be of *Seneca*'s Mind, that ſuch Jeſts are to be avoided; and that properly, there is no Jeſt in being malicious, nor any thing truly agreeable in biting Witticiſms.

(*y*) Sir *Ken. Digby.*

Quare

Quare mitte jocos. Non eſt jocus eſſe malignum.
Nunquam ſunt grati qui nocuere ſales.

By ſuch Jeſts, according to an old Saying, while one Man is injured, many are threaten'd.

Multis minatur qui facit uni injuriam.

And thus, inſtead of being noted for Wits, they are marked down for dangerous Men.

EUDOX. If to this Humour be added what is more properly the Spirit of *Detraction*, the Caſe will be ſtill worſe. Too true it is, that many ſeem to like detracting Diſcourſes. But among thoſe many, are none of the Generous and Worthy. For ſuch Perſons naturally deteſt that unworthy Spirit. Malice is commonly the Spring of Detraction. And what Wonder if Perſons of true Worth have an Averſion to thoſe, who ſhew ſuch a perverſe Diſpoſition? A Readineſs to obſerve and remember the Failures of People, to diſcover their Blemiſhes and Faults, to judge and talk diſadvantageouſly of them, to conjecture the worſt, and decide upon ſuch Conjectures, to give a hard Turn to ſlight Appearances, to be watchful upon all Occaſions of diſparaging, to be even gueſſing at Mens Thoughts, and ſtill gueſſing on the ſevereſt Side, and giving the

darkeſt Colours to all Actions and Words; what can a Diſpoſition of this Nature incline one to, but to conceive a Deteſtation of the Men, who ſhew ſuch Marks of Ill-nature, Perverſneſs or Malice?

CLEAND. Hence it cannot be a Wonder, that ſuch Men become diſpleaſing, even to thoſe who are baſe enough to be pleaſed with their Diſcourſe. The Detractor ſcarce ever fails to be deteſted, even where his Detraction pleaſes; as Traitors are abhorred, even where their Treachery is liked.

CRITOM. Such malicious Detractors ſhould always conſider, that they fruſtrate their Malice, by too viſible an Inclination to detract. For where there begins to appear a Proneneſs to raiſe, or ſpread any prejudicial Reports, Men of Prudence and Worth ſtand particularly on their Guard, againſt crediting ſuch Perſons as give ſo great an Inſtance of their unworthy Diſpoſition. Neither the Juſt, nor the Wiſe will take Mens Characters from ſuch Hands. They know that common Fame is proverbially a Lyar, if one may uſe that Expreſſion, and not only Poets, but daily Experience give that Character to flying Fame. They know that Ill-nature, peeviſh Humours, froward Diſpoſitions, Spleen, Vapours, Envy, Malice, and Hatred, are ever conſtruing things

things in the worſt Senſe. They know that ſmall Matters are often enlarged by mere Miſtake or Miſapprehenſion. How much more by Paſſion? The very manner of relating Truth, ſtrangely alters it at ſecond Hand. How much will it vary at ſeveral Rebounds? Eſpecially conſidering who they are, that generally ſpread Reports and hand them about. They are perhaps the Malicious who firſt raiſe them. Thence the Stories are carried round by idle People, tatling Companions, talkative Goſſips, ever increaſing from one Company to another. Even Malice, that firſt ſet the diſparaging Character on foot, is ſurprized to ſee how faſt it runs, and how it riſes at every Step. Upon theſe and ſeveral other Reaſons, prudent and worthy Men are very cautious in believing, as well as in ſpeaking ill of others. Can it then be ſuppoſed they will be either pleaſed, or influenced by Men, who in their common Talk are found to do ſo with the greateſt Levity?

EUDOX. If we were ſpeaking here with a farther Regard to the Principles of Chriſtianity, a great deal more would remain to be added. But as we are properly conſidering it only as it may affect the Character it gives a Man as to Converſation, you have very juſt reaſon to wonder that Detraction

ſhould be miſtaken for a Method of pleaſing in Company, while no worthy Man will ever eſteem, nor any prudent Man much heed thoſe, who are either weak enough, or malicious, or baſe enough to make Detraction their Practice.

CLEAND. Particularly one would wonder that ſome, who pretend to be good and virtuous, are remarkably addicted to decry others. Zeal is the Pretence; but Malice, Envy, or Ill-nature are the real Cauſe. Do they expect this will clear the Proceſs of their Canonization? Chriſtianity teaches very different Principles of Sanctity, nor is the *Kalendar* a Place for Detractors. On the contrary, thoſe who appear in it, entered there by bearing, not by caſting Aſperſions; nor infine, is there any pleaſing either God, or Man, by diſparaging our Neighbour. But certainly the devout Detractor is of all others the moſt deteſtable.

EUDOX. When you find one of this Stamp begin to lift up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and cry out, *Lord, what wicked Times!* you may be ſure he is going to vent his Spleen, or Envy. Some one has diſpleaſed his odd Humour, and immediately his Reſentment is cloaked with a pretended Grief that Men ſhould be ſo wicked. Or perhaps a Neigbour ſtands in their Light, is of a better

better Family, has a greater Eſtate, or is more beloved in their Neighbourhood. Where this happens, their holy Envy, their godly Rancour, and ſanctified Hatred, can not allow him a good Word. But the Diſguiſe is eaſily ſeen through, and they generally give the Company a worſe Opinion of themſelves, than of the Perſons from whom they would detract. They even make theſe be more eſteemed. For it is natural to think there is ſome particular Merit in them, ſince otherwiſe there would be no need of ſuch Induſtry to perſuade us of the contrary. Where there is nothing in an Object to ſhine, no Pains will be needful to caſt Shades around it. So that one may conclude, upon obſerving one Man decry another, there is generally Malice in that, and Merit in this. Perhaps the Concluſion may ſometimes fail; but commonly it will ſtand. And however Merit may fail on one Side, Malice will ſeldom be wanting on the other.

CRITOM. Yet I verily believe that oftentimes it is rather a Sourneſs of Temper, than direct Malice, that makes ſome be ſo ready at finding and relating Faults, at conſidering others on the worſt Side, and paſſing the ſevereſt Cenſure. This pleaſes their Peeviſhneſs. Nor is it eaſy to imagine how far this Temper will go, when it is indulged.

And from what I have obſerved in ſome, I no longer wonder at what is related (z) of a Councellor in a Parliament in *France*. The ſour Man was noted for always opining to the utmoſt Rigour. He fell a-ſleep while a Cauſe was depending in the Court. When it came to his Turn to opine, they waked him and asked; what he judged: *My Opinion*, replied he, *is that the Man ſhould be beheaded*. Being told the Caſe was of a Field of Graſs, *why then*, ſaid he, *let it be mowed down*. Severity lay uppermoſt, and *cutting down*, one way or other, muſt be the Word. And ſo it is with ſevevral peeviſh, fretful, and ill-natured Men, in every thing they ſay of others.

Eudox. As detracting, blaming, condemning in any of the ways we have mentioned, is very diſpleaſing, ſo on the contrary it will ever be found, that ſcarce any one gains more the Good-will of Company, than a Perſon who is remarkably free from any thing of that Kind, and is ready either to reprove the Detractor, where Circumſtances will allow it, or at leaſt to turn off the Diſcourſe. Every one looks upon ſuch a Perſon as a Man of Worth, who will thus ſtand his Friend, if ever he ſhould fall un-

(z) It is ſome where in *Balzac*.

der

der the Laſh of a Detractor. It is a ſort of a Proverb that: *He need not fear the Tongue of others, who has a due Guard upon his own.* And certainly no one will be leſs cenſured than he, who is moſt free from cenſuring others: Or if he ſhould chance to fall under the Strokes of ſome, he will hardly fail of others to defend him, by the general Opinion, and friendly Diſpoſition he muſt have raiſed in Company, by his own Conduct with regard to others.

CLEAND. Much of the like Benevolence may often be gained, not only in the Caſe of Detraction, but alſo of Banter. It is ſomething unaccountable how it happens, but ſo it happens, that the whole Torrent, as it were, of the Company, often falls upon one Perſon. Almoſt every one takes the liberty to try their Wit upon him. He is run down, a general Laughter throws him out of Countenance, and often out of Temper too. If he keeps it in Appearance, yet ſuch a Weight of general Raillery ſeldom fails to leave a deep Reſentment. As he can hardly return it upon all, he will be apt to fix chiefly upon the firſt Author of it, and ſooner or later, make him pay for all. Great Care ſhould therefore be had, not to be the Beginner, or chief Ring-leader in ſuch Occaſions.

But

But if, as in Prudence, and Good-nature ore ought, you endeavour to turn off the Diſcourſe, it is incredible how kindly a good Office of that nature will be taken. And as ſuch Occaſions are pretty frequent, there can hardly be a better means to gain Peoples Affections, and make them deſirous of your Company, as of a ſure Friend againſt the like uneaſy Circumſtances.

CRITOM. It happens, perhaps no leſs frequently, that two Perſons in Company, enter, as it were, into a Duel of Banter. Both ſoon would be willingly parted, tho' neither cares to yield, or leave off firſt. In ſuch Caſes one may often apply the Saying of a *Turkiſh* Ambaſſador, when entertained with Prize-Fighters: upon the King's asking what he thought of it, he anſwered: *If in Earneſt, it is too little*; *If in Jeſt, too much.* Thus in Effect one may often ſay of thoſe who engage in a Conflict of Banter. After the firſt harmleſs Flouriſhes, they generally ſtrike too home at length. They begin to touch upon ſome Points, which diſpleaſe the more, the more they have of Truth. *Tacitus*, where he ſpeaks of the Death of *Veſtinus*, gives this among other Cauſes of it: That he had paſſed ſome ſharp Jeſts upon *Nero*; and adds: *Jeſts, when they have too much of Truth, are*

long

long remember'd, and deeply reſented. (*a*) And thus it often happens in ſuch Wounds as are at length given in an Engagement of Banter. They are too great to be made, or to be called a Diverſion. Whoever dexterouſly parts ſuch *Antagoniſts* before they go too far, will gain the Good-will of both, and indeed of the whole Company.

CLEAND. But, Gentlemen, give me leave to mind you, it is time we ſhould be going to *Clearchus*.

CRITOM. *Eudoxus*, you know we always accompany you thither with particular Pleaſure.

(*a*) Aſperæ facetiæ ubi multum ex vero traxere, acrem ſui memoriam relinquunt. *Annal.* 15.

THE

CONVERSATION

OF

GENTLEMEN.

DIALOGUE IV.

BETWEEN

CRITOMACHUS, *CLEANDER*, and *EUDOXUS*.

CRITOMACHUS.

IT happen'd very unluckily that I was called away, as we were going laſt *Tueſday* to wait upon *Clearchus*. The ſingular Humanity, the Eaſineſs and Affability, and that good Senſe, which always accompany his Diſcourſe, rather add than receive any

any Luſtre from his noble Birth, and are ſingularly engaging.

CLEAND. And it ſo happened that what we had been diſcourſing of, that very Evening, was extremely remarkable in the Conduct of *Clearchus* after Supper. I believe, *Eudoxus*, you ſcarce ever ſaw two contending Gentlemen ſo dextrouſly parted, as were a Couple of ingenious Antagoniſts that Night by *Clearchus*. As ſoon as he perceived them grow ſomething warm, how nicely did he interpoſe in a Way, which equally obliged the contending Parties, and charmed the whole Company?

EUDOX. As Methods of that Kind are very highly engaging, and contribute extremely to make People eaſy in ones Company, ſo a Diſpoſition partly to excuſe, partly to give ſome Allowances, and partly to bear with other Perſons Defects, will much help to make ourſelves eaſy in Converſation. When we enter into Company, we ſhould come with a ſettled Idea of that Mixture, which has ever been in Mankind. Among ſuch imperfect Creatures we muſt expect to meet with Imperfections and Infirmities. Great will be our Diſappointments, where we forget theſe unavoidable Failures. In numerous Companies very different Tempers will occur. To be tolerably

lerably eaſy among ſuch Varieties, it is neceſſary to be prepared with the Thought: That if we raiſe our Expectations too high, we ſhall certainly fail in our Hopes.

CLEAND. In Effect, ſome are naturally uneaſy, others are ſo by accident. Some are apt to be haſty and ſudden, and carried away with every riſing Fancy, or full of Flirt and Flutter. Others, in a contrary Extreme, are over-ſlow, or void of Vivacity, and as much too heavy, as others are too light. This Man is too cholerick; that too phlegmatick. One is too haughty and ſtiff, and others too meanly and ſervilely complaiſant. This, will contradict without Reaſon, and yet bear no Contradiction, tho' never ſo much in the wrong. There are Men of envious, or malicious Diſpoſitions. Several are either fretful, or touchy, or ſplenetick, or inſolent, or infine, tainted with ſome of the numberleſs Varieties or Complications of the Paſſions, which are incident to the Heart of Man. Virtue, Prudence, Good-Breeding, Intereſt, or the like, will indeed often moderate many of theſe Defects. But ſtill they are natural, and Nature will often break out. This we muſt expect will happen. Converſation cannot be long had, without meeting the Effects of ſome ſuch Tempers. We muſt therefore be prepared accordingly,

accordingly, and the leſs unexpected ſuch things prove, the leſs they will diſturb us.

EUDOX. To be ſurpriſed at them, will be a kind of Folly. What can it be elſe, not to have been convinced that in Men, nay, in the ſame Man, there is often a Medly of pleaſing, and diſagreeable Qualities? If we are for enjoying the Good, we muſt be prepared to bear the Bad, with Patience at leaſt; and remember, it is not reaſonable to expect, that the Men we converſe with, will prove ſuch as never were to be found. It is a great Weakneſs, to be uneaſy at what is unavoidable; or to fret at what muſt happen; or to be out of Temper, becauſe Impoſſibilities do not fall to our Share. It cannot be our Lot, to find that in Converſation, which is not in Nature. Since then it is not in Nature, that Men ſhould be perfect, why are we diſturbed to find they have Failings?

CRITOM. Let us remember too, that we have our Faults, and we ſhall more eaſily bear with thoſe of others. *If we expect, we muſt alſo allow Excuſes*, ſays *Horace*, who was nice enough in his Company (*b*).

Qui ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Poſtulat, ignoſcat verrucis illius. Æquum eſt
Peccati veniam poſcentem, reddere rurſus.

(*b*) *Sat. Lib.* 1. *Sat.* 3.

He adds, that we muſt learn to conſider the Humours, the Ways, and the Failings of our Friends on the beſt Side. Otherwiſe, *How hard a Law*, ſays he, *ſhall we fix againſt ourſelves, ſince no one is born without Faults.*

Quàm temerè in noſmet legem ſancimus inquam. Nam vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur.

Thus Juſtice, and Intereſt will teach us to balance Accounts by mutual Allowances.

Eudox. As we muſt bear with one another, not only by the Rules of Charity, but even for our own Sakes, ſo upon duly weighing Matters, we ſhall often find it is our Weakneſs, that chiefly makes the Faults of others ſeem unſupportable. For it is here in our Minds, as it is in our Bodies. A Weight heavy enough to make an infirm Body groan under the Preſſure, would be nothing to a Man of Strength. Thus the ſtronger we are in Mind, the leſs we ſhall repine under the Weight of other Mens Humours.

Cleand. This Point may be farther explained by another Compariſon. A nice Palate, that finds no Reliſh, but in Delicacies, and ſcarce in them, is a Sign of a bad State of Health. It proceeds either from a natural Infirmity, or is cauſed by Sickneſs, or is brought

brought on by Debauchery. And thus, to be over-nice in Company proceeds, either from a natural Weakneſs of Mind, or from indulging Self-love too much, or from having been too long humoured, and now loathing every thing but ſuch Rarities, as are ſcarce to be met with. How much happier is he, that can be content with ordinary Food? And how much eaſier the Perſon that can bear with Company, ſuch as it may commonly be found? And what will that be, but ſuch as will often diſappoint us, unleſs we are very moderate in our Hopes?

EUDOX. Upon the whole therefore, beſides all the troubleſome Accidents from Mens various Humours and Paſſions, we ſhall find, that between thoſe, who talk of more than they know, and others, who know nothing worth talking of; and others again, who neither know how, nor when to talk of what they know, Converſation will often go on in ſuch a Way, that he is happieſt who meets with feweſt Reaſons to be diſpleaſed.

CRITOM. Diſſatisfactions will happen, not only after general Preparations againſt them, but even after the moſt particular Precautions in the Choice of our Company. Often indeed a great Part of our Company

cannot well be ſaid to be left to our Choice. Several Circumſtances of Buſineſs, of Civility, of Reſpect and Decency, will often lead us into ſuch Company, as we ſhould not willingly have choſen. But in other Occaſions, eſpecially of more familiar Converſation, it much depends on our Choice, and the Satisfaction of it depends on our chuſing well.

Eudox. We ſhould never forget the Advice of *Cicero* in his fine Diſcourſe on Friendſhip, That *we often pay ſeverely for our want of due Care, but never more than in the Choice of Friends.* (*c*) A well choſen Friend is certainly one of the greateſt Bleſſings of Life. When raſhly taken, it proves the Cauſe of the greateſt Diſpleaſures. The more freely we converſe with him, the more open we lay ourſelves to be prejudiced, if he proves either falſe, or indiſcreet. In this regard I would apply the *Italian* Proverb.

Dagli amici mi guarda Iddio:
Che da gl' inimici mi guarderò ben Io.

From Friends let God *my Guardian be.*
As for my Foes, leave that to me.

(*c*) Cum multis in rebus negligentiâ plectimur, tum maxime in amicis deligendis. *Cic. de Amicitiâ.*

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For before a Friend is choſen, no Caution can be too great; after he is choſen, ſcarce any Confidence can be ſo. Providence muſt then be our Security, where our own Diffidence can have ſo little Room, that the Duke *de la Rochefoucault*'s Reflection ſeems to be an Axiom to every generous Mind, where he ſays: *It is more ſhameful to miſtruſt our Friends, than to be cheated by them.* (*d*) This, is at moſt the Effect of a falſe Judgment; that, ſeems to be an Argument of a falſe Heart. For one, who finds himſelf uncapable of deceiving a Friend, is no leſs uncapable of ſuſpecting him. Yet, as no Virtues can be oppoſite, ſo this generous Confidence muſt be underſtood in ſuch a way, as is conſiſtent with Prudence.

CLEAND. Perhaps then the Saying of *Chilo* the *Lacedemonian* muſt be our Rule in this Caſe: *Meaſure your Love, as if it may turn to Hatred; and your Hatred, as if hereafter it were to turn to Love.* (*e*) He was one of the celebrated Number of the wiſe Men; and this is particularly recommended by *Gellius* as one of his wiſe Sayings,

(*d*) *Reſl. Moral. Reſl.* 315. Il eſt plus honteux de ſe défier de ſes amis, que d'en être trompé.

(*e*) Hâc fini ames, tanquam fortè fortunâ oſurus: hac itidem tenus oderis, tanquam fortaſſe poſt amaturus. *Gell. Noct. Atti. lib.* i. *cap.* 3.

and as found by Experience to be of excellent Uſe, by keeping the two fierceſt Paſſions of Love and Hatred within Bounds. Yet with many it has ſcarce been able to gain the Reputation of an *Axiom.* It is even rejected by ſeveral, as inclining to Treachery, or to Weakneſs. May be, only ſuch violent Natures, as know not what it is to give Reaſon the command of their Affections and Diſpleaſures, have given it ſo uncreditable a Turn. For my Lord *Bacon* recommends it as an admirable Precept, but to be *conſtrued, not to any Point of Perfidiouſneſs* (ſays he; and I may add, *nor Weakneſs*) *but only to Caution, and Moderation.* It is true his Lordſhip offers it there as a Precept of *Policy*: But as well the Conſtruction he gives it, as the other Precepts he delivers, ſhew he is far from meaning that baſe Policy, which moves upon no other Motive but Intereſt, and takes this for the only Rule of all its Actions. And ſure when Mr. *Dryden* ſaid,

That Politicians neither love nor hate (*f*)

he deſigned no Commendation.

CRITOM. Nor can I ſee why that Precept of *Chilo* may not well paſs for an

(*f*) In the Character of *Achitophel.*

Axiom

Axiom of our Conduct, in moderating both Love, and Hatred by a Proſpect of a future Change. Such a Change is not only poſſible, but common. Why then ſhould we diſallow of ſo proper a Lenitive? There is no Friendſhip ſo firm, but it may break by numberleſs Accidents: No Enmity ſo ſtrong, but it may be turned by Time, and Reaſon. Why then ſhould we reject a Principle, which will make them both, not only more moderate, but more Chriſtian too? Were we ruled by this Maxim, we ſhould never do any thing in the Preſence of a Friend, which we ſhould be unwilling to have an Enemy Witneſs of. To act with too great a Security of an inviolable Friendſhip, is apt to carry one too far. How many wiſh they had never been ſo intimate with ſome, nor ſo averſe to others? It muſt indeed be owned that *Chilo*'s Principle leads between two dangerous Extremes, either of too much Diffidence with Friends, or too great a Weakneſs in juſt Occaſions of Reſentment. The Difficulty of avoiding either Extreme, makes it a difficult matter to ſeem inclinable to allow that for a Principle of Conduct, without hazarding the Opinion of a ſincere and generous Mind. But as no one perhaps (to judge by the Account of *Gellius*) ever underſtood the juſt Ideas of Friendſhip

Friendſhip better than *Chilo*, ſo I flatter myſelf you both know me ſo well, that I ſhall not ſuffer in yours, by owning I am of *Chilo*'s Opinion.

Eudox. No, Sir, there is no Danger of our miſtaking your Generoſity or Friendſhip in a due Application of that Philoſopher's Notions in the Caſe. But let me add, that ſince there is ſomething more diſingenuous in the Character of a looſe Friend, than in that of a weak Enemy, one may wonder it ſhould be more common to find People upon Terms of Suſpicion, for fear of a future Variance; than of Moderation in their Enmities, upon the View of a future Reconciliation. Were the Matter to be weighed by Principles of Chriſtianity, the Balance of Moderation in Enmities, would be at leaſt equal. Nor will it be much otherwiſe, to conſider the Matter only according to human Prudence. There is no need to call here upon the Sanctity of our Religion, for want of natural Reaſon. For what can be more according to Reaſon, than to keep ſo violent a Paſſion within ſuch Bounds; or to regulate our preſent Proceedings, as we ſhould wiſh to have done, when upon any Change, we caſt an eye upon paſt Actions? The Decrees of Providence are infinitely wiſe, becauſe grounded upon a full Knowledge of all future

future events: And human Actions are more or leſs prudent, as they are framed upon a more exact Proſpect of the future. Whence it follows, that we ſhould in preſent Enmities act, as if we had foreſeen an Agreement. Let preſent Diſlikes be never ſo ſtrong, how ſoon may they ceaſe? How ſoon may it happen, that you will perceive the Quarrel was only from a Miſtake? That, what now ſeems outrageous, was in reality a Trifle? That a Miſunderſtanding was the only Cauſe of the Variance? And how eaſily may this be cleared? If the Reſentment was upon any real Ground, yet how ſoon may it ceaſe by due Reparation from the Offender? or by Mediation? or wear off by Degrees? What if Intereſt ſhould perſuade to an Agreement? How many unexpected Matters may compoſe it? But ſuppoſe a Reconciliation be never effected: Yet what can be more generous, than to have done nothing to an Enemy, which you would have been ſorry to have done, if you had foreſeen a future Friendſhip?

CLEAND. From what has been ſaid upon *Chilo*'s Maxim, I perceive we are in the main of the ſame Mind in the Matter; and therefore agree, not only that Caution is very requiſite in the Choice of Friends, but alſo that, when thus choſen, ſtill we ought to converſe with them under a proper Reſerve. This

is to be greater or leſs, according to the Degrees and Nature of the Friendſhip. There cannot indeed be properly a familiar Converſation, without ſome Proportion of Friendſhip: Yet there is a great Difference between ſuch as may paſs for eaſy and agreeable, and thoſe who are taken moreover for familiar and intimate Companions. There are not many of that Sort to be met with; but of this, very few. Nor by theſe few do I mean ſuch, as are called Friends in the ſtrict Senſe. For it is rarely any one's Lot, to be able to ſpeak of ſuch Friends in the plural Number.

CRITOM. I remember to this purpoſe a very proper Saying of a *French* Nobleman, upon his Son's telling him he was engaged to paſs the Evening with ten, or a dozen Friends. The Father, who was grown old in the Knowledge of the World, replied: *I am glad to hear you are ſo very fortunate. Having made the beſt Search I could for three-ſcore Years, I can hardly ſay, it has been my Fate to meet one Friend; and you, it ſeems, find them already by Dozens.*

CLEAND. But let us take the Name of Friend in that Latitude of Meaning, wherein a Plurality may ſometimes be found, and as it particularly comprehends thoſe, with whom we may propoſe to ourſelves the Satisfaction of an eaſy, and familiar, and a

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ſort of a friendly Converſation. Still in the Choice even of theſe, we are often deceived. An antient Philoſopher had reaſon to ſay, that ſome Men are like thoſe Pictures, which muſt be viewed at a Diſtance. If you approach too near, you will ſcarce ſee any thing of Exactneſs in Proportion, or Beauty in Colouring: There will appear only a Mixture of ſeemingly random or confuſed Strokes. Thus ſome Perſons are agreeable at a ſufficient Diſtance: If you draw them too near by Familiarity or Intimacy, they grow too bold, they take no care to conceal their Faults, and you find nothing of that pleaſing Air, which they had in their proper Point of Diſtance. Or, if you pleaſe, they may be compared to Houſes finely adorned without, but ill-contrived, and worſe furniſhed within. All pleaſes in the Front: enter, and you meet with nothing but Diſproportions, and Inconveniences.

CRITOM. Such Diſappointments often happen, where we ſuffer ourſelves to be ſuddenly taken with little Flaſhes of Wit, or ſomething like it, from beautiful Perſons. Beauty has been of old called: *a Letter of Recommendation.* It brings one into Company with a favourable Prevention. But when the inward Accompliſhments are found not anſwerable to the exterior, we are apt to be more

more diſpleaſed with ſuch a Perſon, than with others, in whoſe outward Appearance we ſaw nothing remarkable. Fine Shapes, and Airs, and Features raiſe an Expectation of ſomething extraordinary. Where we find it is not anſwered, we are concerned for having been ſo unwiſe, as to let our Judgment, and Inclination be ſuddenly gained upon by a meer Outſide.

EUDOX. Another *Grecian* Philoſopher ſaid, of a bad, and deformed Woman (*g*) *That he admired the Wiſdom of Nature, in not truſting ſo bad a Soul, with a handſome Body.* When we meet an ill-turned Mind in a graceful Body, we are apt to think of changing the Wonder of the *Grecian.*

CLEAND. Or, if we ſee People too fondly caught with a graceful Exterior, where other Qualifications are wanting, we may cry out with my Lord *Bacon:* That *they are generally light, who are endowed with Beauty, or moved with it.* (*h*)

EUDOX. It certainly muſt be owned, that a ſort of Levity is often remarkable in beautiful Perſons. Not from the Nature of Beauty, but from their being careleſs in acquiring

(*g*) *Theophilactus Sophiſta*, of *Jerpſithea.*

(*h*) Similiter leves plerumque ſunt quos forma movet, & quos ornat. *In Antithetis.*

other

other Accompliſhments, while they find themſelves ſo recommended by natural engaging Qualities. On the other hand it is a Levity, againſt which few are ſufficiently upon their Guard, to be eaſily gained upon by a fine Exterior. And you muſt pardon me, *Cleander*, if I mind you, that both of us were too quick in our liking of *Callimorphus*. The Graceſulneſs of his Perſon, with that of his Voice and Elocution, had a ſtrange Prevention. He had moreover a conſiderable Share of Learning. But we ſoon found he was too conſcious both of his Beauty, and his Knowledge. With regard to one, he was almoſt a *Fop*; by the other, very near a *Pedant*. With a fond Deſire of making both appear, he is equally ſolicitous in adjuſting his Ruffles and his Words, his Wig and his Expreſſions. As regularly as he uſes Waſhes and Perfumes before he goes out, he takes no leſs Care to provide ſome ſtudied Particulars, which he thinks may give a luſtre to his Diſcourſe, as thoſe to his Skin; and before he enters into Company, he is equally diligent in conſulting his Note-book, and his Looking-glaſs. This gives him a premeditated Stiffneſs in the Airs of his Perſon, and Diſcourſe.

CLEAND. Yet, for a while, there was ſomething ſo amuſing in him, ſo very taking,

ing, that all thoſe Affectations were overlooked at firſt. After ſome Time, the Deteſtableneſs of theſe, made us recover from the Engagements of his ſuperficial Charms, and we happily got rid of our unwary Liking, and his intolerable Company. But in this we followed *Bion*'s Advice, That *a Friend* (and it is proportionably the ſame of a Companion) *is not ſuddenly to be caſt off, leſt you ſeem to have choſen a bad one, or rejected a good one.* Whether by a graceful Exterior, or a ſuperficial Tincture of Learning, or other deceitful Appearances, we are drawn into a liking of ſome Peoples Company, we ought to withdraw decently, and by degrees. To do it ſuddenly, muſt diſoblige the Perſons we quit, muſt make every one apprehend us to be humourſome, and governed by ſudden Whims.

Eudox. We had thus gradually quitted *Callimorphus*, before his Affectations had made him every where ridiculous. When Men once begin to overvalue themſelves upon their Beauty, they ſeldom fail to be ſo. Their Face, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, gets the better of their Heads, and turns them into Coxcombs. At firſt they are only laughed at. But after a while, their Weakneſs is too great to be a Jeſt, and they are pitied. Such is poor *Callimorphus*: And the rather

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to be pitied, becauſe with all his finical Fooleries, he retains a great deal of good Nature, and other good Qualities.

CLEAND. So it is: And one is now too much concerned for him, to laugh even at his phantaſtical ways of Expreſſion, his queint Phraſes, and both ranging, and pronouncing them with great Formalities of Nicety.

EUDOX. Without ſpeaking any farther of him in particular, for whoſe Failings we cannot but grieve, let us rather obſerve in general, that Language in Converſation ſhould proportionably come to the ſame Standard as in Writing. Phraſes in Style, are very flat and childiſh things. They are ſtill more ſo in Talking, than in Books. New affected and conceited Expreſſions, and any thing that looks like what is called *Fuſtian* or *Bombaſt*, betray a want of Judgment in an Author, and ſtill more in Diſcourſe. As this requires a greater Eaſe and Freedom, than any ſtudied Compoſition, ſo the leaſt Appearance of induſtrious ranging of Words and Phraſes, is particularly improper in it.

CRITOM. In this kind, you will reckon, I ſuppoſe, ſuch as always run into the ſuperlative Degree, under a Notion of ſpeaking very finely. Juſt before my coming to Town, I met one of theſe *ſuperlative* Men. Every

Author he liked, had a *moſt eminently unparalleled Pen*, all his Thoughts were *exceedingly rapturous*, or *moſt heavenly*, or *infinitely charming Conceptions*. On the contrary, every little Miſtake was *a moſt illuſtrious Blunder*. It is no leſs ridiculous to be affecting the uſe of *Greek*, or other foreign Words. How ſtrangely they miſtake if they think this will give them the Air of great Scholars? I ſhall never forget the Phyſician, who asked a plain Country Gentleman, to whom he was called, what *Cephalgic Symptoms* he found. Why muſt he ſuppoſe a Man ſomething skilled in *Greek*, before he can tell him, whether he finds any Pain in his Head? Will talking of a Diſtemper in the Language of *Hypocrates*, be any Help to the Cure? or has he a mind to try whether his Words, or his Pills are hardeſt to take? But if a Man, who affects ſome *Aſtronomical* Learning, has Occaſion to ſpeak of any uncommon Steps in Life, or of ſome odd Proceedings of his Neighbour, what would you think, if he told you, *That his Neighbour's Conduct rolls all in excentric Movements?* How ridiculous ſoever any thing of this kind may be in a Pedant, why ſhall it be more allowable in a Beau, or a Fop to run into whimſical *Cant-terms?*

CLEAND. No: There can be no Reaſon why an Univerſity-Man in a black Gown

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and a Band, ſhould be laughed at for *Greek* or *Latin* Words, or Terms of Art; and a Man in a red Coat, with red-heeled Shoes, ſhould not be equally ridiculous in affecting *Theatre-expreſſions*, or *French* Words. Yet how often do our pretty Fellows run into theſe Affectations, by a ſtrange Miſtake of polite Education, and Knowledge of the World, or, as they call it, the *Beau monde ?*

EUDOX. We have, not far from hence, a young Heir to a great Eſtate, who diſtinguiſhes himſelf very ſtrangely in this Kind. His Lady-Mother was poſſeſſed with mighty Fears of his contracting the horrid Vice of Pedantry, if ever he entered into a School. Much Reading might draw Defluxions upon his large and beautiful Eyes; and much Writing might give a bent to his Shoulders. But *Latin*, or *Greek* would certainly cut off all Hopes of his ever being a moſt pretty Gentleman. On the other hand, to have him know nothing but *Engliſh*, ſhe thought would not be quite right. She therefore provided a *French Hugonot* for his Maſter, to whom ſhe gave very ſtrict, but very unneceſſary Orders, not to teach her Son any deteſtable School-learning. Theſe Orders were very ſure to be exactly obſerved by the *Ignoramus* of *Geneva*. Accordingly all the Learning of the young Heir, is a little Tincture of *French*, with an Averſion to Books and *Monarchs*.

But, to ſay nothing of his *Politicks*, he tranſfuſes his *French* Expreſſions into *Engliſh*, with wonderful Judgment. If occaſionally a Word of *Latin* is mentioned in Company, he gives a nice turn upon his Heel, and with an ingenious Sneer, and Shrug of his Shoulders, cries out, *Pauvereté Pedanteſque!* His *Hugonot* Tutor gives him a Sign to leave the infected Company, confirms him in a great Contempt of the Schools, and the young Gentleman himſelf is much ſatisfied with the great Proof he has given of his Proficiency in polite Education; and the Mother is charmed to hear how nicely her Son, and how wiſely the Tutor behaved in ſo dangerous an Occaſion. Juſt as ſhe was applauding them both, there came in a favourite Relation of her Ladyſhip. Upon her acquainting him with what had ſo lately happen'd to her fine Son, the Gentleman fell into Raptures of *infinite* Admiration, and bleſſing his Stars, that himſelf had been alſo educated with a juſt Horror of Pedantry: *But Madam* (continued he in the ſame Breath) *how infinitely this Dreſs becomes your Ladyſhip. I vow the Brocade is of exquiſite Goût.* What think you *Critomachus* of ſuch Gentlemen as theſe?

CRITOM. I think, Sir, we muſt wonder leſs at their Miſtakes, ſince Nature, or to ſpeak better, they themſelves, either miſtake

take, or diſlike their Sex. They are in the Number of thoſe, whom *Seneca* the Elder ſays, They are *unwilling to remain what they are born*; or of whom *Seneca* the Younger ſays, (*i*) *They would rather have the Common-Wealth diſordered, than their Hair.* And as we ſhould expreſs it, had rather ſee the Church in Danger, than their *Toupeés*.

CLEAND. As ſome of theſe pretty Fellows will not bear with any thing in Diſcourſe, that looks like Learning; ſo there are ſome of them no leſs abſurd in the rattling Volubility of their Tongue, even upon Subjects of Learning, how little ſoever they poſſeſs of it; and in running from one Subject to an other as faſt, as unſettled Fancy can hurry them on.

EUDOX. Thoſe perhaps are not leſs inſupportable, who are ever talking of the ſame things, and making whatever Parts of Learning ſtrike their own Genius, be the conſtant Matter of their Diſcourſe. Thus ſome, ſmitten with Poetry, will be always plagueing the Company with Verſes, aſſuring you that *Homer* and *Virgil* are the beſt of Poets. But if they get you into *Gildon* and *Dennis*, your Caſe is deſperate. There is little Hopes of get-

(*i*) Quis eſt iſtorum qui non malit rempublicam turbari, quàm comam ſuam. *De brevit. vitæ, cap.* 12.

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ting off alive. You are in a manner doomed to be tired to death.

CRITOM. A Mathematician will be as ſurely fatal to you, by his *Theorems*, and *Problems*: and however little you may know, or care for ſuch things, he will unmercifully lead you into *Conical Sections*, and *Algebra*. If he is an *Aſtronomical* Man, he will carry you through the *Planets*.

CLEAND. Two of this ſort of Creatures we have formerly known. I uſed to call one of them *Urſa Major*, and the other, *Urſa Minor*. For they are both a ſort of Bears in their unpoliſhed Behaviour, and are *Aſtronomical* Bears; ſo conceited with their Knowledge of the Stars, that they have no Regard to any body on Earth. Rude and uncivilized as they are, they will complain of a Gentleman's Impoliteneſs, if he refuſes to ſtarve with them in a froſty Night, while they are pointing out the Stars in the open Air.

EUDOX. You cannot have forgot, how rarely theſe two *Aſtronomers* were fitted with a Couple of Nephews. One of them had ſet his Head upon Fortifications. As ſure as either of his Uncles had mentioned a Star, he replied with a *Half-moon*; to every *Parallax*, he returned upon him with a kind of Jingle, and would be deſcribing a *Parapet*.

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The other Nephew was as mad of *Architecture*. When his Uncles would be at the Spots of the Sun, he would be finding as many Faults with the *Louvre*, and *Blenheim*. It is ſtrange, cried the Uncles, that one of our Nephews can talk of nothing but *Baſtions* and *Counterſcarps*, and the other only of the *Doric* and *Ionic* Order, or ſome ſuch Points. The Nephews wondered as much at their Uncles, and at each other. None of them reflected, that whatever may be a Man's favourite Study, he is not to make it a Plague to all Companies. Yet how often does this happen in all Branches of Sciences and Arts?

CRITOM. Thus I have met a *Chymiſt*, who was always for inviting, nay forcing one into *Spagyric* and *Pyrotechnic* Wonders. He muſt teach you to *Amalgame*, and *Fulminate*. You may tell him, you neither fully underſtand thoſe Terms, nor have any Curioſity that Way. Still he will force you along to his *Terra damnata*, and will not ceaſe, till he has left you nothing but his *Caput mortuum*.

CLEAND. It is ſtill more common to meet a Phyſician, who will *Phlebotomize*, or *Anatomize* every Company. There are *Carteſians* who are for involving all in their *Vortices*; and the *Peripatetick* is no leſs trou-

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bleſome about ſatisfying *the Appetite of his Matter*, which, he bids you remember, is neither any thing, nor nothing Then he carries you off to a Game at hide and ſeek, with his *Occult Qualities*; to ſay nothing of his *Barbara*, *Celarent*.

Eudox. There are *Grammarians* too, very frequently forcing *Priſcian* and *Voſſius* into all Companies. If you are diſcourſing of the moſt important Affairs of the Publick, they will turn off the Talk to the *Conjugating* of ſome irregular Word; or to examine very nicely, whether it can be uſed *Tranſitively*. As for an *Etymologiſt*, nothing can equal his Folly, but a *Pythagorean*, or a *Cabaliſt* running mad of *Fatidical* Numbers, and Letters. Before you have finiſhed a Sentence, Do you know, ſays he, the Derivation of that Word? Thereupon he takes you into a long Pedigree of ſome *Greek*, or *Hebrew* Origin. And this minds me of *Genealogiſts*. You can never ſtop them, till they are got to the *Conqueſt* at leaſt. Then comes the *Herald*, with his Lions *Rampant* and *Couchant*: Or one profoundly read in *Gaffarel*, with a Set of *Taliſmans*. But in fine, however abſurd it may be, to run all Diſcourſe into any of theſe ſort of *Topicks*, it is no leſs ſo, to be always driving Dogs and Horſes into all Con-

Converſation, with the Country *Eſquire*; or for the Town *Beau* to be always talking of *Balls* and *Opera's*, *Dreſſing* and *Quadrille*.

CRITOM. Will it not ſeem ſtrange to you, if I ſhould ſay, that none of theſe prove more diſagreeable, than ſeveral whom one might expect ſhould be particularly entertaining Company. I mean ſeveral of our Gentlemen Travellers. *Planeſius*, I am ſure, has more than once tired me with hurrying me round his *Grand Tour* (for ſo he will be ſure to call his Travels) more than ever I was fatigued with riding Poſt. As to Remarks of his own, you muſt not expect any. But as he went pretty much the ſame Ways, ſo he has many of thoſe impertinent Obſervations at hand, which ſtand ſo thick in *Miſſon*'s Travels. *Planeſius*'s Method too of fetching his Journeys into Company, is remarkable. If juſt any Mention is made of Wine, *Oh*, ſays *Planeſius*, *there is nothing like* France *for Wine. I have travelled it almoſt quite over*. Then away he carries you to *Paris*, and never lets you reſt till he has got to *Lions* or *Marſeilles*. His *Italian* Ramble is brought in, juſt after the ſame manner. If you only chance to ſpeak of a Song, *Oh*, ſays he again, *Italy for Muſick*. And then he hurries you to *Rome*, *Naples*, and *Venice*. And Oh! what fine things he ſaw in

in the Palaces, of *Pamphilio*, *Borgheſe*, and *Colonna!*

CLEAND. As *Pſeudologus* has travelled more than *Planeſius*, and has alſo a more lively Fancy, ſo he is not altogether ſo very tedious in his Narratives. But then he takes moſt unbounded Lengths in the Proverbial Privilege of Travellers. You may ſooner believe old *Mandeville*'s Stories, than many of thoſe which *Pſeudologus* will ſwear to from his Travels.

EUDOX. *Ariſtotle* was once caught by one of thoſe Wonder-mongers. When the Man had run a fair Length of wild Talk, and incredible Accounts, he cried out, *Are not theſe ſtrange Things?* The Philoſopher replied: *Yes, very ſtrange: But it would be much ſtranger, that any one, who has Legs to go away, ſhould ſtay to hear you* (*k*). Very inſupportable muſt that Man's Stories have been, to force ſuch a Reply from a Man ſo polite as *Ariſtotle* was in his Time.

CLEAND. As for *Pſeudologus*, I have been aſſured, that even before he went abroad, he ſhewed a wonderful Inclination to *Romancing*. This is ſaid to run in his Blood, and that his Father and Grandfather were remarkable for it. Nor is it very rare

(*k*) *Plutarch.* De Garrulitate.

to

to meet with Men, who have, as it were, a natural, no leſs than an improved Love, to invent and ſpread Falſities.

EUDOX. I remember a noble Peer aſſured me he was at Table, when the ſtrangely memorable *Burnet* gravely obſerved: That there was in moſt Men ſome predominant Inclination; as to Wine, to Women, to Money, or the like: *But as for my Part*, continued the Doctor, *my great Inclination is to tell Lies*. This, no doubt, was a ſtrange Bent. But infine, a vicious Inclination is no Vice, while conquered. How much the Doctor overcame that Diſpoſition, which was indeed a very odd one for a Man, who was to write Hiſtories, is ſufficiently apparent from his other hiſtorical Accounts, and from thoſe of his own Times. For they are all of a kind, and bear viſible Characters of their Parent.

CRITOM. Whatever he, or other Writers may have done in Hiſtory, it ſeems plain, that in ordinary Diſcourſe, there are Men, who run wide of Truth, not by Miſtake, nor Forgetfulneſs, nor for Intereſt, or by way of Banter only; but for a ſtrange ſort of Pleaſure they take in deceiving, and making Fables paſs for Facts. Meer Realities are to them very languiſhing Entertainments.

CLEAND. Others alter the Truth, or add to it, not from a deceitful Inclination, but by way of ſetting off, and beautifying their Diſcourſe with ſomething of their own Invention. When they are found out, they excuſe it with a Smile, and tell you, that we often amuſe ourſelves with airy Projects, and Conceits of what we would do, if in ſuch Circumſtances as will never be our Lot, and pleaſe ourſelves with falſe Imaginations. What is all this, ſay they, but telling Lies to ourſelves? They add: Theſe Ideas, if they ſtop within meer Amuſement, and are not carried on to Miſtakes in Conduct, where is the Harm? Why then may it not be allowable to inlarge inventively in Diſcourſe, where no more is meant, or probably will follow, than a Diverſion and Paſtime?

EUDOX. That Compariſon of our own Imaginations, is neither an exact Truth, nor, if it were, would it be any Argument for Fabling in Company. Our private Imaginations having only Reference to ourſelves, are not properly unjuſt. But in falſe Words, there is a kind of Injuſtice, by violating the Right, which others have, that when we uſe to them ſuch Terms, we ſhould do it in their true Senſe; or in ſuch Circumſtances, as may ſufficiently ſhew how they are uſed.

And

And then too, as thoſe Imaginations are idle at leaſt, and often lead to more than a meer Inſignificancy; ſo alſo do, very often, thoſe *Romantick* Diſcourſes. Words, infine, are deſigned for the Image of Thought, and Truth. Conſequently, a wilful Miſuſe of them, by varying from the Truth, is againſt Nature. A promiſcuous Abuſe of this kind would be deſtructive of human Society. And one would think that ſuch Fablers, or ſuch flouriſhing Talkers, might be made more cautious by this Conſideration at leaſt, that they cannot long fail of being found out, and then will hardly be credited in any thing they relate, even where they ſpeak nothing but Truth.

CLEAND. Yet ſome there are, who have a ſort of a Charm in their *Romancing* way, and know how to time it ſo well, as not to prejudice the Opinion of their Veracity in other Occaſions. *Mythonius* had this Talent in ſuch a degree, that he has often put me in mind of the Epigram, where *Martial* ſays: *I wonder not at* Ulyſſes *leaving the enticing* Sirens. *I ſhould have wondered, if he could have left* Canius, *when he was got into his enchanting Fables.*

------ *Illud*, Caſſiane, *mirarer*,
Si fabulantem Canium *reliquiſſet* (*l*).

(*l*) In *Delectu Num.* xxxvii. *lib.* 2.

CRITOM. One cannot ſay that *Laleſius* is ſo charming, as *Canius* is there repreſented. But he certainly very much out-does his Friend *Speudologus*, in his own way. They were both Companions in a great part of their Travels. But *Laleſius* has a much livelier Fancy, a greater Volubility of Tongue, a fine Tone of Voice, and a very neat turn of Language. Nor is his Diſcourſe confined only to Voyages, and Fictions. He has a conſiderable Share of Reading, and of Wit; and never wants a great many fine Things to ſay, almoſt upon any Subject. In a Word: Few could be more agreeable, if he knew where to ſtop. But when once his Tongue begins to run, there is no end of the Motion. At firſt you are pleaſed with the Delicacy of his Voice, and Expreſſions. But as he grows warm, the Rapidity of his Tongue increaſes, and no moderate Attentiveneſs can follow ſo ſwift a Pace, nor any common Patience bear with his engroſſing the whole Diſcourſe to himſelf. Thus, while he forces the Company to be dumb, he makes them almoſt wiſh they were deaf.

CLEAND. It is not much better to be, with *Bradylogus*, in the oppoſite Extreme. He ſpeaks ſo ſlow, that Attention can hardly wait for the Sequel of his Words. And yet his Expreſſions, however long in the

the Delivery, are ſhort in the Number of his Words: For he affects a Sort of *Laconiſm*; and ſuch a Sort, as would often be unintelligible, tho' nothing were loſt by the Slowneſs of his Utterance. His Endeavour to croud too much Senſe into his Expreſſions, renders it hard to make any thing of what he ſays. Thus his Meaning is drawn too ſmall, and too cloſe, to be diſtinguiſhed from Nonſenſe. At other times, he ſeems not ſo much to talk, as to ſay a Leſſon by Heart. The leaſt miſplacing of a Word, puts him out, and he muſt begin his Task again.

CRITOM. His Brother has a good deal of this preciſe Slowneſs, but with a Difference. For as the one ſeems often as if he were ſaying a Leſſon, this rather ſeems to be giving one. And moreover, by much Reading, and affecting to ſhew that he has read much, he ſcarce will make the moſt common Obſervation, without quoting an Authority for it. I have heared him cite *Ariſtotle*, and in *Greek* too, meerly to aſſure us, that one Swallow does not make a Summer, *according to the Ancients*. He will not ſay, that a Man comes naked into the World, and is apt to weep in the Cradle, without alledging *Tertullian*, and *Seneca* to prove it. He ſeems in a manner to have

loſt all his own Thoughts, by dwelling perpetually upon what he has read in Books. Long converſing with the Dead, has made him very unfit Company for the Living. And he is, infine, a compleat Inſtance, that the old Saying may be true: That *the greateſt Clerks are not always the wiſeſt Men*, or as it is expreſſed humourouſly in barbarous *Latin: magis magnos clericos, non ſunt magis magnos ſapientes.*

Eudox. His affecting to appear very Book-learned, is fully equalled by *Mimoſophron*'s Affectation of Wiſdom, and Prudence. The Folly of extravagant Caution has made him ſtrangely ridiculous. He firſt knits his profound Eye-brows, and gravely ſtrokes his Beard, before he will anſwer you the moſt inſignificant Queſtion. He will continue this wiſe Ceremony for ſome while together, then plucking you by the Sleeve, he will deſire leave to whiſper ſomething in your Ear; *For indeed*, ſays he, *one cannot be too cautious in ſpeaking of State-affairs.* Then he caſts a careful Look about, to ſee if there is any Danger of being over-heard. Upon a prudent Judgment that all is ſafe from that Danger, he goes on: "It is by no means "the part of a wiſe Man, to be forward in "talking of *Parliamentary* Affairs. But "ſince

" ſince the News-Papers agree, that both " Houſes ſtand prorogued till next Month, " I may venture to ask you, if one may " not partly believe, they will then poſſibly " enter upon ſome Buſineſs." You miſtake if you think he has done. He farther adds: " I am of Opinion, we Lay-men ſhould " leave Church-affairs to the Clergy, and " therefore I never meddle with the *Con-* " *vocation.*"

CLEAND. From ſuch Sketches of his Wiſdom, it is natural to ſuppoſe he is very myſterious, and full of Secrets. His ordinary Diſcourſe runs much in this Strain. " A " Perſon, who muſt be nameleſs as yet, " told me at.-----Hold: I think it will " not be proper to name the Place.-----He " told me ſomething-----It is not conve- " nient it ſhould be divulged. However " upon your Word to be cloſe in the Mat- " ter, I will give you a hint, which will " be of great Importance to your Conduct." After theſe wiſe Precautions, all he tells you, with a ſage Whiſper, is, that an old Courtier told him, he found by long Experience, that one ought not in Prudence to truſt Men too far upon ſmall Acquaintance.

EUDOX. Modeſty, Inoffenſiveneſs, and Good-nature, make this Gentleman be leſs inſupportable,

inſupportable, than one would imagine; while *Philotimus*, by the contrary ill Qualities, is intollerable. His Vanity often makes him talk in his own Praiſe. Upon this Subject, barren as it is, one cannot but wonder to hear how copious he will be. If you offer to give your Opinion upon a Subject, 'till you have heard his, he will think you impertinent. If you contradict him, he will pity your Weakneſs. He thinks no one has any Wit, but juſt in Proportion to the Deference paid to his. One good, or at leaſt convenient Quality he has, that he will not eaſily think a Perſon in earneſt, who ſeems to ſay any thing diſadvantageous of him. For he is fully perſuaded, that his Merit is too conſpicuous, to be ſeriouſly queſtioned. Without this Quality, there would be no bearing with him upon any little Appearance of Diſeſteem.

Cleand. His Neighbour *Cleon* has full as good an Opinion of himſelf, and often ſhews it in Company, with ſeveral other Particularities in his ways of Converſation. He ſpeaks faſter than he thinks, yet not ſo faſt as he would. His Words hurry out, as if they were juſtling for firſt Place, or would ruſh out by half-dozens at a time. Beſides, he accompanies all he ſays, with a ſtrange Vehemence of Geſture. All that Eagerneſs

Eagerneſs is common with him upon the moſt trivial Occaſions. This Impetuoſity makes his Talk full of abortive Propoſitions. His Thoughts come, as it were, half-formed, tumbling over one another in a Hurry, all in a Jumble, without Order or Method. This Confuſion makes him unintelligible; as Obſcurity is the natural Conſequence of haſty Talk, huddled Notions, and indigeſted Ideas.

CRITOM. A little more thinking would ſave a great many People, above half their Words. A moderate Leiſure in reviewing their Thoughts, would render them capable of being underſtood; and their Meaning might be conceived by others, if firſt it were ſo by themſelves. In vain they uſe a Multiplicity of Words or Geſtures, to help out their *Embryo's* of a Meaning. All their changing, repeating, and changing again their Expreſſions, only adds to the Confuſion. Toſſing their Arms about, ſtamping on the Ground, and thumping the Table, ſtrikes out nothing intelligible.

CLEAND. How unintelligible ſoever *Cleon*'s Diſcourſe may be, if *Antimachus* is in the Company, he is ſure to pretend he underſtands enough of what he ſays, to declare he is miſtaken. They have long been Antagoniſts, from School-Boys to this Day.

An

An early Emuloſity begun between them, ſtill continues. Methinks *Antimachus* would take it ill, that *Cleon* ſhould be ſpoken of, and he be omitted. *Cleon* affects much to ſpeak from his own Fund, and not from Reading. This was Reaſon enough for the other, to ſpeak always by Books. In this Spirit of Oppoſition, whatever *Cleon* ſays, tho' no one elſe in the Company can tell what he would be at, *Antimachus* immediately contradicts him. And becauſe one ſpeaks faſt, the other draws out his Words ſlowly, and tells him: *Alas!* Cleon, *this is the Fate of poſting on too faſt, and talking without Book. Reading would have informed you better.* Then he pulls out his Note-book to prove by Chapter and Page, marked out of ſome noted Author, that *Antimachus* is in the Wrong. The other declares he meant no ſuch thing as his Adverſary attributes to him; and adviſes him to carry his Notions in his Head, and not in his Pocket; and that for his part he would not have the old *Leonin* Verſe applied to him,

Quod ſi charta cadit, ſecum ſapientia Vadit.

Critom. I will not affirm it is ſo in *Cleon*, that if he loſt his Notes, he would loſe all his Learning. But it is the Caſe of ſeveral. Nor are there wanting ſeveral again,

to

to whom it is far more ſecure to carry their Learning in their Note-books, than in their Heads. Their Obſervations are ſo very odd, they might cauſe a ſtrange Buſtle and Confuſion in their Brains. If *Polyglosſus* had kept cloſe to this Method of loading his Papers, inſtead of his Head, he might have preſerved this pretty Sound. Now alas! it is in a ſad Condition. A Multiplicity of Languages has made it a *Babel* of Confuſion. While he would paſs for a *Linguiſt*, there is ſcarce any Language he can be ſaid to ſpeak. What he calls ſpeaking *Engliſh*, is a perpetual Jargon of *Latin*, *Greek*, *French*, *Italian*, &c. Some while before he had begun to ſet up for the Knowledge of other Languages, he had ſuch a ſenſeleſs Mixture of *Latin* with his *Engliſh*, that he often put me in mind of Maſter *Rombus*, in a Piece of Sir *Philip Sidney*'s. (*m*) There he talks of the Queen's *Formoſity*, and of *the Pulchritude of his own Merits*. Then exclaims upon the *turpifying* his Reputation. Yet he will *edoctrinate Mens plumbeous Cerebroſities*, and *obtuſe Conceptions*; and *diviſionates* the Matter into *Meliority of Function*, and *Superancy of Merits*. Maſter *Rombus* ſpeaks there too of *brute Nebulons*, meaning rude Rogues; and I have

(*m*) At the End of his *Arcadia*, Edit. 6.

heard

heard *Pylogoſſus* talk very archly of the *Nebulonian* Tricks of his Youth, before he was *cicurated* with Litterature. This ſort of *Latin-Engliſh*, which is neither one, nor other, was for ſome Time his common Language. Now he is often running into ſuch a Mixture, that a good Number of Interpreters would be requiſite to explain his ordinary Talk.

CLEAND. Not ſo many I hope, as *Pliny* ſays the *Romans* were forced to have in one City. That is, if I remember right, a hundred and thirty. (*n*) But one may wiſh *Pliny*'s Stories did not often want as many Grains of Allowance, as the Number of Interpreters he here ſpeaks of. However, in this Place he cites his Author, *Timoſthenes* muſt anſwer for the Truth.

EUDOX. One would not eaſily imagine, how gravely moreover *Polygloſſus* will thruſt into Company, tho' talking of quite other Matters, ſome of his whimſical Obſervations upon the *Greek Dialects*, or *Particles*, or upon the Analogy of modern Languages to *Hebrew*. The leſs he is underſtood, the more he thinks you ought to admire him. When he ſpeaks the moſt like *Engliſh*, ſtill

(*n*) *Lib.* vi. *cap.* 5. Noſtris centum & triginta interpretibus negotia ibi geſta.

he

he is ſtrangely formal, even upon Trifles. He will talk of *Robin Hood*'s Adventures with as great Gravity, as if he were deducing the *Aſſyrian* Monarchy, from *Nimrod*, to its Fall: Or will relate ſome of the moſt known and trivial Parts of the *Roman* Hiſtory, or even of our own Times, as if they were no leſs remarkable and unknown, than the moſt particular Diſcoveries of the greateſt *Antiquaries*.

CLEAND. But in Formality upon Trifles, he is ſurpaſſed by *Phlyarius*, who always talks of the moſt inſignificant Matters, not as if he was keeping Company, but as if keeping a School. A Magiſterial Tone, and Air, is what never abandons him. From his Mien in a Chair of a Parlour, you ſee how great an Ornament he thinks he could be to the Chair of an Univerſity. In whatever he ſays, the Solemnity of a *Profeſſor* is viſible; and he uſes a great deal of pretended Method in ſtating, and dividing Matters of no Moment. He commonly begins with telling you: *There are three things to be conſidered in the Caſe.* But he ſeldom gets beyond the firſt Point: His ſecond comes now and then only; and the third is generally quite forgot.

EUDOX. He is, moreover, ſo full of a vain Pretence to vaſt Learning, that he will hardly

own himſelf unacquainted with any Author. He is one of thoſe, who, as *Fuller* ſays in his uſual Style, would have you think, their *Omnividence* has looked into all Books, but that of *Life*.

CRITOM. It is pleaſant to obſerve, into how ridiculous Miſtakes that Vanity will ſometimes lead ſuch People. One was lately mentioning the Obſervations of *Cujacius*. How it came into *Pantobiblius*'s Head, I know not: But he fancied, they were *Aſtronomical* Obſervations, and began to commend his great Exactneſs in obſerving the laſt great *Comet*. Another time, hearing one ſpeak of the *Symbola* of *Cauſin*, he told us: He was not convinced with his Opinion of the Symbol of S. *Athanaſius*; adding with great Solemnity, that, as for himſelf, he was no *Whiſtonian*, as to the doctrinal *Syſtem*.

CLEAND. Theſe Miſtakes put me in mind of one (*o*) that having heard *Seneca*'s Book *de Beneficiis* mentioned in Company, imagined it was of Eccleſiaſtical Benefices; and praiſed it for an excellent Treatiſe againſt *Pluralities*, and *Commendams*.

EUDOX. When a neighbouring Gentleman was told, it was *Phlyarius*'s Humour, to pretend a Knowledge of all Books, even

(*o*) In the *Menagiana*.

ſuch

ſuch as never were, he could ſcarce believe it, till convinced by a particular Inſtance. *Phlyarius* chanced to pop into the *Coffee-Houſe*, while we were juſt ſpeaking of this very thing. One in the Room immediately feigned the Name of an Author, and began to commend him for an excellent Poet. Yes, ſays *Phlyarius*, he is very Good: but I cannot like his *Odes*, ſo well as his *Elegies*. Then he added, in the true Spirit of a Trifler, that he wondered few Men of Erudition, even among the Poets themſelves, knew the right Spelling of the Name of the *Mantuan* Poet; but that moſt of them called him *Virgil*, by a moſt illiterate Blunder, and not *Vergil*, as it ſhould be, according to the beſt Criticks.

CLEAND. It is natural enough to ſuppoſe, that one of ſuch Niceties, is not eaſily ſatisfied. Tho' he approved of the feigned Author in great meaſure; yet he often finds fault with real ones of the greateſt Repute. Even among the Antients, neither *Homer*, nor his *Vergil*, can ſometimes eſcape his Cenſure; And for no better Reaſon than his, of whom it was ſaid:

To Homer, *and* Virgil *he has a juſt pique:*
For one writ in Latin, *the other in* Greek.

But the Truth is, that generally his Remarks on Authors do not ſo much regard any Part of the main Work, as ſome inſignificant Doubts upon little, and immaterial Incidents; and eſpecially the diſputed Trifles in ſome Points of *Orthography*. Thus you are ſure not to be long in his Company, without hearing him thruſt in ſome Obſervations, he has drawn from *Manutius*'s little Book of *Orthography*. And how often have I heard him declare from thence, that he would rather ſay *Haruſpex*, than *Aruſpex*; and *Lethum*, rather than *Letum?*

CRITOM. By this Account of *Phlyarius*, it may well be counted a Part of my good Fortune, that I have never been in his Company. For I ſcarce know a more deteſtable thing in Converſation, than ſuch a grave Trifler. It was no bad Fancy of the *Grecians*, to make their *Jupiter* ſometimes without Ears; ſo to repreſent, that Happineſs, and Hearing are often incompatible. I would willingly think, it was from ſome *Phlyarius*, that the old Painters, or Carvers took the thought of that *Emblematical* Repreſentation.

CLEAND. Or, perhaps, rather from ſome *Neolectus* of their Times. The diſagreeable Methods of his Converſation are many. To number them all up, *would tire a well-breathed*

breathed Witneſs of the Plot. He often minds one of the Sayings of *Sir Roger L'Eſtrange:* That Nature has Writ *Fool* upon the Tip of that Man's Tongue, who will be always telling Stories with an *I did this*; *I did that.* Yet ſuch is the common Talk of *Neolectus.* His Stories too are ſtrangely wild, and full of incredible things, which he proteſts he did, or ſaw at leaſt.

CRITOM. During my laſt Stay in the Country, I was often forced to be with one *Thaumaſtus*, who would, I believe, at leaſt equal your *Neolectus* in Wonders. If you ſeemed to doubt any thing he ſaid, he called on his Man *Titus*, who would immediately depoſe upon Oath, the Truth of every thing, his Maſter affirmed. If, ſtill, you ſeemed not fully convinced, he began to look big, and to ſtare, and bluſter. Then, as his Spirits were raiſed, he would proceed to ſtranger Narratives. While he is in theſe Wonders, he toſſes his Head, and Arms about, and flings himſelf into a great many very exotical Airs; as if this muſt needs be a ſtrong Method of Conviction. If any one offers civilly to draw him off from thoſe extravagant Accounts, and Airs, it only makes him raiſe them higher. The only way to have him ceaſe, is to let him go on without any Re-

ply, or Interruption. Then he will, after a while, begin to abate, and with a Smile upon the Company, concludes with telling them: *You ſee, Gentlemen, what an Advantage it is, to have been a Traveller.*

Eudox. As *Neolectus* has often a great deal of that Heat in his ways of Diſcourſe; ſo at other times he affects a ſupercilious Gravity, as if a formal Countenance would dub him a Philoſopher. He puts himſelf into the miſtaken Mien of a very ſedate and ſerious Man. But alas! the Conſtraint is too great to laſt: Soon he returns to his vehement Ways; and is preſently all Heat, and Fancy, without any Moderation, or Judgment.

Cleand. His Confidence too, becomes him no better, than his Gravity. It is ſo great, that one may properly call him up, as *Dryden* does *Oates*.

Erect thy ſelf, thou Monumental Braſs.

His Face has long been intirely unacquainted with any Symptom of a Bluſh. A baſhful Man ſeems to him ſo ſtrange a thing, that he never fails to laugh at a Bluſh, as he would at an unexpected Jeſt or Folly. Nor does he think there can be a more ridiculous Sight, than a Man out of Countenance.

Eudox.

EUDOX. Another of his diſagreeable Qualities, and which particularly makes his Company ſo, is an exceeding Inquiſitiveneſs into the Affairs of others; even as to their private Family-concerns. He profeſſes, indeed, very highly for his great Secrecy; but he is a ſtrong Inſtance, that *Horace* gave a ſure Rule, when he adviſes you, to fly every inquiſitive Fellow, becauſe he is always a Tatler too.

Percunctatorem fugito; nam garrulus idem eſt.

As there is no End of *Neolectus*'s Queſtions, ſo there is nothing more certain, than his ſoon divulging whatever he heard. Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange* would expreſs it by ſaying, He has got a *Noverint Univerſi* upon the Tip of his Tongue; and that, what you tell him as a Secret, will grow publick ſooner than a *Proclamation*.

CLEAND. But what diſtinguiſhes him moſt particularly in all Converſations, is the *Politick* Turn he has taken of late. While you are talking of quite different things, ſuppoſe of *Homer*, and *Virgil*, he thruſts in the *Church*, and the *State*: That is in Danger; and this is ruined: He foreſaw, and foretold the Fate of both long ago. Then comes *Liberty* and *Property*, *Conſtitution* and *Prerogative*

gative, *Trade* and *Commerce*, *Taxes* and *Army*, and *Balance of Europe*. With theſe Words jumbled faſt together, he rings a confuſed ſort of Changes. *Magna Charta*, *Paſſive Obedience*, and *Teſt Oaths* are ſometimes added to the Peal: And then you are ſure to be ſtunned.

Eudox. You know, *Critomachus*, that ſuch a Politician as this, muſt needs be a *News-monger*. Accordingly, the firſt thing *Neolectus* ſays in Company, almoſt before he has made his Bow, is: *What News Gentlemen, to-day?* If they ſeem little inclined to that *Topick*, he wonders at them, and declares he is aſtoniſhed, they do not take the Affairs of *Europe* more to Heart. Thereupon he plucks out of his Pocket a Handful of Papers, partly of the current Prints, partly of Letters from a Correſpondent at the *Hague*, whom he has in Fee for Intelligence. Theſe he begins to read with a Voice of Importance, and wiſe Remarks upon them. The Company drops away. Thoſe, who were not ready at framing a civil Pretence to be gone, are miſerably condemned to hear him: He begins with complimenting them upon their good Senſe, and juſt Concern for the Publick. Thoſe who are walked off, he pronounces to be *diſaffected*, or ſenſeleſs Men.

Men. *Had I read*, continues he, *an* Advertiſement *of a new Play, how attentive would they have been? How heedleſs were they of my News from the* Hague? ---- *Did you mind that Hint of a certain* Potentate's *Deſigns?* ----- *I know who that Potentate is* ----- *But it is not proper to name him yet.* ----- Thus he goes on till no Patience can ſtand it out any longer. All abandon him: And away he goes to find ſome others to tire with his farther Remarks, or rather with a Repetition of the ſame.

CRITOM. I am apt to think, his News is frequently much of a Strain with that of Captain *Worm*, in Mr. *Cowley*'s Play intitled the *Cutter*. There the Captain premiſes, that he ſaw it under Black and White, from a good Hand beyond Sea, and all in *Cypher*, that the Emperor of *Muſcovy* has promiſed to land ten thouſand Bears in *England*, to overrun the Country.

CLEAND. Your Gueſs is very right. And as *Neolectus* is one, that haunts the *Coffee-houſes* hereabouts, the Fear of meeting him, and ſuch others, as often infeſt thoſe Places, has made me leſs fond of frequenting them, than I have formerly been.

CRITOM. We are all of us grown much out of Conceit with them. However, ſince

we

we are under a Promiſe of being at one this Evening, we muſt venture. And you ſee, Gentlemen, by the Clock, it is time we ſhould be going.

Eudox. The *Coffee-Houſe* we are going to, is leſs plagued with ſuch *Politick Would-be*'s, and indeed, with any other impertinent Reſort, eſpecially about this time, than any other, that I know.

THE

CONVERSATION

OF

GENTLEMEN.

DIALOGUE V.

BETWEEN

CLEANDER, *CRITOMACHUS*, and *EUDOXUS*.

CLEANDER.

IF we were always to meet with ſuch agreeable Company in *Coffee-Houſes*, as we did laſt Week, we ſhould eaſily return again to our former liking of ſuch Places.

CRITOM. Upon the Satisfaction we then had, I was induced to go to one on *Sa-*

Saturday, when I found as much Reaſon to fear ſuch Places, as ever. Scarce was I ſeated, when a gloomy ſort of a Man, whom I know not, and hope I never ſhall, placed himſelf by me. After one, or two inſignificant Remarks upon the News of the Day, he began to declare for the Excellency of our *Conſtitution*. Then he deſired me to obſerve, that ours is a *limited Monarchy*; and added ſomething of a Diſtinction between the *Legiſlative*, and the *Executive* Power. Now, I began to apprehend, I was to have a long formal Lecture of Government. Eſpecially upon his mentioning *Davenant*. But, I ſoon found all this was only a ſet Piece of wiſe Talk, which was to be ſoon at an End. For as the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Earth* are introduced in the *Rehearſal*, only to take a Dance; ſo he did no more with *King*, *Lords*, and *Commons*, than juſt to make them dance the *Hay* a little, and ſo march off. Here the Gentleman's *State-wiſdom* ended; and away he went, to my great Joy. But alas! the Joy was ſhort. I need only tell you, I was ſeized immediately after by *Phyſileptus*. He had been reading in the Papers of the Day, of I know not what Curioſity of Nature, brought from *America*; and you eaſily imagine what followed.

EUDOX.

EUDOX. I often wonder, with Concern, at the great Change in that young Gentleman, who was very rational, and agreeable, till he got acquainted with two or three of the *Royal Society*. Ever ſince, he has made me afraid of every one, that has the Name of a *Virtuoſo*. For, tho' I am very ſenſible, that many of them are far from being ſo ridiculouſly abſurd, yet many of them are little better, than this Gentleman, when once they grow fond of that Title. You can now ſcarce have any thing from him, but *petrified Snails*, *ſpontaneous Inſects*, *exotick Plants*, *magnetical Emanations*, *hermetical Occluſions*, and the like. Not to ſay that one would willingly take a Journey to the *ſeptem oſtia Nili*, or to thoſe Fallings of the *Nile*, where it is reported, Men grow deaf with the Noiſe, (*p*) that upon my Return, I might defy his *Virtuoſity*; yet you may be ſure, I am not ſorry to underſtand, his Affairs will ſoon call him down, and fix him in the Country.

CLEAND. I wiſh he would take his Couſin *Aſthenius* with him, for the Benefit of the Air, as well as for our Eaſe. He is perpetually making a Catalogue of his Diſtem-

(*p*) Obtuſis aſſiduo fragore auribus. *Sen. Nat. Queſt. lib.* 4. *cap.* 2.

pers, and giving you a Journal of his Diſeaſes. His Converſation generally runs in the Style of the Particulars, he gave us Yeſterday in a large Company: That, on the ſeventh of *April* (it was in the Evening about ſix a Clock) a Defluxion firſt took him in his Cheek (it was his left Cheek; for he is very exact) which in two Days time (within an Hour of the time it firſt ſeized him) began to affect his right Arm, and whole Side. The Remedies applied caſt him into a Fever; which, from the ſixteenth, to the three and twentieth, was pretty violent; but from ſix a Clock that Morning, began to abate, *&c.* You will not wonder that I remember theſe Particulars; for you know, he often repeats all ſuch Things in the very ſame Company. Nor ſhall I need to tell you, he was exact as to the Times of his Bleeding, and Purging; and that he produced his Doctor's Preſcriptions. One had almoſt as good run through his Courſe of Phyſick, as bear with his impertinent Account of it. It is a wonder, that ſuch *Valetudinarian* Talkers ſhould be ſo frequent; and that they do not reflect, that ſuch particular Accounts of their Recovery, only makes the Company ſick; and that it may be thence ſuſpected, that their Diſtemper has not yet left their Heads.

EUDOX.

EUDOX. Perhaps *Oneirus* is no leſs abſurd, in frequently plaguing Company with very exact Relations of his Dreams. While his waking Notions are but very indifferent, it would be ſtrange, if his ſleeping Fancies ſhould be worth telling. Yet he relates them with great Solemnity, and with that heavy Sort of Seriouſneſs and Gravity, that I have ſeen half the Company a ſleep, before he has got half through the Dreams of the precedent Night. Lately, however, we were not diſpleaſed with one of them; ſeeing it gave an Occaſion to an ingenious Gentleman, of relating one of a very ſurprizing Kind. It was to this Effect. A poor *French* Peaſant, in a Dream one Night, heard, as he thought, a very diſtinct Voice; but in a Language which he did not underſtand. Yet the Impreſſion was ſo ſtrong upon him, that he remember'd the Words very perfectly. The next Day he conſulted the moſt Learned of his Neighbourhood. It ſeems, none of them could explain the Words. He was therefore adviſed to go to Mr. *Saumaiſe* (Father to the *Critick* ſo well known by his Writings) who was not very far off, and was ſaid, by the Country Folks, to be *a huge Scholar*. When Mr. *Saumaiſe* heard the illiterate honeſt Man repeat the Words ſpoken to him in the Dream, it was no ſmall Surprize,

to find they were *Greek*, and even elegant *Greek*, to this Senſe: *Have you not a Preſentiment of your Death?* The Words were ſo particular, ſo diſtinctly ſpoken by the poor Man; and he was in ſo much Repute of Candor, Honeſty, and plain good Senſe, that Mr. *Saumaiſe* concluded, there muſt be ſomething very particular in the Caſe. He therefore detained the Man till next Day; when ſending ſome Perſons Home with him, they found his Houſe had fallen to the Ground in the Night, and he muſt have periſhed in the Ruins, had he not been forwarn'd by the Dream.

CRITOM. Such particular Dreams as that, or ſuch as thoſe mention'd in Sir *H. Wotton*'s Life, may bear relating. But they will not juſtify the Weakneſs of either believing, or troubling People with particular Narratives of the idle Fancies of their diſturbed Reſt. However they interfere with this, they ſhould neither diſturb ourſelves, nor others, when we awake, by inſignificant Accounts of them. They are raiſed by Fumes; and muſt People be plagued with a weak Man's Sleeping, as well as with his other Whimſies?

CLEAND. Such Perſons are particularly apt to enlarge upon their frightful Dreams. And generally too, fall into a farther Weakneſs, of never being ſo much bent upon

upon any Diſcourſe, as upon that of Spirits. It is odd, to ſee them never ſo well entertained, as when hearing, or relating frightful Stories: Frightful to weak Heads, but generally ridiculouſly ſilly to others. Give them but *Dreads*, and *Terrors*, and *Ghoſts*, and *Hobgoblins* enow, and you ſhall be to them a Man of charming Company. *Lord!* (ſaid *Foberius* the other Day, to ſuch a terribly charming Man) *I vow, Sir, I have ſcarce been able to ſleep, ever ſince you told us that diſmal Story!* ----- *Pray let us hear it again*, ſays another; *it frightned me ſadly.* I once had the Luck to pleaſe ſuch a Company very much, with the Story of *Athenadorus* in *Pliny*'s Epiſtles. But how far ſoever I am from being very incredulous in ſuch Matters, I am ſatisfied, it is Weakneſs to believe them too eaſily, or to be too eaſily amuſed with ſuch Diſcourſes.

EUDOX. Near allied to this Humour of *Apparitions*, is that of being chiefly amuſed with Tragical Deaths, and Murthers. As to the Weakneſs of relating Dreams, *Cheironomus* is remarkable in it. But he talks in that, as on all other Subjects, in a way that will ſecure the Company from ſleeping. His Tongue, and his Hands have generally an equal Share in his Diſcourſe. He com-

monly ſpeaks but one half in Words: Geſtures muſt make out the reſt. And truly, theſe are his beſt Expreſſions, as being much clearer than his Words. Even in theſe he makes a farther Diviſion. One Part is in a low, and whining Tone, ſcarce to be heard: The other is loud, ſcreaming, and bawling. Particularly when any one ſeems to applaud him. Upon every Nod you give, he adds a Note to his Voice. It is very ordinary with him, to be in a Sweat, by the Vehemence of his Geſtures, and hoarſe with bauling, upon a few Nods or Signs of Applauſe. It is no matter where you nod, or where you ſmile, ſo eaſy the Man is in taking all for an Approbation.

CRITOM. Few indeed are ſo eaſily, and ſo far led away by ſeeming Applauſe, as *Cleironomus*. But many are too unguarded in this Point. And yet, when People are found to be ready at caſting themſelves into Looks, and Poſtures of Admiration, and give too quick Tokens of Approbation, mixt with an Air of Aſtoniſhment, theſe are far from being good Signs of true Merit, either in the Speaker, or Hearer. It rather is a Proof of Weakneſs in the Perſon thus applauded, and that he is got into the Company of weak Friends, baſe Flatterers, or revengeful Enemies.

Weak

Weak Friends do it, becauſe their Affection is too ſtrong for their Judgment; Flatterers, with ſome intereſted Deſign; and Enemies, to make you a ridiculous Jeſt to others, and a malicious one to themſelves. It were therefore well, to imitate *Phocion*, who, you know, when he ſaw the People applaud him, asked; *What Miſtake have I made?*

EUDOX. Some there are, however, who ſhould not too often ask, what Miſtake they have made, nor too eaſily ſuſpect they have made any. This would make them too ſhy, and too backward in Company. So it has happened in *Dyſareſtus*. For fear of a Miſtake, he is in a perpetual one. He ſeems to think, one cannot be grave, without being heavy; nor prudent, without being dull. As if a conſtant Frown, and a churliſh Countenance, were a certain Mark of Wiſdom; and a Smile or a pleaſant Look, were a Mark of Weakneſs: Not reflecting that Folly lies in the Extremes on either ſide; and that it is ſcarce a greater, to be never ſerious, than to be always ſo: Particularly in Converſation, which of its own Nature, is generally ordained, in great meaſure, for Diverſion.

CLEAND. Altho' that miſtaken Prudence is one Cauſe of his moroſe Silence, yet

yet he has another very ſubſtantial one; which is, that, in Effect, he has little to ſay. Let him but have a ſlender Hint, and you ſhall hear him talk, as long as his Materials will laſt. For moſt of his Erudition conſiſts in a few of the peeviſh Verſes of *Juvenal*, and two or three churliſh Sayings of *Diogenes*. Such things beſt ſuited his Temper, and ſo fixt deepeſt in his Memory. As indeed, moſt Peoples Temper is much more diſcernable in the Subjects of their Talk, than they are generally aware of themſelves. When *Dyſareſtus* has vented thoſe Marks of his ſurly Nature and Spleen, he then turns mute again. With a penſive Air, he affects not to hear what you ſay. His Brow is contracted, to make you think his Thoughts are deep. In fine, he will paſs for a Man of important Gravity, and not to be diſturbed. As ſuch, let us leave talking of him, as we have often, upon that Account, left him in Company.

Eudox. But alas! It has often been our Fate, upon leaving him, not to find any better Entertainment with his near Neighbour *Polymythus*. This Gentleman's Company would be agreeable enough, but that he ſpoils it by over-doing, in the very Way, by which he would pleaſe. Obſerving

ing that his near Kinſman *Brachymythus* was very taking Company, by the many ſhort Stories he uſed to relate with great Eaſe, as with great Brevity, *Polymythus* began to make a Collection of Materials, and ſet up for a *Story-teller*. But he wanted the right Turn. Not that he wanted Wit, or even Judgment in other things: But the Paſſion (for it ſoon grew to a Paſſion) of telling Stories, overpower'd him. If a Story occurred (and how could it fail in ſuch a Perſon, who had ſo much bent his Mind that Way) it was to be thruſt in, tho' unſeaſonably.

CLEAND. Nor does he ſo much relate Stories, as make them. Whatever he reads, or hears of that kind, he always makes ſome Additon of his own. And leſt he ſhould want due Applauſe, he is commonly the firſt, who begins to laugh. Often, indeed, unleſs he thus ſhewed where the Jeſt is to be, one might eaſily miſtake. Accordingly, ſome of his dependent Admirers often have laughed in the wrong Place. As to laughing ſomewhere or other, that they know muſt be done; becauſe he ſcarce fails to premiſe, that he is going to tell them a mighty pleaſant Paſſage. Thus with vaſt Numbers of pleaſant things, he has made himſelf one of the leaſt pleaſing Companions

nions in the World. It is ſtrange, that a Man, otherwiſe not very weak, ſhould either fill his Head, or think to pleaſe others, by ſuch Trifles, as are many of his Stories. Even the beſt of his Stock become tedious, by intermixing his own Inventions, and running them into exceſſive Lengths.

Eudox. While he is in theſe Lengths, it is ſometimes diverting enough, to ſee *Logaſter*, who is emulous of him, under a great Strife with his own Eagerneſs to be talking; and the common Rule of Civility, in not interrupting one, who is ſpeaking. After a while, his Civility yields to his talkative Inclination. But the Company gets little by the Change. For *Logaſter* is one, who rather prates, than talks. And tho' he knows a great deal, yet he ſpoils the Credit of his real Knowledge, by pretending beyond it.

Critom. Such Pretenders are ſo common, that they often make me ſay, that Silence is certainly one of the moſt neceſſary Qualities for Converſation. It may ſound like a *Paradox*; but I am ſure you will allow it to be true, that to be good Company, one ſhould often ſay nothing: Not only to give room to others, but not to be running too far one ſelf. Few Men would be fitted better for a fine Companion, than a Gentleman, with

with whom I was pretty often in the Country, if he could forbear upon Occaſions, and be content to ſpeak leſs of what he knows, and nothing of what is beyond his Knowledge. Whereas now, getting out of his reach, his fine Elocution, and neat Language only make his Ignorance more remarkable; like an ill-favoured Perſon, in a fine Dreſs.

CLEAND. It is ſcarce poſſible any one can be more remarkable in that kind, than *Scommatius*. Yet I have ſtill more frequently looked upon him, as an Inſtance of a Truth, which I have been long convinced of; that it is hard to determine, how far Jeſting is allowable in Company. *Junius Baſſus* among the *Romans*, a Man of ſharp Raillery, was called *White Aſs*, *Aſinus Albus*; becauſe, tho' ſilly enough in the main, yet he was often lucky enough in his Jeſts.

CRITOM. Whatever Share of Wit Perſons may have, yet a great Freedom in that Way, will never entitle them to a better Name, than that which was given to *Baſſus*. All biting Reflections, nay even the very hinting at ſuch, how much ſoever you may pretend to be in Jeſt, can hardly fail of being offenſive. One cannot but wonder at ſome Peoples Imprudence in this Point. Certainly, to laugh ones ſelf into many Enmities,

mities, under the Notion of being pleaſant, is a ſort of Madneſs. It is better to be dull, than to aim at the Reputation of Wit, at the Charge of frequent Quarrels.

Eudox. Too great a Freedom in that Way, is a much ſtronger Proof, that a Man wants Judgment; or abounds in Ill-nature, more than in true Wit. Thoſe who value themſelves upon being thus facetious, may deſpair of being eſteemed judicious. If ever their Wit is praiſed, it will certainly be with the Diſparagement of their Prudence. Even their Deſire of thus pleaſing, is ſtrangely diſappointed: For that ſort of Pleaſantry almoſt conſtantly diſpleaſes, more than it diverts. It is too contrary to good Nature, and and good Senſe, to be agreeable. But when thoſe, of whom might be ſaid, what *Dryden* ſays Nature did to *Shadwell*, (*q*)

------- *She laid her Hand on his thick Scull,*
With this prophetic Bleſſing: Be thou dull.

When ſuch Perſons, I ſay, will be ſtraining hard at a Jeſt or Banter, it muſt make them partly odious, and in Part contemptibly ridiculous.

Critom. Yet, how many ſuch does one meet, of whoſe Tongues one might ſay, as *Dryden* does again of *Shadwell*'s Pen?

(*q*) In his *Mac-Flecknoe.*

With

With what e'er Spleen he ſets himſelf to write,
His inoffenſive Muſe can never bite.
In his felonious Heart, tho' Venom lies,
It does but touch his Iriſh *Pen, and dies.*

Several of this ſtupid Kind, have often with them ſome Dependent or other, on whom they practice their dull Wit. The poor *Paraſite* bears all the Lord's Jeſts, for the ſake of his Table; and may be well repreſented by the Deviſe in *Bouhours, of an Aſs among Thiſtles*, with this *Motto* under it: *Pungant dum ſaturant.* (*r*) But whether his Lordſhip, or his *Paraſite* makes the moſt ridiculous, and ungenerous Figure, is not eaſy to determine.

EUDOX. If meer *Buffoons* are leſs contemptible, than ſuch Jeſters, as we have been ſpeaking of, it is when they ſeem leſs malicious in their Folly. For my part, I could never think them agreeable in Converſation. Yet ſome there are, who might almoſt be thought of the old *Theſſalian* Religion which is ſaid to have adored *Buffoonry* for a Goddeſs. That ſort of Foolery is, at leaſt, ſo much their Practice, that by much Uſe, they become Fools in Earneſt, from being ſo in Jeſt. For, what elſe muſt they

(*r*) *Entr.* 6.

be called, who chooſe rather to paſs for pleaſant, than judicious; and will daily play their Reputation of Seriouſneſs and Prudence quite away, to make People ſmile, and give to Company the Diverſion of a Comedy, at the dear Rate of being themſelves more ridiculous, than thoſe whom they endeavour to burleſque or imitate. Generally too, they work the Humour quite into their very Nature, and become Laughing-ſtocks by Neceſſity; whereas they were at firſt ſo, only by Endeavour. *Gelaſſius* now repents very heartily of his former Folly in this Kind, and wiſhes, in vain, he had never pretended ſo much to that ſort of Pleaſantry.

CLEAND. Let him now do what he will, the *Buffoon* and *Mimick* ſit faſt upon him, and force him into the old Way. He unavoidably does, what makes him be laughed at, and ſeldom more, than when he endeavours to be ſerious. The Gravity he would ſometimes very willingly put on, cannot be made to fit him; but looks ſtrangely, and makes a very odd Figure, when joined with the Idea, his former Carriage has left in all, who know him. So that now, he is never more ridiculous, than when he would moſt avoid it.

EUDOX. Upon the whole Matter: When Pleaſantry and Freedom of Converſation are commended, neither ſuch buffooning, nor mi-

mimicking, nor jeſting, nor ſuch bantering as have been ſpoken of, are underſtood. And much leſs the ſcandalous Liberty of thoſe, whom a modeſt Man cannot hear without a Bluſh, nor a Chriſtian without Horror. No: He is not to be called free, but impudent, who has no more Reſpect to the Company, nor Regard to Decency, than to ſpeak publickly of ſuch things, as he ought to be aſhamed to think of in private. What Opinion can that Man imagine the Company has of him, when he thus ſhews himſelf regardleſs of common Reſerve, both in Prudence, and Modeſty, which ſeldom abandons any but profligate Wretches?

CRITOM. And on the other hand, what Opinion muſt he have of the Company, if he hopes to pleaſe by ſuch Diſcourſe? He muſt think their Minds, at leaſt, are ſtrangely debauched. And while ſuch Diſcourſe naturally implies his framing ſuch a Judgment of them, it is ſtrange how he can thus hope to pleaſe them, while he thinks ſo ill of their Virtue. If really he has a good Opinion of them, and thinks them truly moral, and modeſt, there is no expreſſing the Nature of his abandoned Folly, and Impudence.

EUDOX. Nor can one ſufficiently expoſe the impious Folly, of thinking to make a witty Figure in Converſation, by prophane

Jeſts upon Religion, or burleſquing the Word of God; even more boldly, than they would the *Iliads* of *Homer*. Where Religion appears to have ſo little Influence upon ſuch Men, let them, at leaſt be deſired to reflect, how much they miſs of their Aim. They would paſs for Wits by ſuch Methods: But ſuch Talk can only make their Underſtanding be as much queſtioned by the Company, as their Religion. Can any one make a more ſilly Figure in Print, than an *Aſgill*? And ſhall *Aſgills* in Converſation, be more eſteemed?

Cleand. They fancy, indeed, that their Wit is admired, becauſe they ſometimes make the Company laugh. But they ſtrangely miſtake by imagining it is either Wit, that cauſes ſuch a Laughter, or is applauded by it. What moſt inclines People to a ſudden Laughter, is ſome odd Combinations, which were totally unexpected. This it is that makes the graveſt things cauſe a Laughter; which will ſeldom happen upon Objects really contemptible. Whatever you ſay of ſuch Objects, can hardly furniſh out a Jeſt enough to be ſmiled at; whereas, the leaſt Appearance of a Jeſt, upon Objects of real Metit, will often raiſe a Laughter, becauſe ſo very unexpected. But when the firſt Surprize is over, we ſee our Weakneſs, we

ſee

ſee that an odd Fancy, and Levity of Imagination has ſuddenly prevented our Reaſon, and we begin ſoon after to wonder at the Imprudence, as well as the Impudence of him, that offered to ridicule things ſo far above it: Nor do we then wonder a little at our own Weakneſs, in having ſeemed to applaud, tho' at unaware, what we condemn, and abhor, upon ſecond Thoughts.

CRITOM. Your Remark is very juſt. Nor perhaps can there be a truer Reaſon given, why *Virgil* in *Burleſque* has ſeemed ſo diverting, but that the particular Gravity, and Excellency of the Original, makes the Oddneſs of the *Burleſque* ſtrike the Fancy more, by ſo unexpected a Turn. Hence holy Things, being more remote of themſelves, from Contempt, and calling for ſingular Reſpect, it is not ſo much any Wit, as the Unexpectedneſs of the thing, that ſometimes ſurprizes us into a Laughter. Our Imagination is ſtruck with the Oddneſs of the Combination, before we have time to reflect. Immediately upon Reflection, we are diſpleaſed with ourſelves, and filled with Indignation at thoſe, who take ſuch Liberties. Upon the whole, I have heard it obſerved, and very juſtly, that Men, who would paſs for Wits by ſuch Methods, have as little of true Wit, as of Religion, and that, *as Ignorance*,

rance, and Vice are neceſſary Ingredients in the Compoſition of thoſe, who are generally called Free-thinkers; *ſo they are in Propriety of Speech to be generally called,* No thinkers at all.

Eudox. That Freedom therefore, as I was ſaying, which is commended in Converſation, as ſingularly agreeable, muſt be far from the Indiſcretions of Banters, or the Fooleries of mimicking; and much more from Immodeſty, or Prophaneneſs of Talk. But then, it muſt alſo be far from a ſtarched, a magiſterial, an aſſuming, and moroſe Air or way of Diſcourſe; as well as from all Affectation, either in the Matter, or the Expreſſion.

Cleand. And as upon a Pretence of being free and eaſy, we ought not to be any thing rude; ſo we ſhould be equally diſtant from all ſuch ſervile Forms of Complaiſance, or mean Deference to others, as look like a baſe flattering Humour, unworthy of a generous Mind. To be perpetually admiring thoſe, you converſe with, may perhaps pleaſe Men, who are fondly conceited; but will certainly diſpleaſe Men of ſober Senſe. Commendations, even where moſt deſerved, muſt be cautiouſly managed. Compliments too, and mutual Civilities muſt be kept within proper Bounds. Otherwiſe, inſtead of pleaſing

ing, People will be apt to think, you either banter, or imagine they are weak enough to be taken with extravagant, and meer pretended Reſpect.

CRITOM. It is certainly no ſmall matter, to regulate Civilities, and reciprocal Compliments ſo exactly, as not to fall ſometimes into a ſort of Foppery, or a Suſpicion of Flattery. Eſpecially in converſing with Perſons of a ſuperior Rank. Few things are more difficult, or require a greater Prudence in a generous Mind, than to avoid being thought proud in failing, or ſervile by exceeding, in the Significations of Reſpect in ſuch Caſes.

CLEAND. Civilities in general, are Significations of Reſpect, or of Good-will. As they imply a Regard to our Merit, they pleaſe our Vanity. As they import an Affection to us, they pleaſe our Self-love. Few are free from Vanity: Fewer from Self-love. No wonder therefore, that Civility is ſo generally engaging. But then again, as Vanity and Self-love are apt to fix our Minds upon ourſelves, and diminiſh our Eſteem and Love for others, it frequently happens, that Civilities are feigned Expreſſions of Good-will and Eſteem. Yet even where we are perſuaded, or at leaſt ſuſpect they are not very ſincere, ſtill they generally pleaſe. Partly becauſe they keep

keep People at a Diſtance from offenſive Rudeneſs; and partly becauſe we think, a good Share, at leaſt, of the Reſpect or Affection implied in Civilities, is too unqueſtionably our Due, to be totally feigned.

Eudox. It is reported to have been a Saying of *Sophocles*, that he thought it as bad, to meet a Friend, who would force him to drink, when he was not dry; as with an Enemy, to hinder him when thirſty. Thus, ſays *Bartoli* (*s*) it is equally troubleſome, to be overwhelmed with Ceremonies, or plagued with Rudeneſs. The one he compares to *Heliogabalus*'s ſmothering his Friends with Roſes; the other, as he expreſſes it, is wanting what may be called *Jus civile*, and is a Breach of every one's common Right, and juſt Claim. It is a great Miſtake, which ſome are in, of being roughly plain, and even rude, under a Pretence of being ſincere; and are for branding all Compliments, as Lies, and Cheats. *Bartoli* in the ſame Place, does far more reaſonably compare them to the agreeable Deceits of the *Theatre*; where we are juſtly pleaſed to ſee Kings, and great Men repreſented, by Perſons who are known to be nothing like thoſe, whom they perſonate. Thus Ceremonies and Compli-

(*s*) In his *Simboli*. l. ii. n. 11.

ments

ments are an agreeable way of ſeeming to bear you a true Reſpect. He adds, that *Gorgias* uſed to ſay ingeniouſly, that altho' *Tragedies* are Deceits; yet, he is juſt, who thus impoſes; and he is wiſe, who is thus deceived.

CLEAND. Yet upon Occaſions, I ſuppoſe you will allow a Reſerve of Caution to be taken from the *Italian* Proverb:

Chi t'accarezza più, che non ſuole,
O t'ha ingannato, o ti vuole.

They, who with more, than uſual Kindneſs treat you,
Either have done it, or deſign to cheat you.

But withal, I am perſuaded, that, whatever room there may ſometimes be for this Caution; yet, as generally it is Men of trueſt, Worth, and Humanity, who are the moſt exactly civil; ſo it is a Part of Worth, and Humanity to receive Civilities with the leaſt Shineſs, and Suſpicion of Deceit. Some neither know how to offer, nor how to receive a Civility. But I fear this generally proceeds, not ſo much from want of Good-breeding, as from want of Good-nature. It is not ſo much the Effect of Aukwardneſs from a neglected Education, as a Conſciouſneſs of their own Inhumanity, and moroſe Temper, that makes them

them look ſo ſtrangely, when they either aim at a civil Compliment, or when one is made to them. Finding little in themſelves of a truly obliging Inclination, they are ſenſible, that Expreſſions of that Nature do not become them. Hence they ſuſpect them in others, and run into a blundering Confuſion, when they aim at Civilities themſelves.

EUDOX. It were to be wiſhed that, not only Humanity, but alſo true chriſtian Sentiments always animated mutual Civilities. Then they would not be only ſincere, but alſo Acts of true Virtue. For, even where there is no great Merit otherwiſe; yet, conſidering Men in *God*, a juſt Title would be found, and a true Regard would be paid them in that View. However, taking the Matter, as it is in the common Courſe of the World, Civilities are very fitting in themſelves, and neceſſary to agreeable Converſation. It is an odd Moroſeneſs of Humour, as has been obſerved, that makes ſome Gentlemen (unworthy of the Name, on this very Account) be ever apt to give them the contemptuous Name of ſilly *Punctilios*. This is only to palliate, or to indulge their Ill-breeding, or Ill-nature. Without a due Regard to ſuch Rules, as are commonly eſtabliſhed among polite Perſons, the World would ſoon become ſavage.

CRITOM.

CRITOM. It is even better, to be over-exact in them, than too negligent in obſerving them. Exceſs of Ceremony is troubleſome; but Rudeneſs is offenſive, and brutiſh. Polite Behaviour is not only a ſign of Good-nature, but alſo calls for, and naturally gains a Return. The contrary betrays a bad Diſpoſition, and provokes to Ill-will. The one prevents, the other cauſes Diſagreements and Quarrels.

CLEAND. Even *Virtue, and Prudence,* ſays my Lord *Bacon (t) without the Points of Civility, like foreign Languages, are not commonly underſtood.* And therefore he adds, that *Civility is a kind of tranſlating Virtue into our Mother's Tongue.* Now, as it would be a Folly, to talk to People in a Language they do not underſtand; ſo it is no better in ſeveral regards, to pretend to that moroſe Virtue, which by Neglect of ordinary Civilities, is ſeldom underſtood, and therefore apt to diſcredit Virtue it ſelf.

EUDOX. Of all the Perſons, I ever knew, methinks *Eutropius* was the Man, who beſt underſtood, and obſerved with moſt Accuracy, all the due meaſures of Civility. He has often put me in mind of a Part of that fine Character, given to *Germanicus* by

(t) In *Antithetis.* Num. 34.

Tacitus.

Tacitus. One cannot compare *Eutropius* to *Germanicus*, either as a Prince, or a Soldier. But as to his Behaviour in common Life, we may apply the Words of *Tacitus*, (*u*) and ſay: "He was obliging to Equals, affable "and good to Inferiors; his very Mien and "Speech gained him Reſpect, while he "every where maintained the Greatneſs of "his Blood, and his Fortune, yet equally "avoiding both Arrogance, and Envy".

CLEAND. No: Certainly there never was an extraordinary Air of *Grandeur* more inoffenſive, and leſs invidious. Never was Civility more engaging, nor Magnificence more amiable: Never Converſation more eaſy, nor Eaſineſs more exactly temper'd. His Familiarity never made any forget Reſpect; and ſuch was his Awfulneſs, as never to lay others under any troubleſome Reſtraint, or hinder them from any reaſonable Liberty in his Company. As he was a Man of ſtrict Morality, ſo his Authority was ſuch, that it was very rare to hear any thing prophane, or immoral ſaid in his Preſence. When any thing happened, which he could not approve, or thought neceſſary to be checked, he generally did it rather by Looks, than in Words.

(*u*) *Annalium. lib.* 2.

CRITOM.

CRITOM. Nature in Effect has given our Looks a particular Force of Expreſſion. Conſequently the Countenance ſhares very much in Converſation. Difference of Aſpect carries plain Indications, either of Diſlike, or Approbation. How often does a caſting down the Eyes, and a proper Reſerve in the Air of the Face, give a check to immodeſt, or prophane Talk.

CLEAND. It is generally the beſt, and often the only Reproof, which the Circumſtances will admit. Words would either provoke a Quarrel, or a Defence. This would either prolong the Diſcourſe; rather than ſhorten it, or break it off: or would cauſe a Breach of Charity, under the Notion of a charitable Correction. The Change of Looks will often put a ſtop to the Harm, no leſs effectually, and more inoffenſively. It is only ſome abandoned Wretches, hardened againſt all, that can be ſaid, who will purſue ſuch Talk, when they ſee you have too much Morality to like it, and too much Civility to reprove them openly in Words.

CRITOM. In other Occaſions, a Countenance that ſhews your own Satisfaction with the Company, is highly inſinuating, and inclines the Perſons to be mutually pleaſed with you, and themſelves. It is an old Saying: *ut ameris, ama.* Love if you would

be beloved. It is no leſs true to ſay: If you would pleaſe in Company, learn to be pleaſed in it, and let your Looks ſhew that you are ſo.

EUDOX. Nor are ſatisfied and open Looks only an Invitation to Good-will, and Confidence from the Company; but often alſo they are a great Security from Suſpicions, and troubleſome Inquiries. A cloſe and reſerved Countenance often ſets People upon ſuſpecting ſome ill Meaning, or upon examining into Secrets, which they are apt to imagine lie covered under ſuch Clouds. Nor is there a better way to keep a real Secret, than to bear ſuch a Look, as is ſo far from giving Notice of any thing concealed, that it ſeems rather to be the Picture of a diſcloſed Heart.

CLEAND. Yet under ſuch a Look there may, without the Blame of Hypocriſy, be many concealed Thoughts. See here what Sir *Hen. Wotton* ſays to this Purpoſe: (*w*) "*Alberto Scipioni*, in whoſe Houſe, ſays "he, I was tabled, an old *Roman* Courtier "in dangerous Times, as Steward to the "Duke *Di Pagliano*, who with all his Fa-"mily were ſtrangled, ſaving this Man, "who eſcaped by Foreſight of the Tem-

(*w*) In his Letter to *Milton*.

"peſt;

" peſt; told me, *Signor Arrigo, i penſieri* " *Stretti, & il volto ſciolto* (that is, cloſe " Thoughts, and open Looks) will go ſafely " over the whole World." And he adds, that he has found this to be a *Delphian* Oracle. On the contrary, that myſterious Look, which many affect, is nothing leſs than a Sign of that Prudence, which they would thus be thought to have.

EUDOX. The moſt inviolable Keeper of a Secret, I ever knew, was *Eutropius*; tho' his Goodneſs, and true Prudence made him be intruſted with a great many: He was ſo far from diſcloſing any, that he ſeemed to have none. Others, not content to give out Hints in Words (which is always an Indiſcretion, and an Incivility too, when they preſently add, that they know ſomething particular, but muſt not diſcover it) proceed to diſcloſe it by their very Looks.

CRITOM. You muſt both needs remember, how remarkable *Barius* was in that, as in ſeveral other Kinds. He was full, almoſt in all Companies, of myſterious Looks, and Hints. Nature framed him to a double Heavineſs, of Body as well as of Mind. Yet neither was much obſerved, while he was in a low Fortune; becauſe they were not accompanied with Affecta-

tion: Since a conſiderable Eſtate was left him by a diſtant Relation, he begins to imagine, he muſt ſhew himſelf by his Behaviour and Parts, to be equal to his Increaſe of Wealth. Under the double Weight, which Nature laid upon him, he could not ſet up for a ſprightly Man: But he endeavours to make his double Heavineſs paſs for a ſedate Gravity. He condemns every Appearance of Gaineſs and Vivacity, and calls them Levity. Mirth, and Wit are ſure to diſpleaſe him, becauſe he thinks they are inconſiſtent with Wiſdom; nor does he diſtinguiſh a Heavineſs of Temper, from a judicious Sedateneſs in Behaviour and Converſation.

CLEAND. What is ſtill more particular in him in this Regard, is that he contemns Activity of Body, and lively Sports of the Country, becauſe he is unfit for them himſelf. The Bulk of his Body has made him ſedentary, and lazy; as the Heavineſs of his Mind has made him dull. Hence he almoſt hates equally, to hear any one commended for either of the oppoſite Qualities. But as he finds the Fall of an Eſtate to him, has made him conſiderable, he fancies, if I may ſay it without a Pun, it has alſo made him conſiderate. He talked little before,

fore, becauſe he had little to ſay; and leſs now, becauſe he imagines he looks judicious by the Reſerve.

CRITOM. There is one *Topick* however, which ſeldom fails to make him talk more than enough. You muſt certainly have obſerved, how ready he is to lay hold of any Occaſion to ſay: What a fine thing it is to have a good Eſtate, and be of an antient Family. How often does he acquaint the Company, that his Family has been rich and conſiderable, ever ſince the *Conqueſt*? After this Vanity has raiſed his Spirits for a while, he drops again into his heavy Silence, ſeldom ſpeaking but when the Glaſs returns, and he is to name the current Health.

EUDOX. That Vanity of deriving his Line from the *Conqueſt*, is ſtill more ridiculous in his Couſin *Pheidolus*. And yet this Vanity appears leſs in his Converſation, than his miſerable parſimonious Temper. If ever he commends any Man, you preſently hear this for the chief Reaſon, that he is a wary Man, and grows rich. Whatever he blames, is with regard to Expence. Tell him of twenty Indiſcretions of a young Gentleman, if in the Number, there is that of having loſt but a hundred *Guineas* at Play, this will be the Folly, that chiefly ſtrikes *Pheidolus*. If the Perſon, who has

loſt that Sum, is in other reſpects a Man of Wit, *Pheidolus* will not fail to cry out: *Yes: Yes: I ever found your Men of Wit are Fools.* After this *Apothegm*, he remains ſilent for a while; and when now the Company is perhaps talking of ſome Debate in *Parliament*, he is muſing upon the Loſs of a hundred *Guineas*. Then having carefully turned over his Glaſs, he repeats his wiſe Exclamation; that your Men of Wit are Fools. In a Word: It is not in any Immorality, but meerly in Expence, or Loſs, that he conceives Folly to conſiſt; and all his Talk is infine reduced to the Topicks of Saving or Looſing, or of an Eſtate and of a Family down from the *Conqueſt*.

CLEAND. My Lord *Rocheſter*'s Verſes have made it almoſt a Proverbial Jeſt, to talk of a Family.

Which with ſtrong Beer, and Beef the Country rules,
And, ever ſince the Conqueſt, *have been Fools.*

One may therefore wonder, to find ſeveral ſo fond of always talking of their Pedigree, and Eſtate from that Period of Time. And indeed, the Antientneſs of a Man's Family, ſeldom fails to be a ridiculous, and fulſom Subject in his own Mouth.

CRITOM.

CRITOM. On the other hand, it generally betrays an Envy and Pride, to be ready at ridiculing, or undervaluing the Advantage of an antient Pedigree. It is a good Obſervation here in theſe *moral Eſſays* (*x*) that " Human Contempt of Greatneſs is " only to be found, for the moſt Part, in a " certain Generation of Men, who palliate " their Pride with the Name of Philoſophy, " and who ſince they cannot ſatisfy their " Ambition in becoming great, at leaſt " pleaſe and ſatisfy a malignant Humour " they have, in leſſening, and in abaſing " thoſe, that are ſo. *Since we cannot ar-* " *rive at Greatneſs, let us take Revenge by* " *ſpeaking ill of it*, ſaid *Montagne*, plea- " ſantly enough, to expreſs this natural " Sentiment of Pride." What theſe Gentlemen thus have expreſſed of Greatneſs in general, is often the Caſe of Men, who undervalue the Honour of deſcending from a good Family.

CLEAND. The pretended, and proud Contempt of ſuch a Deſcent, is often obſervable in Men, who by ſome tolerable natural Parts, have riſen to very eaſy or rich Circumſtances. While no one would have reproached them with the Meanneſs

(*x*) Eſſay of *Grandeur*. §. 3.

of

of their Birth, or even thought of it, they often betray it in their Diſcourſe, by undervaluing with equal Envy and Pride, the Advantage of a Family. Upon the whole; a Perſon well born, if he is alſo one of good Senſe, will ſcarce ever ſpeak of his Family; and one whom Nature has favoured with right good Senſe, tho' not with the Birth of a Gentleman, will as ſeldom expreſs any Diſregard to the Advantage of a better Deſcent.

Eudox. Beſides all the ſeveral ways of Converſation, which we have hitherto ſpoken of, ſince we have been purſuing this Subject, there remains ſeveral others, in Part very different, and in Part conſiſting of a Mixture of thoſe, whereof we have been ſpeaking. Thus you will ſometimes meet with a ſort of Bluntneſs in Converſations, which, without any Rudeneſs or Pride, pleaſes by a peculiar Air of Frankneſs and Sincerity. *Eleutherius*, for Example, has a natural unpoliſhed Turn, which is no leſs agreeable, than it is entirely artleſs; and his Candor atones for his Roughneſs. Others with a ſmall Share of Wit, are very pleaſing by a Singularity of an odd, but inoffenſive Humour. Some are even agreeably ſilly. *Evagrius* was far from being ſilly, and no leſs far from being rude. Yet there was a

Roughneſs

Roughneſs in his way of converſing, on one hand, and on the other, a conſiderable Share of Good-nature, which made him very agreeable. Eſpecially he was remarkable for good Senſe, while at the ſame time, he had ſuch a Trick, or ſuch a natural turn of Thought and Expreſſion in Occaſions of merry Company, that he often came out with Sayings, which ſeemed ſo very near to Nonſenſe, that you was particularly pleaſed to ſee him ſo narrowly avoid, what appeared ſo inevitable from what he began to ſay. The Pleaſure in theſe Occaſions, was not unlike that of ſeeing Rope-dancers in Danger, and yet come off without Harm. In this Caſe there ſometimes happens a fatal Slip. But *Evagrius* never failed to recover, when he ſeemed to be directly plunging into a Blunder. Thus he pleaſed extremely, with ſtrange Surprizes.

CLEAND. That Oddneſs never failed to pleaſe in *Evagrius*, becauſe it was grounded upon a Fund of Good-nature, and good Senſe. In others there is a ſort of Sillineſs, which makes them diverting for a while, but you are ſoon weary with their Follies. You remember, *Eudoxus*, we were pretty much diverted at firſt, with one at the *Coffee-Houſe* over the Way, a little after *Critomachus*

chus went down into the Country: But we were ſoon tired with him, for he had too much of the weak and ſilly to pleaſe long.

EUDOX. I know not how we can make *Critomachus* apprehend better, what it was, that diverted us at firſt in that Gentleman's Company, than to tell him, that his Way of talking was very like that, which we had been reading in *Elyot*'s Trial. Here is the Place. ------- "*Elyot* ſwore againſt me at "*Doctors-Commons*, and truly, my Lord, "I got *Oates* to ſwear againſt him: That "good Man was loth to appear; I was "forced, my Lord, to what-de-callum "him ------ What do you call it ----- Piſh! "What do ye call it. Piſh! You, you "know well enough what they call it. (At "length ſome called out, *Subpœna*. And "then the Lord went on) Ay, ay, I was "forced to *Subpœna* that modeſt good Man "to ſwear the Truth, I'll tell you, my "Lord, by what good Fortune I met the "honeſt Doctor. You know, my Lord, "there is a Gallery in *Whitehall*. You have "been there, my Lord, and ſo have ſeve-"ral, I believe, in this Company. It was not "the Stone-gallery: No: No: I know "that Gallery well enough: That is below "Stairs: No, No; it was a Gallery above "Stairs;

" Stairs; and yet it was not that Gallery " above the Stone-gallery, but another Gal- " lery. And yet now I think on't, it was " not in the Gallery (for I would not tell a " Lye an give me never ſo much) it was " in a Chamber at the End of the Gallery. " not ſuch a Chamber, which your Lord- " ſhip knows very well, but another Cham- " ber; there it was I met *Oates*. No, I beg " your Pardon, my Lord, (I would not " tell a Lye for the World) I did not meet " the Doctor there; but I'll tell you who I " met there, *&c.*" ----- And now *Critomachus*, I may preſume you will not wonder that one, whoſe Converſation was very much in the Strain of this wonderful Orator, ſhould ſeem diverting at firſt, but ſoon grow very tireſome.

CRITOM. Another Rank of ſuch eloquent Speakers, are the *Plagiary* Imitators of Mr. *Bayes*, who ſteal from him thoſe fine Flowers of Speech, *A gad, Sir; and all that:* Your Story-tellers who lard their Narratives with elegantly interpoſing, almoſt at every third Word, *and ſo now, and ſo then*: Your Men who often ſeem to doubt of your Capacity or Attention, and cry every Moment, *do you ſee, Sir; do you mind me, Sir; do you underſtand me, Sir:* Or thoſe who make their Diſcourſe hobble on with repeating

repeating at every other Word, *ſaid I, and ſaid he.*

Eudox. To ſuch Speakers I would add thoſe whom I call *Echonians.* That is, ſuch as are a meer *Echo,* and have nothing to ſay, but by repeating what they heard laſt. *Bartoli* (*y*) ſpeaking of ſuch Men, obſerves that the Saying of the Poet, *neſcit vox miſſa reverti,* is falſe in natural Philoſophy, ſince an *Echo* returns back the Words; and that there are many, who very much reſemble the *Echo* in this Return of what was juſt ſaid by others. Scarce have you ended a Story or Reflection, but immediately they repeat it Word for Word.

In fine loquendi
Ingeminat voces, auditaque verba reportat.
Metamor. l. 3.

And as it is obſervable, that a natural *Echo* is commonly from wild Foreſts, the hollow Sides of Rocks, or from diſmal Grots and Cavities, ſo the human *Echoes* we ſpeak of, are moſtly from uncultivated, wild, and empty Heads. Having nothing of their own, they only repeat the Sound. In both Caſes the Sound is caſt back by the *Hardneſs* and *Hollowneſs* on which it happens to ſtrike.

(*y*) *Geographia. lib.* 1. *Echo.*

ubi

ubi concava pulſu
Saxa ſonant, vociſque offenſa reſultat imago.
Georg. 4.

CLEAND. From what you have thus ſuggeſted out of *Bartoli*, it would be eaſy to make the like Application of the Deſcription Mr. *Addiſon* gives here (z) of an *Echo* he met with in his Travels. "At two Miles "diſtance from *Milan*, ſays he, there "ſtands a Building, that would have been "a Maſter-piece in its Kind, had the Ar-"chitect deſigned it for an artificial *Echo*. "We diſcharged a Piſtol, and had the "Sound returned upon us above fifty ſix "times, tho' the Air was foggy. The firſt "Repetitions follow one another very thick, "but are heard more diſtinctly in Proporti-"on as they decay. There are two parrallel "Walls, which beat the Sound back on "each other, till the Undulation is quite "worn out; like the ſeveral Reverberations "of the Image from two oppoſite Look-"ing-glaſſes". Thus ſome repeat fifty times over, what has had the Luck to ſtrike their Fancy: And quick at firſt; but ſoon the Impreſſion decays, and they are ſilent

(z) Voyage to *Italy*.

till a new Impulſe ſets them to a new Repetition.

CRITOM. Others are not even ſo good as your *Echoes* in Company. They ſtand meer Cyphers in it, neither odd enough to be, at leaſt paſſively, the Occaſions of Mirth, nor ſenſible enough to add any thing to a reaſonable Converſation. They are no more of the Company, than the Chairs on which they are ſeated; and ſhould no more be counted, when you are asked what Company you had, than the *Buſto's* or Pictures in the Room. Nor do I reckon them among Company, who only help on the Glaſs, juſt naming the Toaſt; or who, if you enter into a little reaſonable Diſcourſe, and let your Glaſs ſtand a while, will be apt to do, like one I have heard of, who, upon a like Occaſion, told a Gentleman: *Come, come, Sir, off with your Glaſs; this Talking ſpoils Company.* Such Men as theſe take good Company, for a *ſynonymous* Term with being drunk, and therefore deſerve no farther Notice as converſable Creatures.

CLEAND. Others again, far unlike either to the *Echoes*, or *Cyphers* we have been ſpeaking of, neither want proper Expreſſions, nor a fluent Tongue, nor a good deal of acute Thought and Reaſon; and yet loſe the

the Grace of all this, by not being able to command their interloping Notions. Whatever Idea breaks in upon their Diſcourſe, it runs away with them. They immediately purſue every chance or incident Reflection. At length, after many various Flights or Ramblings, they begin to recollect their Thoughts, to trace their way back, and return to the Point they had left. Sometimes, when even they are ſenſible of too wide a Ramble, they rove to and fro' a good while, before they can recover the Tract they have loſt.

EUDOX. Among ſuch various ways of Converſation, we muſt not forget thoſe, who are very fine Talkers in *Recitativo*, as methinks they may be called. I mean thoſe, who often relate, what fine things they ſaid in other Companies. In all Diſputes that aroſe at a Diſtance, they give themſelves the Victory. In thoſe which happen before you, they ſeldom come off with Advantage. They repreſent themſelves as very full of Wit in paſt Occaſions. But one may in the old Proverb, *hic rhodus, hic ſaltus*, deſire they would ſhew ſome of it on the ſpot, that we may believe they ſhewed a world of it at a Diſtance.

CLEAND. I have more than once met with ſuch, as you call fine *Recitativo-talkers*,

who aſſured me they ſaid very good things in other Company, but never let me hear any ſuch from them, where I was preſent: One of them however, I knew, who was really taking enough in Company. Tho' indeed he gained the Character of being a Man of fine Converſation, as *Cicero* ſays (*a*) *Lucius Apuleius Saturninus* gained the Opinion of being very Eloquent, rather by his Looks, his Action, his Air, and his Dreſs; than by abundance of Diſcourſe, or his ſlender Capacity. I believe too, you will allow upon Reflection, that I may ſay of *Euphonius*, what *Cicero* adds there of *Catulus*, that he was indeed far from being unlearned, but yet, that it was the Sweetneſs of his Voice, and Fineneſs of his Pronounciation, that gained him the Fame of ſpeaking well.

Cr i tom. As it is not long ſince I was reading that Book of *Cicero*, ſo if you will pleaſe to hand it to me, I will alſo beg leave to apply, what he ſays of two Orators, to two of our Acquaintance, with Regard to

(*a*) In *Bruto*, ſeu *de claris Oratoribus*. Eloquentiſſimus viſus eſt; magis ſpecie tamen, & motu, atque ipſo amictu capiebat homines, quam aut dicendi copia, aut mediocritate prudentiæ.

Ibid. Erat ille quidem minimè indoctus: Sed tamen ſuavitas vocis, & lenis appellatio litterarum, benè loquendi famam confecerat.

Con-

Converſation. Thus he owns that he differed from the Opinion People had of *Varro*, who, it ſeems, was not commonly, much liked. He adds, that both the Rapidity and Subtilty of what he ſaid, caſt an Obſcurity upon his Diſcourſe; but that he could not eaſily name any one, who expreſſed himſelf with greater Propriety of Words, or was more frequently ſententious. I believe you will not be diſpleaſed to hear *Cicero*'s Words: *In quo fateor vulgi judicium a meo judicio diſſenſiſſe. Nam populo non erat ſatis vendibilis: præceps quædam, & cum idcirco obſcura, quia peracuta, tum rapida, & celeritate cæcata oratio: Sed neque verbis aptiorem cito alium dixerim, neque ſententiis crebriorem.* As *Cicero* adds, that this *Viſellius Varro* was compleatly learned, and a great *Civilian*, you will very eaſily gueſs, without my naming any one, to whom I would apply the Character. Nor will you leſs eaſily imagine, who is the Perſon, I think may be deſcribed, even as to his Converſation, by what is ſubjoined of *Lucius Torquatus*; that he was a Man of vaſt and uncommon Knowledge, even in the remoteſt kinds of Learning, of a divine Memory, and no leſs eminent in Strength than in Elegancy of Words; all which was adorned by Gravity,

and Integrity of Life. *Erant in eo plurimæ litteræ, nec eæ vulgares, ſed interiores quædam & reconditæ, divina memoria, ſumma verborum & gravitas & elegantia; atque hæc omnia vitæ decorabat gravitas & integritas.* Theſe, *Gentlemen*, were the Places I meant; nor did I deſign to add any more ſuch, tho' we had not been, as you ſee we are now, called away to Supper.

THE

THE CONVERSATION OF *GENTLEMEN.*

DIALOGUE VI.

BETWEEN

EUDOXUS, *CRITOMACHUS*, and *CLEANDER*.

EUDOXUS.

RETURNING Home, not long ſince, to expect you about our uſual time of meeting here, I bought a Parcel of Books by the Way. Among others, theſe Eſſays of Sir *William Cornwallys*. I remember, *Critomachus*, you formerly asked me about them.

CRITOM.

CRITOM. An old Uncle of mine uſed often to talk of them. He had more of the worthy Man, than of the nice Judge in Books. Yet he had given me a ſort of Curioſity to know, what thoſe Eſſays were. But they never yet fell into my Hands.

EUDOX. Nor into mine till this Day. As ſoon as I came to my *Study*, I opened them, and juſt fell into the Eſſay of *Diſcourſe*; and at theſe very Words, where he complains, he *ſuffered much by the Talk in a numerous Company: And wiſhed for Fidlers to confound them; or any other Noiſe, but theirs.* What follows will give you a Taſte of his way of Writing. *In this Time*, ſays he, *my Eyes wandering to find ſome handſom Cauſe of Interruption, meet with a Fellow in Black. Back again they come with Intelligence, and tell me they have found a Scholar. I go to this Veſſel, and thirſting after ſome Liquor, haſtily pierce it, when there iſſueth Medicines, or Law-Terms. Alas! it is either a Surgeon, or Attorney. My Expectation has broken her Neck.*

CLEAND. By that touch of his Style, I know ſome, who would be highly pleaſed with it; but I am apt to think none of us will read ſuch a Writer quite through. However, tho' I will not expreſs it by ſaying, our Expectation has broken our Neck; yet

yet I am ſure we were no leſs diſappointed, than Sir *William*, in a grave-looking Gentleman, laſt *Thurſday* Night.

CRITOM. It ſeems *Timander* could not ſhake him off, tho' he knew very well, that his Converſation is far from being anſwerable to the Wiſdom of his Looks. Nor indeed will one eaſily meet with another, who underſtands ſo ill the Difference, of what may be paſſable in a private Converſation, and what ought to be obſerved in a numerous Company. Eſpecially, where ſome of the Number are not at all, or but little known.

EUDOX. Where a numerous Company is met, tho' each ſingle Perſon may neither require, nor deſerve a particular Regard; yet a great one may be due to the Number. What one might excuſe, or take little notice of, another will, perhaps, interpret very differently.

CLEAND. And where Perſons of different Ages, Sexes, Conditions, Humours, and Religions are met, unleſs great Caution be uſed, ſome Offence will hardly be avoided. What you ſay, tho' true, and reaſonable in it ſelf, may perhaps prove ſhocking to ſome, by their applying to themſelves, what was only ſaid in general.

CRITOM. And then, as for any great Freedom, it is plain it cannot be taken in thoſe

thoſe Occaſions, without Danger of offending ſome, while you would pleaſe others. Thus the Compliments you make to the Young, muſt be carefully managed, not to diſpleaſe the Old. If you commend the Learned, beware that the Illiterate do not think you affront their Ignorance. In fine, a wrong Word, or one wrongly underſtood, or either deſignedly, or caſually reported with a particular Tone (and how eaſily do ſuch things happen in Numbers) what Prejudice may it cauſe?

Eudox. As to the Freedom of delivering ones Opinion upon any diſputable Matter, it is no leſs neceſſary in Converſation, than difficult to manage right, in a mixt and numerous Company. Even where things may ſeem never ſo clear, and unqueſtionable to you, it is odds, that in ſuch a Company, ſome will be, or pretend to be of a different Opinion. It is often thought to be a Proof of the great Capacity of human Underſtanding, that it can find Reaſons to maintain almoſt any Side. But perhaps they are in the Right, who rather think it a Proof of human Weakneſs, that we can ſeldom find Reaſons ſo clear, but they may be contradicted with ſome plauſible Colour. Certainly, at leaſt, one ſhould be cautious in ſuch Company, not to advance any thing, without

without being able to give readily, not only a ſolid, but alſo a plauſible Reaſon. Otherwiſe, if what you ſay ſhould be queſtioned (and it frequently will in ſuch Occaſions) unleſs you can give to your Notions a handſom and apparent Turn, it will look almoſt as ill, as if you had no Reaſon at all for them, but had taken them up by meer Prejudice and Fancy.

CRITOM. Let your Reaſons be never ſo ſolid, and plauſible at the ſame time; ſtill it is imprudent to be earneſt in maintaining an Aſſertion, when you find a numerous Company draws another way. In ſuch Caſes let your Opinion drop quietly. It will only make one paſs for vain, and impertinent to urge it on. Multitude is too ſtrong for Reaſon; and the greater Number will often paſs for the better Argument.

CLEAND. Not Numbers only, but the ſingle Authority of a great Man, that declares for the contrary Side, will generally be enough, to make a prudent Man let the Matter fall, and ſo wave the unequal Strife. The Philoſopher (I think it was *Favorinus*) was much in the right, to drop the Matter of Fact, wherein he had certainly the Truth on his Side; rather than to diſpute it out with *Hadrian* the Emperor. And he gave an excellent Reaſon for it, to thoſe who wonder'd

wonder'd at him: *It is very reaſonable*, ſaid he, *to yield to one, who has thirty* Legions *at his Command.* Others relate that Paſſage ſomething differently, in this manner. The Diſpute was, how many Years *Auguſtus* reigned. *Hadrian* was poſitive, but in the wrong; and made the Time too ſhort by at leaſt two Years. When *Favorinus* was asked afterwards; whether it was very philoſophically done, to yield up the Truth: *Yes*, ſaid he; *for it would have been very unwiſe, to diſpleaſe a living Emperor, for two Years of a dead one.* This Paſſage is generally uſed, to ſignify how dangerous it is to oppoſe, even the moſt inſignificant Opinions, of ſuch as have great Power at their Command. It may be applied to Men much inferior to Princes, who yet have Numbers on their Side, tho' Truth be againſt them.

Critom. And indeed there are ſome, who are ſeldom without a Train of ſervile Admirers, ready to cry Yea, or No, juſt as their Leader pleaſes. In ſuch Occaſions, one can ſcarce in Prudence do otherwiſe, than yield, at leaſt in Appearance. For how can one expect to gain any thing by Reaſon, upon Men who have none, or have preengaged it to others?

Eudox.

EUDOX. It will therefore be requiſite in Prudence, to conſider, how far any Opinion, or Perſon in the Company, may be attended with particular Vogue or Favour. Sometimes a certain Run of Opinions prevails; not only ſuch as diſtinguiſh *Whig* and *Tory*, but alſo in other things: And ſome Perſons are ſo favoured in Company, that they cannot well be oppoſed, without Offence. In ſuch Caſes it muſt ſuffice us, not to be miſguided ourſelves, without endeavouring in vain to turn the Current.

CRITOM. Even in Circumſtances which allow of arguing, or ſpeaking with an impartial Freedom, and the Company does not ſeem to be all retained on one ſide, ſtill great Caution is to be uſed in managing the Debate. Beſides a proper Modeſty, and ſhewing all due Regard to the Judgment of others, the Arguments themſelves are to be carried on with Art. Ruſhing on directly with them, as if reſolved to force a Conviction, ſeldom perſuades, and as ſeldom fails to diſpleaſe.

CLEAND. The advancing your Reaſons muſt reſemble the Conduct of a prudent General, in leading on his Men to the Attack of an Enemy, by different ways, as Circumſtances vary. *Tacitus* (*b*) after he

(*b*) *Annal.* lib. 1. Conſultatque ex duobus breve & inſolitum ſequatur, an impeditius & inuſitatum, eoque hoſtibus incautum. Delectâ longiore viâ, cætera accelerantur.

had finely deſcribed the quelling of a Mutiny in the *Roman* Legions at *Vetera*, adds a remarkable piece of Conduct in *Germanicus*. Finding his Men diſpoſed to prove their true Return to their Duty, by going againſt the Enemy with extraordinary Vigour, he doubted, a while, which way to lead them on. After having weighed the Matter, he reſolved to leave the eaſier and more direct Way, and to take that, which was more difficult and unuſual; *and for that very Reaſon, was leſs ſuſpected, and leſs guarded by the Enemy.* Thus inſtead of going directly againſt an Adverſary in a Diſpute, it is often better to take a Compaſs. He will propably be prepared with ſomething of an Anſwer to the common and obvious Arguments. Againſt others, indirect, and leſs uſual, you will likely find him unprovided.

Eudox. Thoſe, and the like Precautions, are requiſite in all Diſputes, but moſt of all in thoſe of Religion. And as matters ſtand, particularly in *England*, it is often the Subject of Debates in Converſation. This is the natural Conſequence of that great Variety of Religions, which is to be found among us. Nor can we wonder ſo great ſhould be the Variety, while, by too great an Indulgence, every ſort of Men are permitted to broach ſuch new Opinions, as tally beſt with their wild Notions. This muſt needs open a wide

En-

Entrance into Diſputes. How to manage them right in Converſation, is the preſent Point.

CRITOM. Commonly they are ſo handled, that one would almoſt hate to have them brought into Converſation. They are apt to end in Diſguſts, if not in Quarrels. All Religions agree to condemn Paſſion, while few Men defend their religious Notions without it. What they call their Zeal, ſoon turns to Anger; and where this enters, what Good can be expected?

CLEAND. There is a very inſtructive Moral in the old Fiction, that *Minerva* the Goddeſs of Eloquence ſpoke a Soleciſm in Anger. And it is ſure to make the greateſt Soleciſms in religious Diſputes. Theſe have been ſo often the Cauſe of Wars, and they are ſo like War in the common Management, that Controverſy, and *Polemicks* (derived from War in *Greek*) are grown to be ſynonymous Terms. The more juſtly that warlike Term has been appropriated to Diſcourſes of religious Differences, from the common Conduct both of Writers and Speakers; the more they ought both to be upon their guard, againſt ſo wrong a Method.

EUDOX. Calmneſs of Reaſoning, is a great Advantage in all Occaſions of Talk; but never more than in Controverſy. It gives

a favourable Opinion of the Speaker, as of one who is not hurried away with Prejudice. It inclines People to hearken with more Regard, where no Paſſion ſeems to have any Share in what is advanced. Heat is naturally followed by a Hurry, and the Hurry with Confuſion; and in Confuſion, not only the Grace, but alſo the Force of Argument will Suffer. It will not only hinder you from thinking ſo well, as you otherwiſe might do, but will make People apt not to think ſo well, either of you, or of your Arguments, or even of your Religion, as otherwiſe they would.

CRITOM. And it will be generally obſervable, that when Men are conſcious of Strength, in their Reaſons, they are not inclined to urge them with a paſſionate Heat. Whoever too, lets an Adverſary drive him out of Temper, will generally make People think, he loſes in point of Argument. For Paſſion is not apt to enter, till Reaſon is going off; and moſt People will conclude, (as *Sidonius Apollinaris* ſays, that *Theodoric* uſed to do) that *his Victory was then ſufficiently evidenced, when atteſted by his Adverſary's Anger.* (*c*)

(*c*) Tunc demum credit ſibi ceſſiſſe adverſarium, cum fidem victoriæ ſuæ fecerit bilis aliena. *Lib.* 2. *Epiſt.* 2.

EUDOX.

EUDOX. Not only in Diſputes of Religion, but alſo upon any other Subject, they ought to be dropt as ſoon, as they begin to grow up to a Paſſion. The angry Perſon will not perhaps, of himſelf, let the Diſpute fall. The other may eaſily do it; and generally with equal Advantage to himſelf, and to his Cauſe. In ſuch Occaſions, we may apply (as I remember *Bartoli* does) what *Florus* ſays, that *Fabius* did with *Hannibal*: *He found a new way to Victory, which was to avoid fighting.* (*d*) Thus with angry Diſputants, not to argue, is to conquer.

CLEAND. One will indeed find ſome very ingenious People, apt to fly into Heat and Paſſion, when oppoſed in ſuch Diſputes as riſe occaſionally in Converſation. This may happen in ſome Perſons from the Quickneſs of their Imagination, and Livelineſs of Apprehenſion. But generally, the warmeſt Diſputants, are not the moſt acute. The ſharpeſt Wits eaſily ſee, in moſt diſputable Caſes, that few Reaſons deſerve ſo great a Streſs. Or if they are perſuaded their Reaſons are firm, and ſufficiently explained, if ſtill the Opponent perſiſts in denying their Force, they will rather wonder, than be angry.

(*d*) Novam de *Hannibale* victoriam commentus eſt, non pugnare. *Florus.*

CRITOM. Poſſibly ſome of thoſe witty, but cholerick Diſputants, may fancy that their Paſſion is a Sign of their Wit, and may have taken this wrong Notion, from a Remark of ſome Authors, mentioned by Sir *Hen. Wotton.* After he had ſpoken of ſome outward Marks, which may be *Prognoſticks* of Wit in Children, he goes on in theſe Words: (*e*) " I now haſten to thoſe more " ſolid and concluſive Characters, which " are emergent from the Mind, and do often " ſtart out of Children, when themſelves leaſt " think of it. For let me tell you, Nature is " *Proditorious.* And firſt I muſt begin with " a ſtrange Note, that a Child will have " *tantum ingenii, quantum iræ*, that is, in " my Conſtruction, as much Wit as *Way-* " *wardneſs.* This Rule we have cited by a " very learned Man (*Capnio*) ſomewhere " out of *Seneca*, and exemplified by *Ange-* " *lus Politianus*, none of the meaneſt Cri- " ticks, in *Pietro de Medici.* Writing his " Life, he concludes, that he was likely to " prove a wiſe Man, becauſe he was a fro- " ward Boy. Truly I have been many " times tempted to wonder, notwithſtand- " ing the Value of thoſe Authors, how ſo " diſordinate a Paſſion, ſeated in the Heart,

(*e*) Diſcourſe of *Education.*

" and

" and boiling in the Blood, could betoken " a good Conſtitution of the Brain, which " above any other Part is, or ſhould be the " coldeſt Part. But becauſe all ſudden Mo- " tions muſt neceſſarily imply a quick Ap- " prehenſion of the firſt ſtirring Cauſe, and " that the dulleſt of other Creatures are the " lateſt offended, I am content for the pre- " ſent to yield it ſome Credit". Thus Sir *Henry*. But whatever Credit he might allow to that Mark of Wit in Children, methinks it ſhould have little Credit as to Men. In theſe it will generally be found, that Anger, particularly in ſuch Caſes as we are ſpeaking of, is rather a Sign of Weakneſs, than of Wit. It is accordingly obſervable, that when Age enfeebles the Mind, the old teſty Diſputant will be more cholerick than ever. And therefore with ſuch Men, all Conteſt ſhould be particularly avoided.

EUDOX. As with thoſe who grow paſſionate, no Diſpute ſhould be carried on; ſo none ſhould ever be entered upon, with ſuch as are ignorant, ſtubborn and weak: Three Qualities which are often joined. Such improper Engagements are carefully to be avoided. It is very imprudent to enter upon ſo undeſerving a Task. Arguing with ſuch Perſons is ſeldom concluded without conſiderable Diſadvantage. You gain no Credit by

by confuting them, and you may loſe a great deal ſhould they, by ſome Chance or other, put you to a Stop or Puzzle.

CLEAND. It is much the ſame, whether you attack them in Earneſt, or in Jeſt. If in Earneſt, the Company will not ſo much mind, how much Reaſon you ſpeak, as how little Judgment you ſhew in ſpending your Reaſon in vain. If you do it in Jeſt, it will be thought baſe, to be jeſting upon ſo mean Subjects. And beſides, it is likely the Jeſt will be too rude, if it is plain; or be loſt upon ſuch Perſons, if it is witty, and politely diſtant. But if they ſhould chance to ſtumble upon any thing, that has the Appearance of Wit (and even the greateſt Blunderers may ſometimes deviate into ſuch lucky Starts) they will certainly be applauded upon ſo unexpected a Turn. It can hardly be imagined, into how great Confuſion very witty People are ſometimes brought, on ſuch Occaſions.

EUDOX. When here you mention witty People, I ſuppoſe we need not ask who you mean. Several of the Reflections we have mutually made, will ſecure us from imagining, that ſuch are meant, as often paſs for Men of witty Converſation, without deſerving it. A few chance Sayings, whatever Appearance they may have of being ingenious, can-

cannot juſtly intitle them to that Character. Yet ſome have often put me in mind of what a *Venetian* ſays of one among thoſe, who had the *Tiara* in their Eye, at an impending *Conclave*. *This Cardinal*, ſays he, *is one of thoſe, who hope for that Dignity; but I know not upon what Account, unleſs it is, that having already found he was made a Cardinal without deſerving it, he hopes to be made Pope ſo too.* Thus ſome Men, becauſe once or twice undeſervedly applauded in Company, have ever after thought themſelves worthy to be in the Number, if not even at the Top of the Wits.

CRITOM. One eaſily finds out ſuch Men in Company, not only by their abortive Endeavours at being witty again, but alſo by their often repeating the ſmartiſh ſort of a Saying, upon which they chanced to ſtumble, and which has ever ſince ſet them upon blundering Attempts at ſome farther ſtrokes of Wit. And here it may well be added, that whoever has ſaid any thing, that has met with Applauſe, ſhould ſcarce ever repeat it himſelf any more. It will look fondly, or as if he was ſurprized, how he chanced to be ſo witty once upon a time. Upon this Occaſion, methinks I may be allowed to own, that I wonder, how Sir *H. Wotton* came to order this Saying of his, to be put upon

upon his Tomb: *The Itch of Diſpute, is the Scab of the Church*; and to have it ſtand there in theſe ſolemn Words: *Hic jacet hujus ſententiæ primus autor: Diſputandi pruritus, eſt ſcabies Eccleſiæ.* In a leſs ingenious Man, it would look very like a weak Fondneſs, to have it thus known, that he was the Author of a memorable Saying. And beſides, Gentlemen, if you will not think I am become a rank Critick, I will add, that tho' the Terms of that Saying might paſs in Diſcourſe, yet they have ſomething too mean for an Inſcription. But this I only mention by the Bye.

Eudox. As to the other Point, methinks Sir *Henry* would have loſt leſs Credit, if the World had been left ignorant, that he was the firſt (if after all he was the firſt) Author of that Saying; than if he had not let the World know, he was ſo fond of it. But to proceed: As there are ſome, who are much too deſirous of paſſing for Wits in Company; ſo there are ſeveral, who neither have any Pretenſions to it themſelves, nor can endure any thing of Wit in others. The more ingenious you are, the more ſurely you diſpleaſe them. For they hate any thing ſo unlike to themſelves.

Cleand. The Diſlike is commonly reciprocal, by the natural Oppoſition of Wit, and

and Folly. Few things carry a ſtronger Antipathy in Nature. However, it is better to converſe with ſuch as want Wit; than with thoſe, who will needs ſet up for more than Nature gave them. To affect Wit, will be a farther Proof of the Want, and make the Defect more conſpicuous, and more diſpleaſing too; as a natural Folly is more tolerable, than a ſtudied one.

EUDOX. That Illuſtration of Folly, as perhaps it may be called, is the common Fate of ſuch, as ſtudy Jeſts in their Chambers, that they may paſs for Wits in Company. Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange* (*f*) gives a very expreſſive inſtance of this Folly in one, who firſt bought a fine new Book of *Juſtin* the Hiſtorian; and then made an expenſive Entertainment for a good deal of Company upon the *Thames*. Here was a rare Plot for a Witticiſm. Accordingly, when they were got ſome way on the River, he let his Book drop, and being asked if it was fallen into the Water; he anſwered moſt wittily, it was *Juſt--in*. Thus he verifyed a Saying, which may well paſs for a proverbial one: That *a ſtudied Jeſt is a deliberate Folly*.

CRITOM. Near to this Folly may be placed theirs, who always extol beforehand

(*f*) In his *Fables*.

the

the Wit and Pleaſantry of what they are going to relate. If what they ſay, is really ſo, it needs no commendatory Preface; and the very Prevention abates the Effect: If it is not, it betrays a want of Judgment. And as Mens Taſtes are very different, what ſeems witty to one, may be inſipid to others. This perhaps will appear to none more than to thoſe, who have read ſuch Books, as are called Collections of *Witticiſms*, *Jeſts*, &c. As *Cleander* has told me, you were obſerving, before I came to Town.

Eudox. *Cambden* foreſaw the Conſequence of that Variety of Mens Taſtes: and in the Preface to his Book of *wiſe Speeches* or *Apothegms*, he confirms it by a well-known, but very proper Example. *Diana*'s Temple was burnt the ſame Night, that *Alexander* was born. Thereupon it was ſaid, that it was no wonder her Temple was burnt at that Time, becauſe ſhe was abſent at ſo great a Birth. *Tully* commends this as a witty Conceit. *Plutarch* condemns it as a ſilly Jeſt. Let others determine which, of two ſuch great Men, was the better Judge in the Caſe.

Critom. I would rather add, that beſides the Difference of Taſtes in point of Wit, that Method of preliminary Commendations, is very ungrateful upon another Account.

count. For it touches upon that Freedom of Judgment, whereof all are generally very tender. It looks like a Declaration beforehand, that you will look upon thoſe to be dull, who do not think as you do; and are not as much pleaſed with what you relate, as you pretend to be. Men are as fond of the Freedom of their Opinions, as of that of their Actions; and will reſent the ſeeming Preſumption, of ſetting your Judgment for a Standard of theirs. This will naturally incline them either to diſlike, or, at leaſt, to be leſs pleaſed with what you ſay.

CLEAND. Not to inſiſt farther upon this Folly, or upon that of Men, who will needs be witty in ſpite of Nature and Reaſon, it may be ſaid, that of all Vanities there is ſcarce a more ſilly one, than to ſet up for a Man of witty Converſation. This Propoſition may ſound oddly, but will be found exactly true. For the Title of a *Wit*, particularly in this Kind, is moſtly given to thoſe, who have little; and by thoſe, who have leſs; ſeeing one, who is truly ingenious, will ſeldom give that Character, and ſeldomer receive it: Becauſe to give it, is ſeldom free from Flattery; and to ſeek, or to admit of it, is generally a Weakneſs.

EUDOX. This at leaſt is certain, that it is much better to have, what may be called

a good Wit; than what commonly goes under the Name of *a pretty Wit*, and is aimed at by ſuch, as we are ſpeaking of. That is always judicious; this is frequently childiſh; that is moderate and diſcreet; this runs into Exceſs, and Levity, and boundleſs Flights; the one is regular, the other licentious; this may ſometimes amuſe, that will never diſpleaſe; and if not always diverting, at leaſt will never be putidly diſagreeable by ſilly Affectations.

CLEAND. Beſides the Ways already ſpoken of, wherein ſome would ſet up for Wits, one of the moſt miſtaken Ways, is that of affecting Singularity of Opinions. This is ſo far from being an Argument of Wit, that it rather betrays a great Weakneſs. One can hardly think of that ſilly Humour, without a Contempt of ſuch Pretenders. How can a Man of Senſe think himſelf too wiſe, to be of the ſame Mind with all other reaſonable Men? How can he imagine, it is more witty to rove in random Novelties, than to follow received Notions? Common Senſe is often loſt in the Purſuit of extraordinary Reaſon; and a Singularity of Ideas, is commonly no better, than a Particularity of Folly.

EUDOX. But if the Singularity is in point of the very Principles of Religion, and in

in pretending to doubt, even of a Deity, the Folly is no leſs weak, than impious. For what can be a greater Weakneſs, than to hope to paſs for Wits, by pretending to queſtion that, which all the greateſt Wits, of all Ages, have held to be an unqueſtionable Principle? While they talk of all things being the Effect of Chance, what they ſay of the Production of the Univerſe, can be applied to nothing ſo well, as to their own Diſcourſe. For whenever they ſay any thing like Wit, it is more by a kind of Chance, than by Reaſon. A ſort of Caſuality ſeems to be the Origin of their Thoughts; and if they ſpeak any thing like Senſe, it is by Hazard. There is nothing in Nature ſo like a *Chance-Production*, as their wild Notions. In a word: I know not how a Man can be ſo weak, as to think he can make himſelf an agreeable Companion, by affecting to queſtion thoſe Principles, which are the very Grounds, even of Honour, Worth, Probity, and of all ſociable Virtues.

CLEAND. As the Itch of appearing witty, miſleads ſeveral into the diſagreeable ways of Converſation, whereof we have been ſpeaking; ſo the Vanity of paſſing for great Memories, miſguides others. This makes them, in Diſcourſe, deſcend to a hundred inſignificant Particulars, and trifling Cir-

cumſtances, which only ſerve to make their Company tedious.

CRITOM. Beſides: the Deſire of ſeeming to abound with Matter, makes them run themſelves out very ſoon. They ſquander their Stock profuſely, in their firſt Appearances in Company, without keeping a Reſerve for future Occaſions. This renders them unfit for the ſame Company, after they have been in it but a few times. For when the ſame Subjects (as they often will) riſe again in Diſcourſe, thoſe *Prodigals* muſt either be ſilent, or tire the Company with a tedious Repetition of the ſame things. How much better had it been, to have managed ſo frugally, as to have a Supply of ſomething, upon Occaſions of ſuch Returns. Prodigality, as well in Diſcourſe, as in Money, is followed by Poverty; and then with Contempt: Whereas a moderate Eſtate well managed, will ſuffice to maintain both an eaſy, and a creditable Life; and a little Matter, to furniſh out an agreeable Courſe of Converſation. Others grow deſpicably indigent, by their Profuſeneſs, at their firſt Entrances into Company: Like extravagant young Men, who run through their Eſtates, at their firſt coming to *London*.

CLEAND. The Parity of thoſe young Men might be carried on farther in that Particular.

Particular. But I ſhall beg your Leave, Sir, to apply it rather a little differently. As thoſe young Gentlemen, having been only Country-bred, are apt to be aukward in their Mien and Carriage, and out of the *Mode* in their Dreſs and Air; ſo it often happens both in the Subjects, and ways of their Diſcourſe. For (to ſay nothing of their Impoliteneſs, and other Failures;) tho' it is true there is ſomething, which never fails to pleaſe; yet it is equally certain, that the *Modes*, as it were, of Converſation, often change. And unleſs theſe be exactly obſerved, we ſhall be apt to fall into many Incongruities. For, as we find a Method of Writing and Style, which was formerly much in vogue, would now be very putid and ridiculous; ſo it is in the ways of Diſcourſe. And as it would not be tolerable now, to write in that long-winded Style, where almoſt every Period would fill a Page; or in that, where Puns and Clinches ſtood for Wit and Eloquence; ſo it would be intolerable to diſcourſe now in the way of thoſe Times. For, infine, there are Faſhions in things of this Nature, as in Cloaths.

CRITOM. Thus our Fathers could remember the Time, when every one, who had any Pretenſions to Learning, would lard his Diſcourſe with *Greek* and *Latin*, and

confirm every thing with a Quotation. He would not tell you, that Men are mortal, without an Authority from ſome learned Writer of the *Antients*. To do any thing of this Nature now, is ſufficient to make one ridiculous. Some Quotations from great Authors might be a fine Ornament of Diſcourſe, were it not grown out of Faſhion in promiſcuous Company, and become unallowable by too frequent an Abuſe.

Eudox. It is obſerved, I remember, by *Rapin*, (g) that in his time, no one durſt ſo much as mention *Epaminondas* in the Pulpit; becauſe for ſome while before, ſcarce a Sermon was to be heard, without ſomething of the *Theban* Captain *Epaminondas*. There are perhaps ſome, who regret their being debarred the Uſe of ſo ſounding a Name. But they muſt ſubmit to the Loſs, or be a Jeſt for uſing it now, that the Abuſe of it has ſtampt it with an inſeparable Ridicule. And in Converſation, ſome may think it hard, that they cannot unload in Company ſome of the *Greek* and *Latin*, whereof they have a great Store in their Heads. But they muſt ſubmit to the Mode, which generally forbids it, or be noted for *Pedants*.

(g) *Reflect.* upon Eloquence of the *Pulpit*.

Cleand.

CLEAND. Even in private Converſation among two or three, who are Men of *Letters*, tho' ſome proper Quotations may be very allowable; yet there muſt be a good deal of Management, to uſe them agreeably. In particular, it cannot fail to be ridiculous, to be perpetually returning to ſome one favourite Subject or Author, and drawing all Diſcourſe to thoſe predominant Points of your Learning. Thus I have known an Exotick Scholar, who would be driving, on all Occaſions, into *Greek*, and particularly into *Homer*.

CRITOM. Sure his Fondneſs for *Greek* and *Homer*, did not equal that *Frenchman*'s, who is deſcribed by *Roſſi* (*b*) where he ſays, That *Claudius Belurgerius* was, from his very Infancy, much addicted to *Greek*; and in the true Spirit of a whimſical Pedant, ſtrangely impolite in his Language, Manners, Dreſs, and every thing elſe: That he always had *Homer* with him, even in the Church, where he uſed him inſtead of a Prayer-Book: That a Picture of *Therſites*, drawn by his Directions from *Homer*, was looked upon as an admirable Piece. In fine, he carried his Fondneſs, or his Folly for *Homer* ſo far, that out of a ſtrong Deſire to viſit *Troy*, he under-

(*b*) In his *Pinacothecâ*.

took

took the Journey from *Paris*, and died at *Alexandria*.

CLEAND. It is from the Oddneſs, or Extravagances of ſome ſuch Men, that too much of Litterature in Company, is grown very ridiculous. Some perhaps may think, the Difficulty of uſing ſuch antiquated Methods of Diſcourſe, may be removed by premiſing an Excuſe. But theſe Men run into another Miſtake, and grow ſo full of Apprehenſions, that at length, they will ſcarce venture at the moſt ordinary things in common Senſe, without firſt making an Excuſe, and very formaly begging Pardon, for having advanced too far into an Appearance of affecting a learned Air. Now this is ſtill worſe, than the contrary Extreme. For it is certainly better, to be even an affected *Pedant*, than an affected *Ignoramus*. Something may be learnt from the one, but nothing from the other. It is certain, at leaſt, that ſuch Excuſes grow inexcuſable themſelves, by the ſame Rule of frequent Abuſes.

CRITOM. Upon the whole Matter: Tho' there is certainly an Exceſs to be avoided in the Uſe of Erudition, even in private Converſation among learned Men, and much more in promiſcuous Company; yet it is ſurely a wrong and weak thing in learned Men, to let the Ignorant prevail ſo far,

far, as to make it ridiculous for a Man, to let the Company perceive he is a Scholar. And I verily believe, that thoſe, who are moſt apt to decry all Shew of Erudition in Company, do it very much, as *Domitian* did with Philoſophers. He put *Ruſticus Arulinus*, and ſome other Philoſophers to death, and baniſhed the reſt. (*i*) Nor does he appear to have done it upon better Grounds, than upon his Averſion to Learning. Some, like him, tho' their Averſion would not proceed perhaps to Death; yet would, at leaſt, baniſh all learned Men from Company. Whatever *Domitian* pretended, he did not think Philoſophers were generally dangerous Men to his Empire; but he hated them, as ſo very different from himſelf. And thoſe who ridicule Men of learned Converſation, ground their Averſion upon the like Antipathy. Under the Pretence of driving out deteſtable Pedants, they would exclude all, whoſe Learning might make their Ignorance more viſible.

EUDOX. No doubt but that is often the Reaſon, why many hate, and willingly ridicule Men of learned Converſation. But, even where there is no juſt Ground to tax them with Pedantry, it were to be wiſhed, that Men of Learning did not make them-

(*i*) See *Dion. Caſſius.*

ſelves

ſelves diſagreeable, by too great a Deſire of appearing with too much Diſtinction in illiterate Company. And indeed it is moſt certain in general, that among all the Ways of diſpleaſing in Converſation, none is more ſure, than an eager Deſire and Aim to outſhine others. Pride is every where hated. Walk but in a Garden, where a Flower outtops the reſt, it will probably be the firſt that is cut down, and ſooneſt dies. I will not ſay, that this is only an Emblem, that in Society, the ſafeſt way to laſt, and to eſcape loſing all that Gracefulneſs, by which we might pleaſe, is to keep rather undiſtinguiſhed from others. Few Eyes are ſtrong enough to bear a great Light; and fewer Men will endure one, who would be too conſpicuous above others.

Cleand. Nothing more certain. And conſequently, to pleaſe much in Company, will never be done by a Man, that would ſtrike Peoples Eyes with a ſhining Luſtre. The moſt effectual Way to be agreeable, is to give others Opportunities of ſhewing themſelves to Advantage. Make Men pleaſed with themſelves, and you may be ſure, they will be pleaſed with you. Never will your Wit and Learning be thought greater, than by thoſe, to whom you give the faireſt Occaſions to ſhew theirs.

Critom.

CRITOM. And moreover, nothing will raiſe a greater Idea of your Abilities, than ſo to manage your Diſcourſe, as to leave a great deal to People's Imagination. *Osburn* tells you, that he knew a Gentleman, who would never fling the Bar but once, upon coming among thoſe, who were at that Exerciſe. *Thus, he had not only*, ſays that Author, *his own Strength, but the Peoples, which lies in Opinion, to advance him.* Much the ſame will happen in Converſation. One who gives but ſome ſhort occaſional Proofs of his Knowledge, without any viſible Endeavour of making his utmoſt Extent appear, will probably be thought an abler Man, than he really is. And again: Saying much, and pouring out a world of Litterature, looks like Oſtentation; while only giving ſome few and ſhort Hints, has much the Air of a modeſt Man; and of one, who thus alſo ſhews, he thinks the Company ſo learned and witty, that he judges it ſuperfluous, and unbecoming for him, to enlarge upon the Matter.

EUDOX. Every one muſt needs be convinced, upon Reflection, that ſuch Methods of Converſation are highly agreeable. But they are no leſs rare. For how few are they, who can reſiſt the Vanity of making the moſt ſhining Figure they can in Company, rather than of giving ſuch Opportunities to the

the Vanity of others? And after all the Remarks, we have been making for ſeveral Days upon this whole Subject, we cannot but remain perſuaded more than ever, that it is very rare to meet with all the neceſſary Accompliſhments, for perfecting the mutual Converſation of Gentlemen. How few are there, who fail not, either in the Subſtance, or Manner of their Diſcourſe? Who neither want a Share of Wit, nor affect too much of it? Who are neither unfurniſhed with Learning, nor miſapply what they know? How few, who ſpeak with a proper Regard to all, and hear with Patience and Complaiſance? Who have nothing exotick in Voice or Language; nothing extravagant in Look, or Air, or Geſture; far from all Rudeneſs, Harſhneſs, impolite Behaviour; and ever mindful of all the juſt Meaſures of Civility? How few who are equally free from too much Silence, or the contrary Extreme of engroſſing the Talk, and not leaving room for others to ſhew themſelves? Who are always far from any unbeſeeming Liberties, ambiguous Hints, immoral or prophane Rants, biting Jeſts, impertinent and ſilly Buffoonries, affected Myſteries and Secrets? Infine from being ridiculous *Virtuoſo's*, tedious Story-tellers, Politick-mongers, Pedants, and the reſt?

CRITOM.

CRITOM. As it is rare to meet with ſuch, as are free from all thoſe Deffects, it is eaſy to conclude, how much they are to be pitied, who are often unavoidably forced to be in Company of ſuch, as have ſcarce any Degree of the good Qualities mentioned, and a ſtrange Mixture of moſt of the bad. Yet, this is often our Caſe: Particularly in the Occaſions, which frequently we cannot avoid, of being where *Ateleſtus* often comes, and oftner intrudes. His beſt Intervals are thoſe of his Silence. But even that has a peculiar Caſt of a moroſe, diſatisfied, and diſdainful Air.

CLEAND. After he has indulged that Humour a while, and he begins to talk, his Tongue ſoon diſtances his Thoughts; and his Reaſon comes too late for his Words. If any Queſtion is asked him, he immediately anſwers, and then thinks why. And, as ſtrange as it may ſeem, it is very plain, that he often tells what his Opinion is upon the Matter propoſed, before he thinks of any Reaſon on either Side.

CRITOM. By that means, the Chance at leaſt, ſometimes caſts him on the right Side; whereas, when he ſpeaks with ſome thing of Fore-thought, this ſeldom happens. It was ſaid by the famous Dr. *Hoadly* (if I remember right) of the ſcarce leſs famous

Dr. *Sherlock*, That he has not only a *Tendency*, but even *a Gravitation to Inconſiſtency*. And we may ſay, there is a ſort of Gravitation, which bears down *Ateleſtus* to the wrong. So that, to be of an oppoſite Opinion to him, is almoſt a general Rule to be in the right.

Eudox. It is alſo ſtrange to obſerve, with what an Air of Method he drives into Confuſion. He often begins with a ſort of Diviſion, and Sub-diviſion of Points; but immediately forgets them all: And the Tumult of his Head is the only plain thing in his Talk. He begins with Fancy, goes on with Whims, and ſeldom ends but in a Folly. He roves from one imperfect Notion to another, till he tumbles into down right Nonſenſe. If he did not run on, without any manner of Apprehenſion, one would compare his Talk to nothing better, than to running blind-fold in the Dark. Such too is his Ignorance, that, inſtead of nine Years ſpent at the *Univerſity*, one would not think he had been ſo many Months at any School.

Critom. Thus *Ammonius*'s Aſs went every Day with him to the Philoſophical Lectures of *Porphyrius*; and you know it is recorded, how great a Scholar the Animal proved. Yet we have often heard *Ateleſtus* talk of *Predicables*, and *Categorematical* Terms,

Terms, and *Metaphyſical Abſtractions*. How much he underſtands of thoſe, and other Terms of Arts, may be gueſſed, by what happened not long ſince. A Gentleman waggiſhly asked him: Pray you, *Ateleſtus*, what is a *Climax?* He anſwered immediately (for he thinks, that to ſtop at an Anſwer, is a great Argument of Ignorance) and told him very gravely; it is a particular Sort of Fiſh, ſcarce known but in the *Caſpian* Sea. For you muſt know, he deals much in the *Caſpian*. There is his general Reſort in moſt Caſes of *Geography*, at leaſt. And one might venture a Wager, that, if he were asked about the Situation of *Nankin*, he would place it on the *Caſpian* Sea.

CLEAND. In thoſe, and all other Occaſions of his Blunders, and Ignorance, his Forehead has a conſtant Privilege againſt both Confutation, and Confuſion. Yet it is not the Redneſs of his Face, that ſecures him from bluſhing; as *Tacitus* ſays it was in *Domitian*. (*k*) But, if *Ateleſtus* does not, others often bluſh at his Ignorance, and his Boldneſs. However, thoſe who know him, let his groſſeſt Miſtakes paſs, without aiming to ſet him right. Not only becauſe he

(*k*) Rubor, quo ſe contra pudorem munierat. *In vitâ Agricolæ.*

is almoſt as incapable, as he is unwilling, to be better informed; but alſo, to avoid the unmannerly, and injurious ways of his Replies in ſuch Occaſions.

CRITOM. Yet, he is not leſs ready to find Fault with others, without any Ground. In Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*'s way of Expreſſion, one would ſay, He pretends to the Privilege of the Animal, which formerly rebuked a Prophet. And frequently too, by a ſtrange Miſtake of hoping ſo to paſs for a ſharp Wit, he ſnarles, and bites: Not reflecting, that, as Sir *Roger* expreſſes it again, It is hard a Man ſhould paſs for Witty, meerly becauſe he is Injurious; *as if Men were to be choſen as Dogs, by the Blackneſs of their Mouths.*

EUDOX. At other times, he puts me in mind of *Lucius Veratius*, who, as *Gellius* relates (*l*) was of an odd Humour, which he indulged by walking the Streets of *Rome*, and giving Blows to ſuch as he met; and ordered his Man to follow him with a Bag of Money, to give to every one he ſtruck, a piece of Money, to the value of the *Fine*, eſtabliſhed by the Laws of the *twelve Tables*, in ſuch Caſes. Thus *Ateleſtus* will often go from one Company to another, giving ſome

(*l*) *Noct. Attic.* l. 20. cap. 1.

injurious

injurious Words or other (which he calls Banters) and then thinks to atone for them, not by Money, but by Excuſes. One may ſuppoſe ſome People were more ready to return the Blows of *Veratius*, than to take his Money. And I am ſure *Ateleſtus* often meets with thoſe, who make him a fitter Return, than to accept his aukward Compliments and Excuſes.

CLEAND. He is, moreover, moſt ſingularly unſeaſonable, and impertinent in his Talk. Tho' he perceives a Man is in haſte, and upon Buſineſs, he will ſtop him, and tell him: *Lord, Sir, how opportunely this happens. I wanted to talk with you.* If you anſwer him; *Not very opportunely at preſent; for I am really in haſte*: He replies; you cannot be ſo much in haſte, as not to ſtay to be informed of ſomething very *momentous*: That is one of his favourite Words. Then after a conſiderable Preface of complimental Follies, he proceeds to ſome impertinent Pieces of a Sort of *Apothegms*, which he has got by-heart, and repeats like a Leſſon;---- That, Surprize is from Ignorance; Ignorance from want of Information; want of Information from want of Friends; and want of Friends is a great Misfortune, *&c.* After a long Excurſion of this Kind, upon your giving new Signs of your Haſte; he

adds: *Believe me, Sir, it is not every Body, that I take ſuch care to inform.* When at length he comes to the Matter, the *momentous Matter*, introduced with all this Wiſdom, and Concern for you, it proves to be ſomething of a Squabble in a *Poliſh Diet*, mentioned in a late *Gazette*. Upon this, you muſt be gone; civilly, if you can: But you muſt be gone; otherwiſe he will have you in for an unmerciful Roll of Politicks.

CRITOM. That has been exactly my Caſe with him, more than once. Nay, he has met me juſt as I arrived from a tireſome Journey, and invited me immediately to take a walk with him in the *Park*. I miſtake. He never calls it a Walk, but a *Promenade*; to ſhew his Breeding. When the *Promenade* was waved, he ſtaid with me, at leaſt, till I was more tired with his prating, than I had been with riding. Exactly like the *Impertinent*, deſcribed by *Theophraſtus*, he gives his Advice, when he hears an Affair is over. If he is informed, you have ſold a Horſe, he comes in great haſte to tell you of one, who would have given more for it. If he finds you ill of the Gout, he tells you, he has a moſt admirable Secret of his Grandmother, for an Ague. Upon ſeeing you cover any thing, he is ſure to ask you what it is; and muſt needs know

know what your Servant whiſpered in your Ear. He will interrupt the moſt ſerious Diſcourſe, to make you obſerve a Dog, or a Horſe that paſſes by. Next comes his laſt Night's Dream, and his Yeſterday's Supper; with a grave *Notandum*, that he had but little Appetite. Thence he flies to paſt Ages, and talks problematically, whether they were preferable to the preſent Times. Whereupon he concludes, the Weather is good, and that he would have you come with him, to count the Steps of the *Monument*; but that he verily believes it will tire you; for you are grown fat: Yet he is convinced that ſince the *Monument* was built, *London* is grown much bigger: And perhaps the next thing he tells you he is perſuaded of, is, that it will be cold in *November*. There would be no end, in deſcribing all his odd ways of talking. Let us diſmiſs him, leſt he ſhould be as tireſome in his Deſcription, as he is in himſelf.

EUDOX. It would be a very melancholy thing, if there was no Relief from ſuch Men, by Opportunities of better Company. There is this Advantage, however, from ſuch Perſons, that nothing can be a more perſuaſive Inducement to avoid their Faults, than to have experienced how diſagreeable they

they prove in Company. Yet ſtill in this, as in all things elſe, we muſt be alſo convinced, there is ſcarce any hopes of pleaſing every body. Happy is he, who can, at leaſt, ſatisfy, in ſome meaſure, a few reaſonable People. One ought not, in common Prudence, to expect any more. It is as hard to have the Approbation, as the Friendſhip of many. For People are full as various in their Judgments, as in their Affections; and as one, who would make too many Friends, will probably be thought leſs ſincere by them all; ſo he, that would pleaſe every body, will be in danger of being univerſally diſliked. Add to this, that as ſo few are pleaſing to us, we ought not to wonder, that we pleaſe but few. It is only a juſt kind of Retaliation; one Diſlike for another. And if we were leſs partial, we ſhould perhaps find, that our Diſlike is the more unreaſonable of the two. This will, at leaſt, make us more tractable, more obliging, and more fit for all the Duties of Society, and Converſation.

CRITOM. To ſpecify all the Qualifications requiſite to compleat a Man of fine, and agreeable Converſation, and enumerate all the contrary Faults, would be an immenſe Task. Methinks we have diſcourſed the Matter far enough. Unleſs perhaps I may be allowed to wiſh you would explain your Minds

Minds a little farther, than you have hitherto done, upon a juſt Freedom in giving ones Opinion, when the Diſcourſe is upon learned Matters; and of carrying on a Diſpute in Converſation. If you will be pleaſed to reflect upon what paſſed in the Company we were laſt in, you will eaſily imagine, why I would have theſe two Points a little farther explained.

EUDOX. When the Diſcourſe happens to be upon ſome learned Subject, for Example upon the Works of ſome celebrated Authors, it ſhould neither be with the Boldneſs of a Pedantick Critick, nor yet is there need of as many cautious Apprehenſions, as if one was afraid of a *Præmunire*. Even where Authors have gained almoſt an univerſal Eſteem, yet ſure there is a reaſonable Freedom, that may be taken, if not in finding Fault with them in ſome Particulars, at leaſt of not admiring them in ſome neglected Places. Tho many are their Beauties, why muſt all their Strokes be thought charming? or why may not one forbear admiring, or approve in ſome Degree below wondering? No Author is perfect in all reſpects; and in familiar Converſation, when we give our Opinion, it is not to be imagined (unleſs a Man's odd Criticiſms have made him infamous) that we think, our private Sentiments are a certain Rule of Wit, and Worth.

CLEAND.

CLEAND. In Juſtice, it is to be preſumed, that in ſuch Occaſions, one's Deſign is not to pronounce on the abſolute Worth of a Performance, but only to tell familiarly, what it appears to him; nor to fix what ought to be other Mens Opinion of it, but only what he finds it, according to his private Senſe. And therefore, a conſiderable Liberty may be taken in the Caſe; provided he lets it ſufficiently appear, that he ſpeaks not of what things are abſolutely in themſelves, but only of what they are relatively to his preſent Notions, and with a Diſpoſition to be better informed. To turn indeed an *Ariſtarchus*, and be very poſitive, that Authors have juſt as much Merit, as we allow them, will make the Company think us impertinent, and vain. The ſame is to be obſerved in opining upon other Matters. Particularly to avoid the Appearance of pretending to over-rule other Peoples Sentiments by our own; which in Converſation is very diſagreeable, and indeed very ridiculous in itſelf.

EUDOX. As to Diſputes in Company, I ſee little to be added, to what we have already obſerved. In general, it may paſs for a Principle, that it is equally wrong, to aſſent to every thing, that is advanced in Converſation; and to nothing. There could ſcarce

ſcarce be any Converſation, if all were of one Opinion; and hardly any thing but wrangling, if never of the ſame. Always diſſenting would inevitably breed Quarrels; and a little Difference of Sentiments is neceſſary to ſupport Converſation; which would otherwiſe ſoon languiſh and be at an end. The Difficulty is, when we are of a different Opinion, not to maintain it with ſo great Eagerneſs, as to let the Variety of Sentiments paſs to a Variance of Wills. Often therefore, the Force of our Arguments muſt be diſſembled as we lately were obſerving; or ſo ſmoothly managed, as never to ſhew, that we have the Advantage of Wit, and Superiority of Genius, as well as in point of Truth. For the ſame Reaſon, we muſt not give others the Diſpleaſure, of making it too evident, that they are groſly miſtaken. Our Opinions muſt be delivered in ſo civil, and ſo obliging a manner, as to have no Appearance of Men, who think themſelves of ſuch a Capacity, as makes them infallible. And certainly, if we would reflect, how often we frame our Judgments too ſuddenly, and how doubtful are the grounds of them in moſt difficult Matters, we ſhould ſeldom be very poſitive, or much apt to loſe our Patience, or good Humour, when others do not immediately ſubmit to our Nc ions.

CLEAND.

CLEAND. With thoſe, and the like Precautions, Diſputes would often prove of great Advantage. They elevate the Mind; and the very Warmth of a civil Contention, ſtrikes out Flaſhes of Reaſon, by a ſort of Colliſion. Wittier Thoughts will often occur in the Heat of a Diſpute, than in the moſt ſerious Study. However, I think it was with Reaſon that we obſerved before, that Diſputes are very ſeldom allowable in a numerous Company, where two Diſputants engroſs the Diſcourſe to themſelves, and are a Spectacle to the whole Aſſembly. Beſides, Men in publick are more unwilling to yield, or ſeem defeated. Thus the chief Advantage is loſt, while they reſolve to talk on at any rate, rather than own they have nothing to reply to the Purpoſe.

EUDOX. As for Diſputes in ſmaller Companies, one may ſpeak with Vivacity and Briskneſs; yet ſtill ſo as to elevate only, not to fret an Adverſary; and to raiſe his Wit, not his Anger. Hence tho' a little Jeſt may perhaps be allowed, upon the Inſufficiency of his Proofs; yet it ſhould touch upon nothing, but preciſely the Point in Diſpute. Foreign Banters from other Heads, will look as if you thought to offend, rather than argue; and the Conference will ſoon turn from Arguments to Injuries. When you think you

you have gained an Advantage, either ſeem to take little notice of it; or at leaſt attribute it rather to the Goodneſs of your Cauſe, than to that of your Wit. Under theſe Cautions, Diſputes would be far from proving odious in Company; whereas by neglecting ſuch Methods, they are generally intolerable.

CRITOM. They never appeared more ſo in any one, than in *Eraniſtius*. He ſcarce ever began a Diſpute, but he ended in a Quarrel. He was no ſooner preſſed, but he flew into a Paſſion; ſpluttering with greateſt vehemence, when he had leaſt to ſay; and doubling his Words, as Reaſons failed him. Any thing of a cloſe Argument would ſoon work him into a foam. Methinks, however, he began to be ſomething mended, before I went into the Country.

CLEAND. Thanks to our Stars (to uſe one of his favorite Expreſſions) we have been but little troubled with his Company of late. Tho' indeed, to do him juſtice, he ſeems to be leſs cholerick in ſuch Occaſions. Yet ſtill much too vehement, running on in a Hurry, without giving others time to reply, or himſelf to think. He ſtill imagines a Multiplicity of Words may paſs for an Abundance of Senſe, and makes the beſt he can of a loud

Voice, and ſtrong Breaſt. If he cannot convince, he will ſtun you at leaſt, and force you to hear him, tho' you cannot underſtand him. Whatever you may think of his Head, he will oblige you to own, that his Lungs are ſound. When by talking every thing that occurs, he ſtumbles upon any thing of a Reaſon, and his Heat has left him Reflection enough to percieve it, he will repeat it ſo often, and in ſo triumphant a Manner, that you will not eaſily come off without a Head-ach. But, generally, after his tempeſtuous Diſputes (for I know not what ſofter Term to give them) the main Queſtion is juſt where it was. He leaves you at the ſame Point, and continuing the Diſpute, ſeldom brings it nearer a Concluſion.

CRITOM. He brought with him that diſputing, that vehement, and that never-yielding Humour, from the Schools. A voluble Tongue, and ſomething like a ſpeculative Turn of Genius, led him into that way, which he could never quite leave. He and ſome others I have met with, have made me ſometimes reflect upon a Place of Dr. *Burnet's Theory of the Earth.* ----- Here is the Place I mean. (*m*) ----- " It often happens,

(*m*) *Book.* 1. *chap.* 1.

" that

" that ſcholaſtick Learning, like a Trade, " does ſo fix a Man in a particular Way, " that he is not fit to judge of any thing, " that lies out of that Way; and ſo his " Learning becomes a clog to his natural " Parts, and makes him more indocile, and " more incapable of new Thoughts, and " new Improvements, than thoſe that have " only the Talents of Nature. As Maſters " of Exerciſe had rather take a Scholar that " never learned before, than one that has " had a Maſter; ſo, generally one would " rather chuſe a Reader without Art, than " one ill inſtructed with Learning, but opi- " niative, and without Judgment. Yet it " is not neceſſary, they ſhould want either; " and Learning, well placed, ſtrengthens " all the Powers of the Mind". Such as here the *Theoriſt* would chuſe a Reader, ſuch would I chuſe a Companion; rather one of good Senſe, than of great Learning.

EUDOX. And in that I ſhall readily agree with you. But will you give me leave, upon your mentioning the *Theoriſt*, to tell you, it is but lately that I have read him. I know not how I delayed ſo long to peruſe a Work ſo much talked of, and often recommended to me by a Friend, whom I much eſteem. And I know ſtill leſs, now

I have read it, how that Friend came to like it ſo much.

CRITOM. I ſuppoſe you will not deny, that the *Theoriſt* ſhews a great deal of Genius, Wit, and Learning.

EUDOX. All that I ſhall eaſily allow him. But I fear his Genius is too unruly, and that it was naturally better fitted for Poetical, than for other Syſtems. His Style, too, ſhews, that he might have been well turned to metrical Harmony.

CLEAND. Inſtances of a Poetical turn of Style appear in many Places. Give me leave to read one to you, which I ſhewed, not long ſince, to one, who was ſurprized to hear me ſay, That when I was reading the *Theoriſt*, it often ſeemed to me, that I was reading a Poet, rather than a Philoſopher. After he had been firing the Sea, he goes on to conſume the Rocks, and Mountains, in theſe Words. (*n*) "But let us leave the Sea "in this humble Poſture, and go on to at- "tack the Rocks, and Mountains, which "ſtand next in our Way. See how ſcorn- "fully they look down upon us, and bid "defiance to all the Elements. They have "born the Thunder and Lightning, and

(*n*) *Book.* 3. *chap.* 9.

"all

" all the Artillery of the Skies for innume-
" rable Ages; and do not fear the crack-
" ling of Thorns and Shrubs, that burn at
" their Feet. Let the Towns, and Cities
" of the Earth, ſay they, be laid in Aſhes;
" let the Woods, and Foreſts blaze away;
" and the fat Soil of the Earth fry in its own
" Greaſe: Theſe things will not affect us;
" we can ſtand naked in the midſt of a Sea
" of Fire, with our Roots as deep as the
" Foundations of the Earth, and our Heads
" above the Clouds of the Air, *&c.*" Might not ſuch a Style as this, make one think, an Author might have riſen to a good Degree of the *Statian* Way.

EUDOX. However, it muſt be owned, that his Style is generally fine. As to the Fire of Imagination and Fancy, which might incline us to think, that whatever made him a Philoſopher, ſpoiled a better Poet, there are many Inſtances. At the Beginning of his Work he earneſtly lays in a *Caveat* againſt thoſe, who are apt to call new Syſtems by the Name of *Romances.* This was from a Conſciouſneſs of what Men would be apt to think, from the Nature of his Work. He could not poſſibly but apprehend that, ſuch a Name would be given to his *Theory.* There are Flights enough in his firſt Volume, to

prove upon him the Influence of a Poetical Imagination working ſtrongly into Fictions. But in the ſecond Volume, where he comes to the *Conflagration*, the Fire of Fancy perfectly rages. An unruly Heat and wild Flame ſeems to overpower him.

CLEAND. It is indeed full of *Æſtuations*, and *Combuſtions*, of *ſulphureous Eruptions*, and *bituminous Liquefactions and Ebullitions*, of *glowing Lumps*, and *igneous Balls*, and *melted Rocks*. Infine he is ſtrangely full of *Vulcanoes*, and of *Strumboloes*; and never knows when to have done with Smoke, and Fire, and Flame. You ſee his heated Imagination takes a particular Pleaſure in the Blaze, and he burns and glows with the Delight.

EUDOX. Methinks, indeed, one cannot but judge, that, if he had been leſs diverted with the Scene, he would not have repeated it over, and over ſo often. The whole might have been diſpatched in a few leaves, had he not been too much pleaſed with the *Æſtuations* of his Fancy, not to draw it out into a large flaming Volume. But we may perhaps, ſome other time, diſcourſe upon what may appear Philoſophical in that Work. At preſent it has, I know not how, led us too far from the Subject, we were upon.

To

To return to the Point, which occaſioned this Digreſſion: It muſt be granted, that many bring from the Schools a diſputing, or even a wrangling Humour. But it is no leſs true, that where a School-education is rightly ſeconded with proper Improvements of civil, and polite Manners, it is a great help, to fit a Man for the beſt Converſation. For it frames, and habituates the Mind to a cloſe coherency of what he ſays, and to a nice diſtinctive Judgment of what is advanced, and draws it off from the rambling, unconnected and trifling way of reaſoning, which makes the Converſation of ſeveral, otherwiſe ingenious Men, leſs ſolid, and leſs entertaining by far, than they would have proved, had they been more acquainted with the Scholaſtick Methods.

CRITOM. That is what no Man, who underſtands cloſe and juſt Reaſoning, can deny. He will ſoon perceive in Company, who they are, that have been educated in thoſe Methods; tho' they uſe nothing like to any *Logical*, or *Metaphyſical* Terms. An Affectation of theſe is, indeed, very ridiculous. And it is much better never to have known any thing of them, than to uſe them in a Pedantick manner, or to be running into an affected ſplitting of Formalities, and into

into airy Speculations, under a Pretence of being a cloſe Reaſoner.

CLEAND. Certainly, there never was a more odd Affectation of that Kind, than in *Polyphagius*. There was a ſtrange Mixture in him of the Groſs, and the Subtle. All his Converſation was, either in *Metaphyſicks*, or in Kitchins. One while, you could have nothing from him, but airy Speculations; and ſoon after, nothing but of good Cheer.

CRITOM. Some think, that *Martial* the Poet, was ſurnamed *Cook*, becauſe he ſpeaks ſo often of Eating. Several might well deſerve a like Name, from their talking ſo frequently of *Soups*, *Ragoûts*, and *Fricaſeys*. Few Subjects are more unworthy of a reaſonable Man's Diſcourſe, or betray a greater Meanneſs of Mind. It will be generally found, that the Head is poorly furniſhed, where there is much Room for Thoughts of the Belly. Sometimes, indeed, it is otherwiſe. But when Men are capable of better Diſcourſe, it is ſtrange they do not reflect, how they debaſe themſelves, by dwelling much upon ſuch mean Subjects.

CLEAND. Some again, tho' leſs deſpicable at firſt, by not dwelling upon any low and mean Subjects; yet tire no leſs ſurely at length, by dwelling upon no one Subject at all

all. Meer *Chatterers*, who ſhould rather be ſaid to prate, than to diſcourſe. It is related as a Saying, of *Scaliger* (*o*) That the *Germans* care not what Wine they drink, if it is but Wine; nor what *Latin* they ſpeak, if it is but *Latin*. Nor do thoſe Praters care what they talk, ſo they do but talk.

EUDOX. When to that prating Humour, there is joined, as it often happens, that of perpetually evaporating into a giddy ſort of Mirth, with loud and groundleſs Laughter, and a no leſs noiſy, than unſeaſonable Levity, what can be more diſagreeable Company to reaſonable Men.

CRITOM. Perhaps theſe giddy Laughers, and Men, who would always paſs for gay and merry Fellows, are no leſs troubleſome, than thoſe, who are perpetually difficult and moroſe: Such as turn every thing to Vinegar, and ſour themſelves, even with the beſt Humours of others. Nay even moſt with theſe, as being moſt oppoſite to themſelves. *Dyſcolus*, in the old Play of *Randolph*, is no bad Repreſentation of ſuch uneaſy, peeviſh, fretful Tempers. There is indeed a vile Exceſs of Courteſy in *Colax*; yet there is alſo an odd Extremity of Peeviſhneſs and imper-

(*o*) In the *Scalegerana*.

tinent

tinent Diſtaſte in *Dyſcolus*. Scarce had *Colax* (*p*) given him the Character of Pious, Juſt, Religious, and Wiſe, but the teſty old Fellow replies:

Pious? Religious? he takes me for a Fool. Vertuous, and Juſt? Sir, did I ever cheat you, Cozen, or gull you; that you call me Juſt, And Vertuous?

And thus he goes on, turning every thing into a ground of Vexation, and fretting. Nor are ſuch Tempers ſo very rare, in the main; tho' perhaps not commonly carried quite ſo far.

Eudox. Conſidering ſuch Tempers, and the many other Humours, and Ways of Converſation, which we have been ſpeaking of now in ſeveral Conferences, it can be no Wonder, that ſenſible Men are ſo little ſatisfied with ſuch Company, as they generally meet. For my own part, I can add, that your good Company, with that of *Timander*, *Chariſius*, *Eumanthus*, and ſome few others, has contributed to make me more difficult in the Matter. Living in a warm Country, makes one more ſenſible of the Cold, upon going into *Northern Climates*;

(*p*) Muſes Looking-glaſs. *Act.* 2. *Scene.* 1.

and

and what wonder, ſuch good Company ſhould make me leſs eaſy in that of others, ſo very different? I will ſay nothing in particular of you two. For tho' I might, without fearing a Suſpicion of Flattery, yet I could not without making your Modeſty ſuffer by your Praiſe. But beſides the other agreeable and fine Gentlemen, we are mutually acquainted with already, I am engaged to bring you both to-night into the Company of one, who fully anſwers my higheſt Ideas of excellent Converſation. You know I mean *Ariſtus*; nor are you ignorant, why I have hitherto delayed bringing you acquainted with him. He is equally free and eaſy, and yet grave, learned, and inſtructive. Theſe fixt Qualities he always retains in his moſt familiar Entertainments with his Acquaintance and Friends. And tho' ſome, perhaps, may think otherwiſe; yet, I believe no Converſation is harder to be rightly maintain'd, than that among Friends.

CRITOM. Methinks that Notion ſounds ſtrangely. Wherein do you apprehend the particular Difficulty of converſing among Friends?

EUDOX. In ſeveral reſpects. Friends being frequently together, unleſs they have a great Variety of Diſcourſe, they will talk them-

themſelves dry, or tire one another with Repetitions of the ſame things. Then, how hard is it, never to abuſe that Freedom, which Friendſhip and Intimacy creates; never to let it appear, that you reflect upon any thing, which looks as if you deſerved a Preference from ſuperior Talents; never to ſpeak ſo poſitively, as if you required an Aſſent, as a Duty of Friendſhip? Again: To rectify the Miſtakes, or correct the Faults of a Friend, is, you know, the trueſt, and withal the moſt difficult Part of a Friend. There are few, that do not want it; fewer, that can bear it; and perhaps, feweſt of all, that can do it right. Nor is it leſs hard, not to prejudice them by Flattery and Connivence, than not to diſpleaſe them by Correction. It is Sir *Walter Montague*'s Counſel: *always to praiſe our Friends ſomething leſs, than we love them.* We ought alſo, to let our Indulgence to their Failures be ſomething leſs, than our Affection.

CLEAND. Give me leave to add, that frequent Significations of Friendſhip are requiſite to maintain its Warmth. And yet, it is hard not to diminiſh it by over-fond, and impertinent Proteſtations, which argue a greater Weakneſs of Mind, than Sincerity of Heart.

CRITOM.

CRITOM. Indeed, I could never endure your ſempiternal Whiners of Love, and Proteſters of a flaming Affection. They are a Plague to their Friends, and a Jeſt to others. True Friendſhip is of a more manly Temper, and knows the Medium between being kind, and weak. What can be more nauſeous than one, who is perpetually talking of how much he loves you?

CLEAND. But tho' exceſſive Marks of Affection diſpleaſe, there is a Caution to be had, in not rejecting them with too much Contempt and Rigour. And ſure, even the over-ſtretched Significations of Friendſhip are better, than that kind of Love, which as *Moliere* expreſſes it, *is made juſt like Hatred.* That, I mean, which is always complaining, finding fault, and expoſtulating upon ſome Pretence or other of Neglect, or Coldneſs. Sir *William Temple* ſays (*q*) he has obſerved, *Expoſtulations are apt to end well between Lovers; but ill between Friends.* And Sir *Henry Wotton* (*r*) calls it, a wiſe and prophetical Saying of a Friend to the Earl of *Eſſex*, when, upon the *Earl's* Conteſtations with the Queen, he told him: *Such*

(*q*) In his Letters. *vol.* 1. *pag.* 313.
(*r*) In the *Parallel.*

Courſes as thoſe are like Hot-waters, which help at a Pang; but if they be too often uſed, will ſpoil the Stomach.

Eudox. As the Reaſons we have been mentioning, make it harder, than is commonly ſuppoſed, to manage rightly our Converſation with Friends; ſo one may venture to add, that converſing with Friends does, very often, make us leſs fit to converſe with others. Particularly, becauſe preſuming upon the Indulgence of Friends, we eaſily neglect, with them, ſeveral Points of Accuracy in Behaviour and Expreſſions, which we obſerve more carefully in other Company. But, by degrees, thoſe Neglects grow habitual; and it is not only before Friends, that we forget to be upon our Guard. Yet this conſtant Guard is requiſite, to arrive at any perfect Degree of Converſation, whether with Friends, or others. It is in this, as in Style. Both muſt be perfected, rather by Care and Practice, than by Reading and Inſtruction.

Cleand. It is a Saying of Mr. *Osborne*, That *King* Charles, *by Neceſſity, gained a more majeſtick Pen, than the Crown he loſt----and ſo ſurpaſſed his Father King* James, *that thence one may learn; Experience is a better Tutor, than* Buchanan. And thus, no doubt but,

but, Occaſions of converſing with ſuch Company, as makes us careful of our Words and Behaviour, will be found a better Tutor, than *Bellegarde*, or whatever Author you pleaſe, upon ſuch Subjects.

EUDOX. Accordingly, I dare aſſure you both, that you will find no Authors ſo inſtructive in the Caſe, as converſing with *Ariſtus*. But I muſt forewarn you, that he is one, who will improve gradually in your Eſteem. His Perſon, indeed, will ſtrike you at firſt. His Looks, and Air, and Mien ſpeak much in his Favour. It may be ſaid of him, in that regard, as *Tacitus* ſays of *Agricola*, (*r*) That *his very Looks would make one eaſily believe him a great Man, and willingly a good one.* Nor do I (when thus I commend him before-hand) forget, what I lately mentioned from Sir *Walter Montague*. Your Acquaintance with him will convince you, I am not partial in his Character. Only, as I was going to ſay, his firſt Diſcourſes are not particularly ſurprizing. The engaging Force of his Company increaſes at every Viſit.

CRITOM. It often happens, that the niceſt Pieces, both in Nature, and Art, ſtrike leſs at firſt; than others of a far leſs Perfec-

(*r*) In vitâ *Agricolæ*.

tion. It is obſerved (I think by the *Theoriſt*, of whom we were lately ſpeaking) that the crooked Tower of *Piſa* is more admired by many, than ſeveral other ſtraight Towers, which are much higher. Thus, ſome odd Humours, and whimſical Men are often more admired at firſt; than others of a ſuperior, but regular Frame and Method of Converſation.

CLEAND. What you was ſaying of the Tower of *Piſa*, naturally brings to my Mind an Application of what Mr. *Addiſon* (*s*) ſays of St. *Peter*'s Church at *Rome*, in theſe Lines. "St. *Peter*'s ſeldom anſwers Expectation at "firſt entering it, but enlarges itſelf on all "Sides inſenſibly, and mends upon the "Eye every Moment. The Proportions are "ſo very well obſerved, that nothing ap-"pears to Advantage, or diſtinguiſhes it-"ſelf above the reſt. It ſeems neither ex-"tremely high, nor long, nor broad, be-"cauſe it is all of them in a juſt Equality. "As on the contrary, in our *Gothick* Cathe-"drals, the Narrowneſs of the Arch makes "it riſe in Height, or run out into Length: "the Lowneſs often opens it in Breadth, "or the Defectiveneſs of ſome other Parti-"cular, makes any ſingle Part appear in "greater Perfection". Thus Mr. *Addiſon*

(*s*) In his *Travels*.

of

of that famous Building; and the Like is often obſervable in Men.

EUDOX. Some, indeed, have at firſt been apt to think, there was ſomething of Exceſs in *Ariſtus*, with regard to Ceremony, or Niceties of Civility. Nor will I deny, but on my firſt being in his Company, I had ſome Thoughts of applying a Saying of *Velleïus Parterculus*. This ingenious Author, ſpeaking of the little Taſte and Skill, which *Memmius* had of *Corinthian* Pictures, and Statues; adds that, *No doubt it had been better for the Commonwealth, to have remained unskilful of them; than to underſtand them to ſo great a Degree.* (*t*) Thus, methought, I could have imagined, it would have been better for *Ariſtus*, to have been rather ſomething ignorant of Niceties and Punctilio's of Ceremony, than to underſtand them too much. But I ſoon found my Miſtake. For tho' his Politeneſs of Manners is always extraordinary great; yet, in the main, it is never exceſſive, nor troubleſome, nor in the leaſt affected. As to his great Learning, it is only peceived by Time, and Occaſion. For tho' few Men have more, never any one

(*t*) *Paterculus*. l. 1. Non tamen dubites, quin magis pro Republicâ fuerit, manere ad huc rudem *Corinthiorum* intellectum, quàm in tantum ea intelligi.

ſeemed leſs fond of ſhewing it. The Extent of his Knowledge is the more to be wondered at, becauſe, altho' he went through a regular Education, with due Care to perform the uſual Exerciſes remarkably well; yet he never was thought particularly Studious.

CLEAND. Perhaps it might be ſaid of him, as the *Marquis de Maignely* ſaid of *Marillac*, that *he had the Art of finding more, than four and twenty Hours in the Day.* (*u*) For I have known ſome, who by a right Management of unobſerved, and even broken Intervals of Time, read, and ſtudied far more than was imagined.

EUDOX. It is certain at leaſt, that, as the Learning of *Ariſtus* now, ſo his Application, even in his Youth, might be ſaid to ſit ſo eaſy upon him, that both were greater than they ſeemed.

CRITOM. I preſume, at leaſt, he never was under any of the odd Suſpicions, which, it ſeems, fell upon *Campanella*. It is related (*w*) of him, that having in his Youth gravelled an antient *Profeſſor* in a publick Diſpute, the old *Don* got him called to the *Inquiſition*, as one, who, ſure enough, had dealt

(*u*) In the *Mêlanges de Marville.*
(*w*) By *Roſſi*, in his *Pinacothecâ.*

with

with the Devil: Otherwiſe, how could one, not only young, but who ſeemed to ſtudy little, be ſo learned.

EUDOX. Poor *Campanella* was unfortunate in that, as in other Caſes. *Ariſtus* was not only free from ſuch ſtrange Suſpicions being caſt upon him, but ſtill was one, of whom it might be ſaid, as I have heard it was of another very learned Man; That he knew all Arts, but the *Black-Art*. It is true, however, that a great deal of his Knowledge is ſuch, as he never drew from Schools, or Books. Nor do I know how he can be deſcribed, in this reſpect, better, than in what Mr. *Dryden* ſays of King *Charles*, in theſe Lines (*x*)

His Converſation, Wit, and Parts,
His Knowledge in the nobleſt uſeful Arts,
Were ſuch, Dead Authors could not give;
But Habitudes, of thoſe who live;
Who lighting him, did greater Lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His Apprehenſion quick, his Judgment true:
That the moſt Learn'd with Shame confeſs,
His Knowledge more, his Reading only leſs.

When to this I add, that in Honour, Worth, and every Virtue, he is ſtill more eminent,

(*x*) In his *Threnodia Auguſtalis*. St. xi.

there

there can be no Wonder, you ſhould long to be introduced to his Acquaintance.

CRITOM. And as it is near the Time, you fix'd in your Meſſage to us. So I ſee *Cleander*'s Coach is coming to the Door, to take us up.

EUDOX. I ſhall accompany you thither, very ſecure, he will fully anſwer the Character, you have heard.

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